THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Everyman's Car *The Brush Runabout* $485

There is absolutely no limit to the usefulness of the BRUSH It is adapted to hundreds of business uses, as well as pleasure

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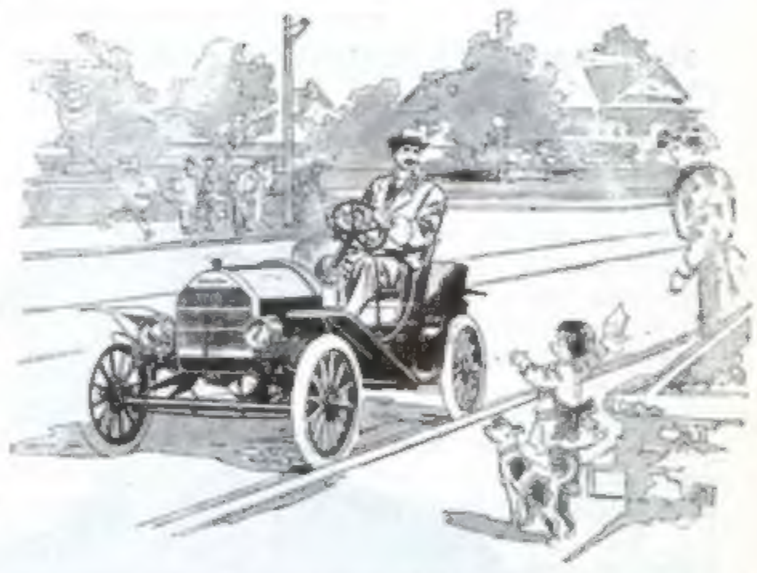

If you investigate carefully, you will find that the BRUSH is not an imitation nor an adaptation of any other automobile—all other low-priced cars are. They have all the complications of the big car, but the parts are necessarily so small that they cannot stand the hard knocks.

You will find in the BRUSH a car so simple in design that all parts can be made strong enough to stand as hard usage as any automobile in existence.

You will find the best of materials, each piece selected for the function it has to perform.

You will find the workmanship on the vital parts—the parts that prove the real value of an automobile—as good as on cars selling for ten times as much. True you will not find as much show and polish on the outside; but show and polish won't make the car run—and that is what interests *you*.

Don't misunderstand by this statement that the BRUSH isn't well finished. In this respect it compares favorably with the high-price cars, but we want to impress on you especially the care we take with the parts that make the car go when you push the lever.

Please don't get the idea that you are getting more automobile if you pay even $200 or $300 more for a big car cut down in size to sell at a comparatively low price. You will get more parts, 'tis true—also a lot of trouble and expense.

After finding out all about the BRUSH, apply the results of your investigation to your every day life. Figure out in dollars and cents what it would mean to you to own an absolutely dependable little motor car which you can operate for *one cent a mile or even less.*

You would be positively independent, as far as all other modes of transportation are concerned. When you are ready to leave home in the morning, you would not be delayed by a tie-up on the street-car line or railroad.

Suppose your business takes you to dozens or even to only several places during the day, the BRUSH affords you a means of transportation by which you can go just where you want to go, at the instant you are ready. The saving in time is a great big item and the convenience cannot be estimated.

When the day's work is done, you don't have to hang to a strap in a foul-smelling street car or train, if you live in the city. You get the benefit of a ride home in the open air, which refreshes you and gives you an appetite for your evening meal.

And after that evening meal, which you will enjoy, think what a spin around the boulevards or out into the country will mean to you and yours.

If you live in the country, the BRUSH affords you a means of getting to town in a hurry. You don't have to worry about hitching up and unhitching—not to mention the fact that the horse or team, which has probably been worked hard all day, will be resting.

During cold and rainy weather, a top and curtains, purchased at a small additional cost, will protect you completely. No matter where you live, if you use any mode of transportation, it will pay you to investigate the BRUSH.

The BRUSH knows no class, recognizes no competition. It is being used by men who make less than $1000 a year, by men whose annual income is more than $25,000 a year and by companies whose yearly profits are more than $1,000,000. It is truly EVERYMAN'S CAR

Literature and name of nearest dealer on request. Write TO-DAY

BRUSH RUNABOUT CO., 431 Baltimore Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

Licensed under Selden Patent

A Sixteen-Hour Meal in a Minute

That's one thing it means—in a hundred emergencies—to have a supply of Van Camp's on the shelf.

However one feels about home-baked beans, this much is invariably true: One must begin today on the dish to be served tomorrow. For the soaking, boiling and baking require about 16 hours.

One must keep a hot fire for four hours and a half, and that isn't pleasant in summer.

And the beans won't keep fresh very long. They can't be saved to be served when one wants a meal in a hurry.

Are home-baked beans so extra good that they outweigh all this trouble?

Please serve them sometime at the same meal with Van Camp's, and let your people decide about that.

Van Camp's are nut-like, mealy and whole. They are never crisped, never mushy or broken.

Van Camp's have the tomato sauce baked in—a sauce of superlative zest. And Van Camp's digest. They don't ferment and form gas, as home-baked beans usually do.

These differences are due to terrific heat—to the use of steam ovens—to facilities which homes don't have. You should know what those differences mean.

Then think of the luxury of having meals always ready—meals that keep fresh till you want them—as fresh as though the beans came direct from the oven.

They can be served cold in a minute, or hot in ten minutes, without any labor at all. And one can keep a dozen meals on hand all the time, ready for any emergency.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

The National Dish

Displacing Meat

The consumption of beans in general has trebled in the past five years. Last year millions of bushels were imported from Germany to help supply the demands.

That is because beans are more nutritious than meat, and they cost but a third as much. To serve beans like Van Camp's—beans that all people like—helps immensely in solving the food problem.

The advent of the steam oven has done much to alter the old-time idea of baked beans. It has changed a heavy food—a once-a-week food—into an inviting daily dish.

But we go farther than that. We buy only the choicest Michigan beans, and we pick out from them only the whitest and plumpest. They cost us four times what some beans would cost.

We use in our sauce whole, vine-ripened tomatoes, so the sauce gives a sparkling zest. That costs us five times what some tomato sauce costs.

We believe that it pays both you and us to have beans as good as they can be. People will eat them oftener than commonplace beans, and that means a saving on meat bills.

There are no other beans like Van Camp's. If you want beans at their best it is necessary to insist that you get this brand. (52)

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Indiana**

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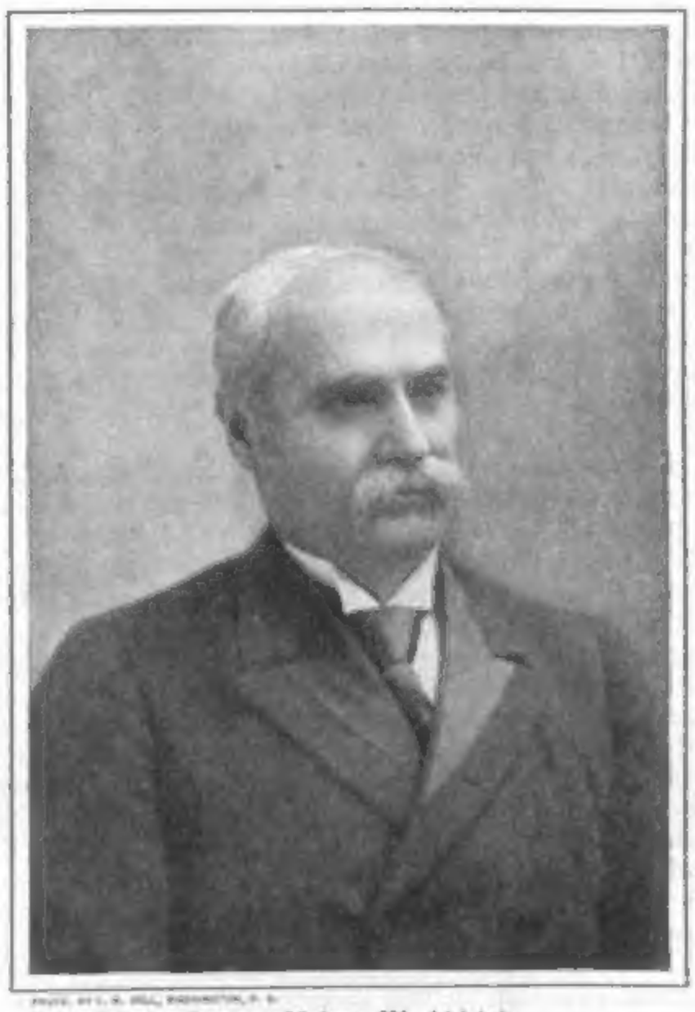
The New England Oligarchy

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

"WHEREVER I am, whatever position I occupy, I am his to command," said Nelson W. Aldrich at the Taft banquet in Providence, in March, thereby scoring two on our placid President; for previous to this homage to the Chief Executive by the man who is commonly held to be the Boss of the United States Senate, and thus of the United States, the titular Boss of the United States, Mr. Taft, had O.K.'d Mr. Aldrich's tariff bill and Mr. Aldrich in clarion tones and with great declamatory effect.

Mr. Aldrich is an adroit, astute and adaptable man. Tons of literature have been written showing that. All of that literature, bunched, does not prove those statements one-tenth as well as this episode at the Providence dinner. Consider the circumstances: Aldrich is generally held throughout the country as personally and primarily responsible for the failure of the Republican Congress to redeem its party's tariff pledges. He is universally held to represent, as the head center, those special interests fostered by the previous tariff law and protected anew by the Aldrich law. His name has been taken and framed into an issue against which there is a protest in the Republican party from Maine to California—Aldrichism. He is held to be responsible for most of the difficulties under which this Republican Administration is laboring. He is hated by the vast insurgent wing of his party.

Still, he leads the President of the United States to a banquet in Aldrich's home town and gets from him a ringing indorsement both of the tariff law and of himself. Moreover, only eight months before he secured a similar indorsement from the President, in the Boston speech, and from time to time he has had commendatory words of similar tenor. That is more than astuteness, more than adroitness. It is genius. He probably laughed to himself over his deferential "I am his to command."



Senator Nelson W. Aldrich

Two years ago, or such a matter, Mr. Aldrich said he would not be a candidate for reëlection at the conclusion of his present term. It was his desire to make Currency Reform the crowning triumph of his legislative career and to retire, wearing those honors modestly, to a private and simple life. Mr. Aldrich did not like Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Roosevelt did not like Mr. Aldrich. Anything Mr. Aldrich obtained was by hard sledding, with a suspicious and expedient President watching, a President who had no compunction over calling in the reporters, if he thought he might shed a little light, and telling them how Mr. Aldrich was blocking great plans for the uplift, or whatever it was. Moreover, Mr. Aldrich had no compunction over strangling any measure especially favored by President Roosevelt, or in denaturing it. There was constant friction.

Probably Mr. Aldrich grew tired. Many men in public life do get tired. Many men in public life come to think the game is not worth the candle and to ask, without any expectation of a cheering answer: "What does it all amount to?" Aldrich had been in the Senate since 1881. He had pushed himself to a commanding position. He was the Great Power. Like as not he felt a President should work with him instead of against him, and like as not he arrived at the conclusion that Republicans, as well as republics, are ungrateful, and that he would quit the whole business and live happily on his fine estate beside the bay. I have no doubt that Mr. Aldrich thinks he is an exalted patriot who has striven, always and earnestly, for the good of his country. Justification of personal actions always depends on the personal viewpoint. I have no doubt that Mr. Aldrich considers himself a much-maligned, a most-abused and a universally-misunderstood man. Maybe he is. The difficulty is that a large, a very large, proportion of his countrymen have a conception of the matter different from his.

The project of Currency Reform did not work out as well as Aldrich had expected. Men in the Senate who did not coincide with his ideas put crimps in that legislation. It was not satisfactory when it was finally accomplished—that is, not satisfactory in an Aldrich sense, entirely—but it was the best that could be had at the time. It would suffice, but probably it was not what Mr. Aldrich desired to retire with as his crown and glory. At any rate, Taft came along, and with him tariff revision. Now, tariff revision is where Aldrich shines. He has been revising the tariff for years and years.

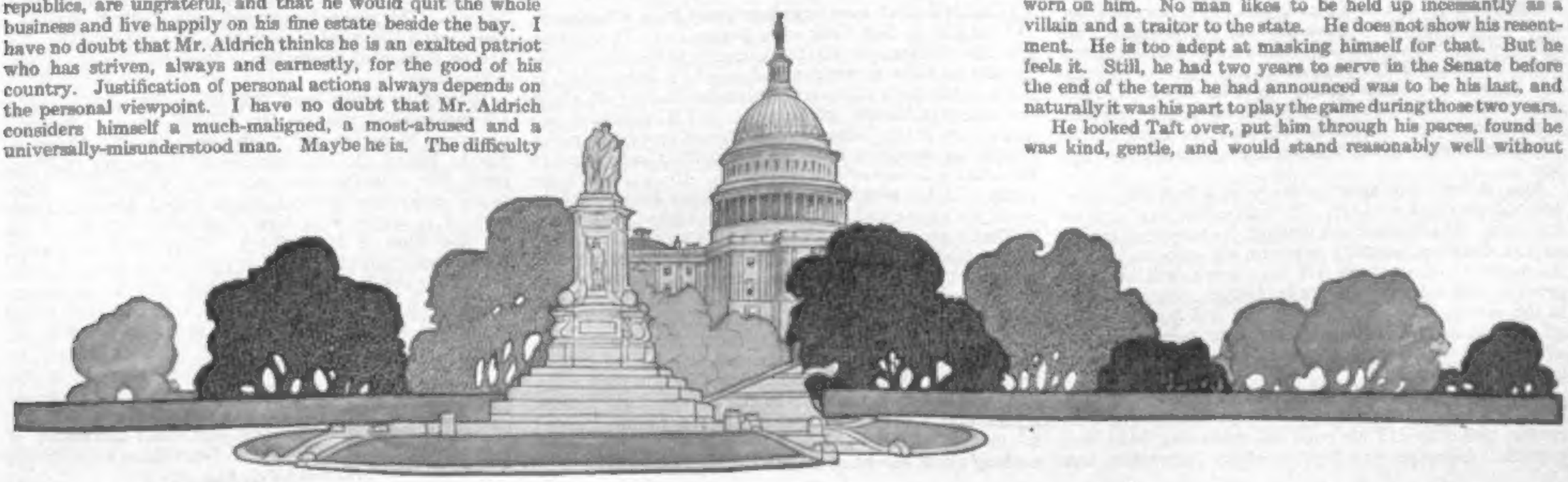
Every time, since the Mills Bill, and perhaps before, Aldrich has been a tariff-maker and remaker. His was the responsibility for the revision to be done by the Sixty-first Congress, for his term was not ended and the work naturally fell to him.

Aldrich had not been for Taft for President, probably because Roosevelt was for Taft. Still, he accepted Taft after the nomination, and saw to it that Taft accepted him after the election. The rasping Roosevelt had gone to Africa. Aldrich told Taft that if Taft wanted to achieve any of his program, as voluminously outlined in speeches both before and after his inauguration, it would be wise for Taft to go into combination with the leaders of the Republican majority in Congress. Otherwise, how could Taft get any results, the majority in Congress being subject to the direction of these leaders, as has been proved abundantly many times? That seemed logical. Taft could get no results without the aid of the leaders who led the majority.

Well, it was like finding a diamond ring in an omelet. Taft promised to work with Aldrich and Cannon and the other leaders of that combination. That was all Aldrich wanted. Inside of two months, instead of Taft working with Aldrich and Cannon, Taft was working for Aldrich and Cannon. And he has been working for them ever since. The brains of the combination is Aldrich. He is the gentleman who sewed the President up in a sack. Taft has never displayed any great interest in Cannon, except as a person who might help him get some of his policies enacted into law. Indeed, it is likely that Taft does not care what becomes of Cannon. Nor does Aldrich. The reason Aldrich let Cannon in originally and has kept him in since is because, as Speaker, under the old rules Cannon could do what Aldrich wanted done in the House of Representatives. He is a part of Aldrich's combination. Nobody heard of Nelson W. Aldrich coming to the front for Cannon when Cannon was in difficulties in the House. Indeed, Aldrich sent word to Cannon that the best thing for him to do was to resign the Speakership. He saw that Cannon had lost and he thought to save the face of the Republican party, regardless of what happened to the ancient Uncle Joe.

Now, then, when Taft first came in it is likely that Aldrich held to his determination to quit and take life easily. He is a man of marvelous self-control, but there can be no doubt that the constant attack he has been under for the past half-dozen years has worn on him. No man likes to be held up incessantly as a villain and a traitor to the state. He does not show his resentment. He is too adept at masking himself for that. But he feels it. Still, he had two years to serve in the Senate before the end of the term he had announced was to be his last, and naturally it was his part to play the game during those two years.

He looked Taft over, put him through his paces, found he was kind, gentle, and would stand reasonably well without



hitching, and decided he would not retire. What was the use of retiring when things were so easy at the White House? Moreover, there must linger in his mind the idea that he can the better combat this opposition by remaining in the Senate, and maybe there are other reasons why he wants to remain. Anyhow, he is a candidate for reëlection and will go before the legislature to be chosen this fall in Rhode Island and ask for another term.

Ten years ago, in the Senate, Aldrich was one of a little body of men who comprised, they claimed, the "best thought" of that organization—the leader, perhaps, but still one of a group. Today, by aid of death, resignation and other causes, he is supreme. His ability as a politician was acknowledged then, but he occupied no such towering position in the public mind. Today he is considered as the whole Senate, or the whole majority of the Senate—which he is not—and almost supernatural powers are ascribed to him.

This is an exaggeration, of course. Aldrich has his very distinct limitations. It is true that he dominates the majority of the majority. That is, most of the Republicans in the Senate do as he bids, but not because he is a man of tremendous intellectual force, not because he is a man of wide knowledge, not because he is a man of impelling personality. The cold fact is that Nelson W. Aldrich gained and retains his leadership in the Senate because he is a trader, a compromiser, a man versed in all the intricacies of legislative machinery. He has a great amount of superficial information on many subjects. He can use that to advantage; but to call him a statesman, or a student, or a lawmaker, except in the artisan sense, is to credit him with qualities he does not possess.

His Trades, Bargains and Compromises

THE word trader describes him best. He is quick to see an advantageous opening and shrewd in utilizing it. He is politic and a politician. Legislation with him is a bartering of what he cannot help giving away, for something he needs or must retain. He is the most skillful compromiser in Congress. He knows every trick of trading. He can load up a bill with items he knows must come out and trade those for items he intends to keep in with more adroitness and success than any man who has been in Congress for years. Moreover, he makes no fuss, works in the dark, keeps his own counsel, and always has the votes in hand before he lets a proposition out in the open. Aldrich is what is known as a sure-thing player. He takes no chances. He will jockey with a measure for a month before he will come to a test, and will never come to that test until he is certain of his strength. He is no dashing, up-boys-and-at-them leader. His method is to corral the boys one by one, and get their votes by promises of support, by holding out future legislative reward for pet projects they may have, by bargaining and trading. He will go down in history as adroit, shrewd, astute, suave, not as a great constructive statesman.

I do not intend to underestimate his power or ability. He has a most tenacious hold on the bulk of his party in the Senate, and he dominates legislation. He is not given to braggadocio or self-exaltation. He is quiet and reserved. He can and will fight if it is necessary, and has a cold-chilled nerve. His courage is indisputable. Personally, he is a soft-spoken, companionable, pleasant man, keeping to himself a great deal, making no display, making no boasts, avoiding personal publicity, rarely speaking on the floor, modest in his claims and courteous in his dealings with men. They say he is indifferent to public opinion, but that is not so. He has the nerve to do what he wants to do, despite public opinion. He likes praise as well as any man, but does not always play for it.

In his committee-room or when he has a project on hand he can be cold and insistent. He will not hesitate to use force if necessary. Nor does he scruple to crush opposition by whatever means may be at hand. Still, if it is possible he prefers to get and keep his support by gentler and more mercantile methods. He trades. He compromises. He shifts. He schemes. He twists and turns. He conciliates. Then, if all these fail, he will use an axe. He can be ruthless as he can be moderate. He will punish severely if he cannot find another way to get his point. He harbors resentments. He hates well—but not until he has exhausted every possible scheme to keep his colleagues in line.

Also, Aldrich will never refuse to play ball with those who will play ball with him. He is as willing to give as he is to take. If a Senator will support his measures he will see to it that the Senator's measures are supported. But if a Senator will not trade, will not bargain, will not compromise, will not join hands with Aldrich, Aldrich will go to the extreme limit in punishing. He will keep Senators off committees. He will tangle up their legislation. He will prevent consideration. He will use all his vast power to subdue and tame.

Opposition to Aldrich in the old days when he had Platt, of Connecticut; Allison, of Iowa; Spooner, of Wisconsin; and others in his compact governing body was sporadic. Occasionally a Senator left the reservation, but not often. Within the past four years there has grown up a considerable insurgent element in the Senate, which reached its greatest strength, thus far, in the vote on the tariff bill. Aldrich tried to get everybody on his side to vote for his bill. He jockeyed and jockeyed and fussed and fiddled and traded and bargained around, with both sides, by the way, until he knew where he stood. Then he refused to have any further dealings with the insurgents, even if they wanted any further dealings with him, openly scorned them and passed his bill.

It was right there that Aldrich made the biggest mistake of his political life, and he made it because of a very curious situation that has existed in the United States Senate for many years. Aldrich comes from New England and from the smallest state in New England, at that. He was born in Rhode Island and has lived there all of his sixty-nine years. When he came into the Senate, in 1881, New England dominated that body and New England has practically dominated it ever since. The words New England Oligarchy are intensely descriptive. That is what has existed.

The time is coming, indeed it is almost here, when the political differentiations of party, such as Republican and Democratic, will mean nothing. Intrinsically, there is very little difference between the Republican party and the Democratic party today, except that the Republican party has the better organization and the more votes. What will arise in this country will be a Radical party and a Conservative party. That phase of our politics, definitely, is bound to come.

Should Nelson W. Aldrich be in power when it does come he will be an ultra-conservative. His environment, his sympathies, his tendencies, his education, his methods are all conservative. Moreover, he is not broad-minded enough to realize the significance of the shift that is taking place in this country, not only out in the states, but in his own Senate as well. He looks on the insurgents, the radicals, contemptuously, classes them as demagogues, and rightly too, in some instances.

However, the whole people is not demagogic. Aldrich fails in reading the signs of the times in not realizing this. Nor are all the people sore-headed and kicking. The difficulties of Aldrich's present situation and the difficulties that will arise in the future out of his situation are due to the fact that he fails to comprehend the strength of the great surge of popular disapproval of the policies and the practices he represents. He is not aristocratic by birth, if such a thing can be in this country, but he is both aristocratic and autocratic in tendencies and beliefs. He does not know the whole people. He knows New England perfectly. He does not know the West. He is not in sympathy with those millions of thinking Americans outside of New England who—as good, if not better, Americans than he is—are voicing this protest against the conditions that his own practices have brought about.

The common and superficial explanation of the present political situation in this country is easily set forth by Aldrich and his types as a cycle of unrest that comes, grows and subsides at regular intervals. Where he fails is in not appreciating the fact that this nation is no longer a collection of provinces outside of New England, depending on New England for mental instruction and financial support. Nor does he take any steps to inform himself. He is as insular and provincial as an Englishman. He rarely talks to people who do not think exactly as he does. He is contemptuous of men who do not acknowledge that all right and power is in the vested interests. He does not move about. To be sure, he went out West last fall and made some speeches and met some people. But whom did he talk to and whom did he meet? Bankers, mostly, and big business men at the head of corporations. A fine way to ascertain the real temper of the people!

The Pretensions of Lodge and Hale

WHEN Aldrich goes anywhere away from Washington he goes to New York or to Boston or to Providence, and talks with people who think exactly as he does. Occasionally he takes a vacation and goes to Europe, which is not a particularly illuminating place for finding out about the temper of Kansas and Nebraska and Minnesota or any other place in the United States. Broad enough on many things, his viewpoint as to the real political conditions in his country is narrow as a knifeblade. He is not in sympathy with the people, because he doesn't know anything about the people and has never been in contact with them.

That is one reason why Taft has been such a disappointment. He has traveled among the people extensively, but he has not rubbed against them. Likewise, it is the reason for the arrogance and provinciality of men like Senator Lodge and Senator Hale. I have no information on the subject, but I venture the statement that Aldrich and Lodge and Hale have never crossed this United States, from one end to the other and up and down, in their lives, and yet these men stand up in the Senate of the United States and arrogate to themselves the right—demand it—to control the legislation for that West they know nothing about except at second-hand.

Take this question of the tariff, which is one of the great causes of the discontent and rebellion in the West. Aldrich is a high protectionist for one reason. That reason is that the great industries in his state and in New England demand protection and flourish under it. When Aldrich was framing the tariff bill in the Senate last summer he held on to protection in every instance where he could preserve it; but when he did let go on any items he did not let go on anything that affected the industries of his part of the country. He fought for and preserved what Taft himself called "the indefensible woolen schedule," and he kept the sacred mantle of protection around cotton goods, and knit goods, and jewelry, and his other industries. He compromised on free hides. Why? Because the shoe manufacturers of New England thought they could get more money with free hides than without them. Every compromise he made he knew he would have to make before he took up the tariff at all as a matter of legislation. The greatest trader we have ever known, politically.

Naturally, Aldrich's sympathies and actions are dictated by the tremendous group of special interests our tariff system has fostered. It could not be otherwise, and I say it in no sense of imputing any personal dishonesty or personal gain. What I mean is that Aldrich believes in protection, because under our system of protection and government the great corporations, trusts and combinations have grown and can grow, and he believes in these resultants of protection because they do result from protection. Likewise, he believes in a system of government under which these combinations and special interests can grow, and for the very same reason. His sympathies are with the producer and not with the consumer.

How Aldrich Stands at Home

PERSONALLY and officially, Aldrich is not so openly autocratic as Lodge and Hale, for example; but that is because he has more sense than either, or both, of these two distinguished types of provincialism. Aldrich's viewpoint is largely that of the Captain of Finance, the big manipulator, the great money power. And his difficulty, his great weakness, is that he has continued to maintain that viewpoint instead of growing with the country. He is a narrow man.

Aldrich has been in Congress for thirty years, and he has been of supreme power in the Senate for ten years or more. Yet it is only two or three years ago, as chairman of the Finance Committee, which position he has had for fifteen or sixteen years, that he took any concrete cognizance of our financial system and advocated his Monetary Commission. He stood up in the Senate only a few weeks ago and said he could save three hundred million dollars a year if he could reform the business methods of the Government. The business methods of the Government were as bad, if not worse, ten and twenty years ago. Why has he delayed in stating this fact and starting machinery to rectify this condition? The fact is that Mr. Aldrich, powerful as he is, is not a constructive statesman. He is not a great legislator. He is a great politician. That is all.

He is a candidate for reëlection. Work has begun in Rhode Island looking to that end. Aldrich is fortunately situated, in a political sense. Rhode Island is a small state and has a small legislature. There is no direct primary law. The candidates for the legislature are selected at conventions and elected at the general election, and they elect the Senator just as was done everywhere in the old days, before many of the states adopted the preferential system of direct primaries. In the present legislature the Republicans have a majority of more than eighty on the joint ballot. The system of representation is peculiar. Each township has one Senator. The city of Providence, with two hundred thousand people, has one, and every other township, no matter how sparsely settled, has one. This makes it comparatively easy for a man who can control the rural districts to control the Senate, and the proportion of assemblymen from the country is predominating.

It must be remembered that Rhode Island is proud of the commanding position Mr. Aldrich occupies before the country. Moreover, Mr. Aldrich has secured and kept for Rhode Island the quintessence of protection that has made her manufactories extremely prosperous. Practically everything made in Rhode Island, where factories abound, is amply, even highly, protected—all due to the watchful care of Mr. Aldrich. There must be a great element of gratitude combined with that feeling of pride.

Still, for the first time in his many personal campaigns Mr. Aldrich goes into this fight with active and influential newspaper opposition, and with active and influential opposition in his own party. They are not insurgent on the tariff in Rhode Island, although some of the manufacturers who are now and have been protected are opposed to Aldrich. There is a great feeling of unrest over the prevailing high prices of food and other necessities of life. Also, there is a formidable Republican anti-Aldrich organization. *(Concluded on Page 37)*

The Business of Town Building

How the Commercial Secretary Handles a Boom

By CARL CROW

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

LET us presume, for literary purposes, that you are a manufacturer of furniture. Carrying the fancy still further, we will say that you are a prosperous manufacturer and have arrived at a bank balance which will enable you to play with your hobbies, one of which is to build a factory in the South, where you see an opportunity to increase your market.

You get out a map, and your pencil-tip wanders from place to place, finally resting on the name of a town in a pretty pink state.

That would be the place for the factory!

The map shows the town has railroad connections and the meager information contained in the atlas indicates that it is a "manufacturing center." Here, you feel sure, the factory would be a success; but the town is a thousand miles distant, and your knowledge of it is limited. Before taking that long trip you would like to know something more about it. You recall no one to whom you can write for information. You have no acquaintances there.

At that point the new profession fills the business gap.

Dictate a letter to the Commercial Secretary of the town and tell him what your plans are. By return mail he will tell you more about the place than you would learn in a visit of a week. He will tell you that, in anticipation of the establishment of factories, a strip of trackage has been left outside the new city limits, so you may there manufacture furniture without fear of the city tax collector. He will tell you the freight rate on lumber and coal and, in a booklet inclosed with his letter, you will see pictures of the principal business streets and learn in detail of the many advantages of the city as a place of residence.

When the Boom Collapses

WE WILL suppose that you are convinced of the desirability of the place as a factory location, that you take a trip to it and call on the Commercial Secretary. He is a busy young man, but he turns the office over to an assistant while he goes out with you. In half a day you have met the leading business men, all of whom, on learning of your business, earnestly assure you that a furniture factory is an industry for which the town has long been waiting. A retail dealer offers to transfer all of his purchases to you as soon as you are able to supply his wants. Between times, the Commercial Secretary is at your elbow with a mass of convincing facts and figures. The chances are you will build the factory and join the Commercial Club.

A dozen other locations would have been equally good for your factory, and if you ever stop to analyze the matter thoroughly you will realize that you came to your decision because of the Commercial Secretary. It was his art of salesmanship that caused you to locate where you did.

Who is this Commercial Secretary? Is he a city patriot working for the upbuilding of his town because of hot-headed zeal? No, indeed! His is the new profession—the profession of town building, and he is working at it in consideration of a good salary. Formerly we allowed our city builder to work unencouraged through life, to become a posthumous hero and have a street named after him. Now we call him a Commercial Secretary and place his name on the payroll with a big figure opposite. If the town shows much growth through his efforts we raise his salary lest some rival town take him away from us.

He is the local conservator of optimism who must preach and believe in the bright prospects of his town in order to hold his job. He must search for opportunities for factories and then encourage people to build them. He promotes railways, writes stories about his town, persuades testy old gentlemen to include city parks in the provisions of their wills, and tells the Tuesday Club of the great value of shade trees and flowers on the front lawns.

The Commercial Secretary came as a demand of rapid town building. A railroad spreads through a Western county, and several towns spring up in violent rivalry. Each is fostered by a townsite company, and each is exploited with the dazzling rhetoric of a circus poster. Excursion trains bring in loads of homeseekers who are whirled about in the townsite company's automobiles. Houses go up. Two banks begin their cautious rivalry. The townsite company announces plans for the erection of a big hotel, and sells all the lots surrounding it. Everywhere there is bustle and enthusiasm and a noise as of much money changing hands. By-and-by the manager of the townsite company takes another look at his blue-print map of the town and sees by the chalked-off squares that few lots remain to be sold.

"We may as well let up here," he tells the sales manager, and one by one the real-estate salesmen move on to the next bargain counter, forty miles down the railway.

A few weeks later the citizens of New Town suddenly realize that something is the matter. No new houses are going up and the bank deposits are not increasing. The town is as lifeless as a department store without an advertising manager, or as a circus parade without a steam calliope. Down the road Newest Town is selling lots like a bankrupt-clothing sale.

The bankers, the leading merchants and the editor issue a call for a mass-meeting. Every one comes out, and there are several speeches by the town's most expert orators. They point with pride to the town's advantageous location; they deplore the stagnation which seems about to begin. They call on all good citizens to put a shoulder to the wheel of progress and help make New Town the largest in the state. There is much enthusiasm.

A Commercial Club is formed and every one joins. Then a Commercial Secretary is imported from another town, and the place goes forward again. The Commercial Secretary continues the work of the townsite company, but his objects are different.

He engages in no business for himself, but acts as business agent for the town, in which capacity he is always busy. Regular meetings of the Board of Directors of the Commercial Club are held and the needs of the town are discussed as carefully as if the municipality were a business in which the directors were stockholders. They decide what is needed. A new hotel must be built to stop the slanderous stories of traveling men and induce them to spend Sundays there. A discrimination in railway rates must be looked into. A campaign for paved streets should be started. There is talk of a railroad extension which the town must secure.

Empire Building in Miniature

THE Commercial Secretary takes these tasks in hand. He gets into correspondence with several people who may be induced to build a hotel. He has a talk with the editors, who begin writing editorials about paving. He appeals to the railroad to correct the unfair rates, and gathers information which will enable him to force a correction. He goes after the new railroad with figures on possible tonnage and cost of construction. Without him all of these enterprises would be talked of, but he gets immediate action on them. Putting his shoulder to the wheel of progress is too slow for him; he hitches an automobile to it and jerks it out of the mud and down the road.

When the demand for the Commercial Secretary first manifested itself it was necessary to make a new profession out of an old one. So the ranks of newspaper men were drawn upon, and the transition was easy. The old reporter who had grown too cynical for enthusiasm over any story found a new interest in the fascination of town building. It is empire building on a small scale and without the disadvantages of having to whip a couple of nations before you get a chance at the job. Most of the Commercial Secretaries have found the work so fascinating that it is seldom one can be induced to go into other work.

The new profession is scarcely as old as the X-ray. No one can tell just where it started, for the Commercial Secretary seems to have been a natural result of conditions rather than the economic invention of some municipal uplifter. Perhaps some newspaper man out of a job organized the first Commercial Club in order to edge

(Concluded on Page 38)

THE DESERTERS

How Joe Paul Reënlisted

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

He Was a Strange Old Bird

"HE USED to work right there," said Jim Hands, the foreman, pointing to the bench where, on working-days, sat two Finns, tacking heels. Their chairs were now deserted, for it was a state holiday and the factory was so silent that footsteps echoed through the long rooms and down the wooden stairways. The basement smelled damp and cold and was filled with the half-sweet odor of sole leather from the great, flat, creaking skins piled at the other end of the room. Jim, reaching down into a basket, picked up one of the roughly-nailed, untrimmed heels and examined it critically. He threw it back among its fellows with a violence that suggested dissatisfaction. "Yes," he said by way of explanation, "there he sat fer fifteen years or more—old Joe Paul.

"If you'd been here as long as me," he went on, running his calloused fingers through the brads in the boxes, "you'd know that a factory like this can see some strange things an' now an' then some strange folks that I don't make out to understand at all. Some of 'em drift in an' some of 'em drift out. It's them that stay that you get to know, but Joe Paul stayed on a good many years an' from the beginning to the end there was somethin' I didn't know about him, an' I never looked at him without feelin' like you do when you try to chew up a mouthful of spinach that's full of grit."

. . . . . .

Joe just came from nowhere, as far as anybody could tell, an' brought nothin' with him. He was old—you couldn't tell how old—an' yet it seemed kinder as if somebody'd painted him a few days ago an' he'd just stepped out of the frame, with his thin, long neck an' its loose skin, an' his hands with a couple of twists of rheumatism in 'em that made 'em look like hooks, an' his old baggy clothes. There ain't any use to slander the old feller, so I better say he showed a whole lot of signs of cold water, an' his face was pink an' scrubbed-lookin', even at the bottom of them wrinkles that all ran down one way an' give his face a kinder drooped appearance, just like you see in a piece of wet cloth hangin' somewhere. An' he had a thin, gray mustache, too, an' that drooped. An' his clothes drooped. But there was a different look in his eyes, though they was always watery like old people's. An', as I say, so far as he gave out any signs he turned up from nowhere.

I can remember him comin' to work—bent a little, an' a hitch an' a spring in his step, an' regular at the time-clock fer all them years, with never a miss. He used ter walk down from that little three-room house he built up there where the road to the lake runs so close to the bank of the river, just above the Canuck settlement. It may be because he built his shack up near them that the story got around that his mother was a French-Canadian, an' most everybody believed it. It seemed to me he was too regular an' too quiet an' didn't use his hands enough. Them Canucks always make motions, even when they talk to themselves, an' this old feller kinder let his arms hang at his sides; an' when you'd speak to him he would kinder duck as if you'd made a pass at him with a closed fist. The fact is, he was a strange old bird, wearin' ear-laps an' mittens in winter, an' in all the years he was here an' with all the old, frayed-out black neckties I've seen on him—fer he'd wear one tie day after day an' Sundays till it fell apart an' he had to get a new one—I never yet seen him without a clean collar, low-cut, twice too big fer him but clean. He was awful careful about that.

He never spoke to nobody. The foreman might tell him to do somethin', an' he'd just raise his hand as if he was goin' to salute like a soldier, an' then stop an' go off an' do what he'd been ordered, without a word. Men got to lettin' him go by 'em without even sayin' good-mornin' to him. It was natural. An' if it was necessary to ask him a question he'd just look up kinder surprised an', no matter what it was, he'd say, slow an' easy, "Well, now, I don't know as I can rightly explain," an' he always said that when he started, even though the answer that came on top of it was just plain yes or no.

It's funny that we don't know people we see in the factory every day fer fifteen years. You'd think in that time you'd have looked at 'em, listened to 'em an' touched 'em enough to know what was inside of 'em. Of course, old Joe Paul didn't say much, but a feller would even get to know a dog in that time, an' a dog don't say anythin' at all. You just get to know a dog by whether his nose is hot or cold, whether he chases sparrers after findin' out he can't catch 'em, an' whether he finds out when the feller who feeds him is feelin' sick an' comes up an' scratches at the bedroom door with his paw. But it weren't till the end, when Anne Villet come an' got a job in the packin'-room, that any of us knew what was wrapped up in his package.

Why, before that I can remember how Best, that thin, pale feller that was boss downstairs there—a feller that must have hed powdered alum thrown on his soul, but had a hawk eye an' a long white nose that smelled into everythin'—I can remember how he sized up Joe Paul. I can hear him now with that whine of his.

"He's just learned from experience that everybody's lookin' out fer number one," he says, "an' the big Me," he says, "an' he don't want nothin' to do with nobody. He just draws his dollar an' seventy-five a day, an' neither that nor anythin' else is anybody's business but his. He's wise. He gets good company outer himself. An' he don't talk none because he's learnt that talk don't put any food in the stomach."

"Huh!" says Dave Pierson to him, "if it did you'd be overcrowdin' yer bloomin' system all the time," he says.

But Best went right on, pretendin' not to hear. An' he says: "Why, he don't even get sociable after the day's work is over. Don't I know? I come by his shack half a dozen evenin's a week. He's always sittin' there alone. Looks as if somebody'd thrown him up against that door an' jammed him down on to the stone steps. I've seen him breakin' up a piece of bakery bread to throw to them darn fool birds. He knows them birds has got more sense than men," he says, "an he's got a long-stem pipe with a bowl on it as big as a drinkin'-cup. Haven't I seen him puff it up red after dark when I was goin' by? Cooks his own meals," says Best. "Ain't that a sign he hasn't any use fer people?"

"It's a wonder you wouldn't cook your meals, too," says Dave, "seein' you kick so much about 'em. The trouble with old man Paul is quick said. He's got sour. He's what you call 'turned,'" he says, "an' I never see him but what I wish he'd get out of my way. He makes me think of a glass of water with a spoonful of milk in it."

Maybe Joe Paul knew what the fellers an' girls thought of him. He never looked at any of 'em when they was lookin' at him, an' kept his eyes down mostly. It was only when he thought nobody was lookin' that he'd look at people, an' then there'd be a kinder warm look in his eyes as if he was fond of 'em. Some of the boys in the village useter throw things at him when he'd go an' come after the new library was built an' he spent his evenin's readin', but he never turned around. He'd just pull his collar up, maybe, an' duck his head into it.

An' speakin' of the library makes me think how Fanny Bowles—whose father raises horses an' she's got a job tendin' the books—says to me one day: "Mr. Hands," she says, "that old man with the faded brown overcoat," she says, "is the most regular man in town here at the library," she says; "an' it's funny, because all he ever cares fer is books or pictures about war," she says.

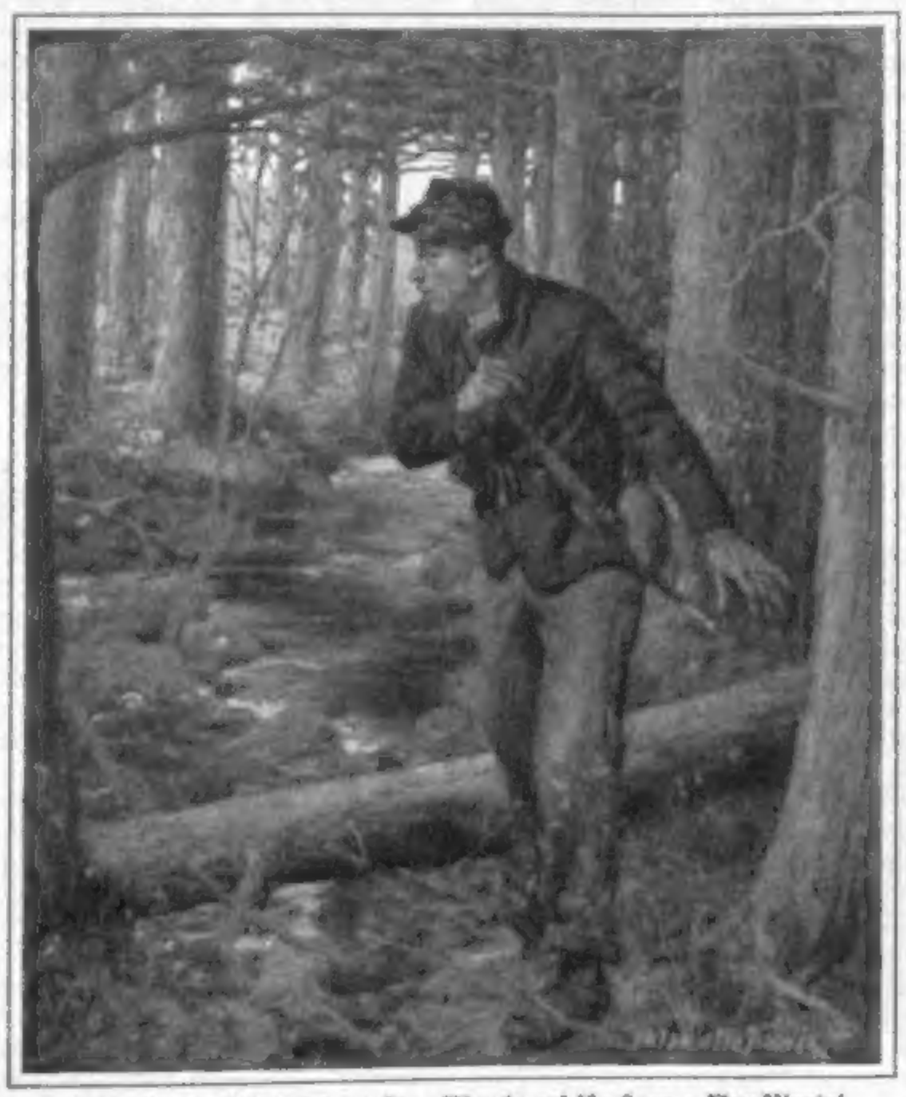
"War?" says I. "That's funny!" I says. "There ain't anythin' war about old Joe Paul," I says.

"Well," she says; "that's what he wants," she says, "an' many's the evenin' he sits here lookin' at them battle pictures in the Universal History of Europe an' America," she says, "an' runnin' his crooked finger around between his neck an' his collar," she says.

An' though I thought of it then, I guess it went out of my head until long after this Anne Villet girl drifted into town.

I say she was a girl, an' it's true; but you couldn't tell if you seen her how old she was. Her face was kinder dry an' old-lookin', an' yet there was somethin'—maybe the look about her neck or ears or the way she walked—would make you think she was very young, after all. Her hair was yellow. It didn't look natural yellow, neither, an' her teeth would show gold when she opened her mouth, which weren't often, fer she usually kept her lips shut close together like a feller in a twenty-round fight that's gettin' the worst of it. Maybe she was pretty once. An', anyhow, she looked pretty sometimes still, though she was thin an' quick an' nervous as a stable cat.

It was kinder funny about her. I happened to be downstairs in the office the day she came to town, an' it seemed about her just as it did about the old man—that she come from nowhere an' yet was just loaded an' sore with somethin', say, like experience. An' I heard her talk to the bookkeeper, who took down her name an' job and give her a piece-card an' so on. I heard her short, jerky answers like the cracks of a whip. You'd thought she'd been pinched fer shopliftin' to hear her, she was that defensive about the commonest things. It made you think of somebody who'd started out to stand against the wallops of the whole world an' do it all alone, maybe gettin' driven



"He Sneaked Into Them Pine Woods an' He Seen a Flag Wavin' Over the Ridge a Second"

back all the time, but fightin' all the time an' thinkin' every bush or tree had somebody hidin' behind it with an axe or a life-preserver. That was Anne Villet, an' while she lasted she was a worker. An' she had a fierce cough.

She was about as far away from people as Joe. There was somethin' interferin' between him an' the rest of us, an' there was somethin' between her an' the rest of us, too—somethin', whatever it was, that made her say little an' brush her yellow hair back with her thin, long-fingered hands, nervous-like. The girls didn't like to be seen talkin' to her. I can't remember a time when I noticed anybody stop her in the hall. She got a room down at Mrs. Jordan's. It ain't a very nice place, but there weren't any of the other boardin'-houses that wanted to take her in.

I heard Nellie Conroy an' Katie Morris, who worked in the stitchin'-room, talkin' about her.

"Well, dear," says Katie, at the door of the washroom, "yer can't expect anythin' different," she says. "Fer this Villet girl looks different from any of the rest of us," she says, "an' we know nothin' about her. We don't even know where she comes from."

I thinks to myself when I heard her say it that, after all, there is hard an' cruel streaks in women as well as men an' maybe even more so, except in a few of 'em like my Annie.

"But she must be lonesome," says the Conroy girl, who had a good heart in her. "I remember," she says, "how I felt when I come here from the city."

"Ho!" says Katie. "You weren't the same. You weren't young an' old-lookin' at the same time," she says, "an' your hair was natural an' you didn't have them hard eyes. You weren't tough."

"Tough?" says Nellie.

"Yes," says the Morris girl, liftin' that pointed chin of her. "You know a girl like me can't afford to be havin' to do with Anne Villet."

I seen Nellie scowl a bit then an' count over a bundle of vamps she had in her hand. Then, by-and-by, she said kinder quick: "Well, there is other girls right here in our room that's kinder rough in their manners."

"Well," says Katie, "maybe they is. But they're tough an' don't care an' laugh an' carry on, but Anne Villet don't laugh or carry on an' is kinder suspicious of everybody. There's a lot of difference between them two kinds of toughness."

An' maybe she was right. Anyhow, this new girl come an' went, an' what was inside her nobody knew. Once Best met her comin' down over the hill to the factory an' said a word or two to her. An' I can see her yet—how she looked up like somebody does to see whether it's goin' to rain, an' then pointed her finger at him sharp an' quick an' says to him: "Gwan now an' sell yer papers." So I knew she was from some big city.

I guess Best was the last one that tried to say anythin' pleasant to her, except old Joe Paul. The old man come down one afternoon, after noon hour, an' before he went down to his work he shuffled into the packin'-room where she was markin' sizes, an' he went up to her an' looked at the floor.

An' he says, "I brought yer a book," he says, layin' one down on the bench. "It's called Ten American Heroes," he says, "by a man named Thaddeus B. Wetherby," he says. "I thought maybe you had a lot of time alone to yerself," he says.

Well, you could see in a flash how she kinder stiffened up an' got on the defensive, just as she always did; an' her face looked harder an' dryer than ever. But when she turned around an' seen that old fool with his hat off, lookin' at the floor an' his square-toed boots an' smoothin' his gray hair, the look kinder slid off her face slow, an' she reached out as if she was goin' to touch him on the sleeve of his faded brown overcoat.

"Say," says she, "I'm much obliged," she says, an' maybe she'd have said more if her cough hadn't stopped her; an' before she was through coughin' old Joe Paul had scuffed his way downstairs.

I suppose anybody'd have known, if they had taken notice, that she was coughin' all the time. I guess she weren't very well. I guess it was mostly her toughness that she was livin' on.

Anyhow, the old man noticed it. He noticed it just the same as he noticed that she didn't go with anybody an' never even spoke to anybody. Father Ryan had been to see her an' he had shook his head at me when he told me, an' he says: "Jim, she maybe is a Catholic an' maybe not, I can't get it out of her," he says, shakin' his head an' smoothin' his chin on the back of his hand; "an'," he says, "I despair of leadin' her," he says. "There is now an' then a woman that has had some kinds of leadin' so much," he says, "that they won't be led no more by nobody," he says; "though I suppose," he says, "that it is out of the way fer me to be admittin' failure to soften a heart," he says, "be it as hard as yer mother-in-law's pie crust," he says, fer he was always fergettin' the business of life fer his little joke. An' maybe even Father Ryan with his blue eye, that had seen many a good sinful old soul come an' go, didn't see what old Paul had seen.

It was one day after work when I went into the washroom that I caught a bit of it. Fer I heard voices under the winder, an' I knew that the factory had let out half an hour before an' I wondered who it was that was hangin' around. So I stuck my head out an' then I seen it was them two just below—Anne Villet, with her black hat, an' old Joe Paul. She was sittin' on a empty wooden packin'-box, an' he was tryin' to look at her with his water eyes. An' they was talkin' together.

Of course, I couldn't help hearin' 'em, an' from what they was talkin' about you could tell that the girl had just had one of them fits of coughin' an' maybe had got a little dizzy an' sat down, an' old Paul had seen her an' had come up.

"You're sick," he says, foolin' with the buttons on his coat. "There ain't any use tryin' to say you ain't," he says. "You've been worryin' me fer weeks. Well, now, let me explain," he says. "I've been noticin'. You remember the evenin' you stopped to rest by my door up there," he says. "I knew you was sick, you was so short-breathed. An' I lit a match pretendin' it was fer my pipe, but it was to see your face, girl," he says. "I'm a good deal older than you," he says. "You take my advice an' don't work fer a while an' live mostly on milk," he says.

With that she kinder flattened herself up against the factory wall an' steadied herself on it with the flat of her hands. "What do you care?" she says. "I ain't your daughter or nothin'. What do you care? It's none of your business what's the matter with me. It's nobody's business but mine, an' I don't care." An' with that she give a laugh. "I guess I am sick. I don't know. Maybe I'll cash in. What do I care?"

The old man, I could see, kinder stepped back as if she'd hit him in the mouth. He was studyin' fer a minute, an' then he says as if it was the last thing in the world he'd believe: "Ain't you afraid of death?" he says.

She'd Kinder Buried Her Face in the Bedclothes

"No," she says. "It's all the same to me whether I keep on or stop; it's all the same to me. I know where I get off!" she says.

Old Joe Paul give a little gasp an' kinder shook himself, an' I heard him say: "It's funny how different people's instincts are," he says. "I guess I've had a dread of death an' injury," he says, "since I was born," he says. "I've always been afraid. I'd give anythin' not to care."

She was coughin' again, but when she stopped she says: "It's all in yer eye," she says. "What yer want an' what ye're afraid of is all an idea. It's in yer eye."

With that he shook his head. "It ain't so," he says. "My fear ain't never been in my mind," he says. "It's been in my body. It's in the body!" says he. "I couldn't never play ball when I was young," he says, "fer I never could see anythin' comin' toward me without dodgin'."

"Oh, dodge nothin'!" she says with her bold voice.

The old feller looked at her then an' he put his hand out an' touched her on the arm. "Girl," he says, "don't be cross with me. I like you. If I'd had a daughter——" he says, an' stopped. I suppose he was lonesome. An' he touched her arm again.

An' with that she give a scream an' drew her arm back quick—snatched it away. I can hear her voice now, rough an' angry like a snappin' dog's. "Quit that!" she says. "If you made me cry do you know what I'd do?—I'd kill you!" she says.

The old feller kinder staggered back, duckin' his head, an' he went shufflin' along up the path from the boiler-room, with his head bent over as if somebody was goin' to hit him over the head with the flat of an axe. An' the girl stood up below the winder there, breathin' hard an' holdin' herself till he was out of sight, an' then she turned face to the wall. An' she really begun to cry.

She was sick the next day—sick enough so she couldn't get up, they said. I don't believe anybody paid much attention to it. She was out three days, accordin' to Joe Best, her foreman, an' then she come back the middle of a mornin' kinder dizzy an' uncertain on her feet, with her jaw set an' the hard look in her eyes.

"Mr. Best," she says, speakin' rough, "I ain't ready to be fooled with. An' I want to know who it was got so smart when I was down an' out an' sent me things to eat, an' milk, an' paid the doctor. I didn't know about it till to-day. An' I don't want nobody payin' anythin' fer me. I ain't asked no favors of anybody," she says, "an' I don't want none. Listen to me!" she says. "If you know who it was tell 'em from me to cut it out if they don't want trouble in carload lots," she says, "whether it's a man or a woman," she says.

Best is got a mean streak in him, as I've already said. "Well," he says, "I can tell yer who sent them things," says he. "It was Joe Paul," he says.

She kinder caught her breath, then, an' looked around to see if anybody'd heard him, an' a little smile come into her face an' she caught the edge of the bench, she was that weak an' sick, an' she sat down in a chair an' stared out the window just as if she was thinkin' an' didn't see nothin'. An' she sat there starin' an' never movin' until one of the girls from the packin'-room had been ordered down to help her to walk back to Mrs. Jordan's boardin'-house.

She was bad off. It was many a week before she was walkin' around again, an' I heard from Mrs. Jordan that old man Paul was payin' fer the expense an' had made Mrs. Jordan promise not to tell anybody. It was gettin' dark early them days, fer it was before spring had done any more than melt all the snow off an' fill the valley with fogs from the thaws an' the smell of half-froze mud. An' the old man used ter wait till the doctor come in the evenin' to go up there an' see the girl an' talk to her an' stand her abuse an' rough ways. An' yet Mrs. Jordan said the girl had changed some.

She let the old man help her out. I couldn't hardly believe it. An' she even liked to have him come an' talk with her between her fits of coughin'—not that he said much, but just because it seemed to give her satisfaction to watch him settin' by the winder in a rockin'-chair, with his old hook hands hangin' by his sides, until the light had all gone an' maybe she'd dropped off into a doze. Then he'd get up an' shuffle out of the room, an' fill his big pipe goin' down the stairs.

(Continued on Page 49)

BACK FROM ELBA

Being a Symposium of Various Greetings When Roosevelt Lands

By BERTON BRALEY

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

CHORUS OF THE PEOPLE GENERALLY

Whoopee!
Whee!
W-E-L-C-O-M-E!
That's how we spell it
In letters several miles high.
And speak it,
Yell it,
Howl it,
Hoot it,
Shriek it,
While the big whistles growl it.
The middle-sized ones toot it,
And the little ones squeak it.
The bells ring it,
The choirs sing it,
And the papers fling it
Forth in headlines that flare
And bulletins that glare.
Gee!
But we're glad
To see
Our old, mad, glad Teddy lad
Come back to us.
And all this fuss,
This rough and ready
Hullabaiioo,
Is for YOU,
Mr. Theodore
Roosevelt. And there's more
Than mere noise about it.
It comes straight
"From our deep hearts' core,"
A salvo of shouts and cheers and cannon and bells,
That tells
Our love for the pluckiest, luckiest, most ingenuous, strenuous, busiest, bulliest, truest, truebluest, toughest, roughest, most dynamic, panoramic, nerviest, verviest hunter, politician, lion-tamer, fighter, reformer and first-class Man
That has met our gaze
Since the present
Century began.
So,
Here's TO you,
Theodore,
Three times three!
Now, once more
And the tiger—
Whee!!

SONG OF THE TENNIS CABINET

Oh, Theodore, Theodore, Theodore dear,
Just hearken and listen, and listen and look,
We're out in the cold, in the chill atmosphere.
We looked for applause and were given the hook.
Your friend Jimmy Garfield went out on his ear,
To Gifford Pinchot there was handed a lime.
Oh, Theodore, Theodore, Theodore dear,
Your friends have been having a helluva time.

Oh, Theodore, Theodore, list to our tale,
The tale of our agony, sorrow and woe.
What ever possessed you to go on the trail
And leave us all here where they treated us so?
We're battered and shattered and peaked and pale,
The saddest and maddest of double-crossed men.
Oh, Theodore, Theodore, list to our wail—
Yet isn't it grand that you're with us again!

CHANT OF THE NATURE FAKERS

Let him talk of the lions and tigers and elands and hippos and zebras and camels and gnus,
We snicker and chuckle at stories he tells us and steadfastly cackle dissent at his views.
We've watched and we've waited for ages and ages, just dreaming and hoping our triumph would come,
And now we can say as the hunter returns to us: "Gee, but your knowledge of Nature is bum.
Your lions are clear out of proper proportion, too large in the jaw and deficient in mane;
Your elephants never could act as you tell us; your tale of the ostrich is padded, that's plain;
No hippos could do what you say they were doing the day that you hunted them down on the Nile,
And as for the tale of the laughing hyena—well, sure that would make Mr. Audubon smile.
"In brief, while it pains us—ah, yes, how it pains us—to say what we think of the stories you tell,
We're free to confess that we live in Missouri, a place where the wise find it wisdom to dwell.
We do not believe that you hunted a rhino; besides, if you did it was fearfully small;
We do not believe that you shot any lions; in fact, we're in doubt if you hunted at all.
And that's our revenge for the slurs you have given, the things you have said of the books that we wrote.
We're here at the pier with incredulous faces and wildly we jeer at the incoming boat.
Let others be shouting their bravos of welcome, let others be twining the beautiful wreath,
We cast, with a gesture of sullen defiance, your 'Shorter and Uglier' back in your teeth!"

CHORUS OF MALEFACTORS OF GREAT WEALTH

Open up the cyclone cellar, put a cannon near the door,
He is back again, that feller, from the Africander shore.
Back again to make us trouble, back to keep us from our sleep,
Back to make our worries double, back to keep us on the leap,
With that fierce vocabulary full of words that fairly fry,
With the stick he used to carry, with the same old eagle eye.
Fresh from battles hot and thrilling with the hippopotamus,
Fresh from capturing and killing crocodiles and even wuss.
Though the lion did its duty and the rhino didn't flunk,
He is back in pristine beauty, they are with him—in a trunk.
Open up the cyclone cellar, put a cannon near the door,
He is back again, that feller, we can slumber—nevermore!

SONG OF THE ANANIAS CLUB

We have missed you, Colonel Teddy, we have missed you—on the square—
For our life was full of action when you occupied the chair.
And the columns of the press
Used to play us up—ah, yes!
Even though you called us liars we were in the calcium glare.

Since you left—ah, bitter fortune—we have flickered out of view
And our names are never spoken save among a faithful few,
And we cannot get in print
Though we plead and pray and hint,
Which is why we're at the seashore with a band to welcome you.

SONG OF THE SENATORS

Yes, it gives us mighty pleasure
(Does it not? It does not!)
For to welcome you in measure.
(Does it not? It does not.)
In the jungle where thou hidst
We have marked the deeds thou didst,
Though we've missed you from our midst.
(Have we not? We have not.)

So we give you three times three!
(Do we not? We do not.)
It is good your face to see.
(Is it not? It is not.)
Here upon the pier we stand
With an orchestra and band,
We have come to shake your hand.
(Have we not? We have not.)

There's a smile of jubilation—
(Is there not? There is not.)
One, indeed, of exultation—
(Is there not? There is not.)
As we stand upon the pier,
Glad to see that you are here,
Greeting you with cheer on cheer!
(Do we not? We do not.)

PATTER CHORUS OF THE NEWSPAPER MEN

Safety and sanity, deadly inanity,
Courtly urbanity—these we have had
Now for a year or so—save for a jeer or so
And a stray cheer or so, weakly and sad.
Prospects were black to us, news was a lack to us.
Now he's come back to us, vivid and vernal,
Things will be quicker now, stories grow thicker now.
Life have new ichor now—How-de-do, Colonel!

Things start to spin again, real fights begin again—
There's the old grin again, always the same.
Hearts may grow lighter now, days will be brighter now,
Here's the old fighter now—back in the game.
Hark, how the thunderous presses roar under us!
Passed are the wonderous days of his cruise,
Linotypes quivering, news-stands are shivering,
Boys are delivering—now there'll be News!

THE MISSIONS OF SYLVIA

By J. Storer Clouston

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

HER FIRST

"I SHOULD as soon think of taking charge of a perambulator!" pronounced Lord Raymes.

The old gentleman spoke with unusual vehemence. Across the breakfast-table his sister-in-law nodded her approval.

"It is out of the question," said she. "Lord Archibald had no business to expect such a thing of you."

"Archie Braybrooke always was the most uncomplimentary fellow. Imagine choosing me as his daughter's guardian! Dash it, Gwendolen, he might have had the decency at least to pretend he thought me more dangerous than that."

Lady Custerd regarded him coldly.

"I should be sorry to think you were not sufficiently respectable, Raymes; but really, to be responsible for a girl of nineteen with six thousand pounds a year of her own is more than you ought to attempt at your age."

"I suppose that will have to be the excuse," he admitted; "that and poverty and your unfortunate health, Gwendolen, and the state of the drains in an old house like this, and the want of any suitable society in the neighborhood, and the distance from church, and my preoccupation with agricultural pursuits, and the servants' objection to children."

He smiled almost cheerfully again.

"The letter will have to be distinctly pathetic," he added. "What about black-edged paper—eh?"

"Of course," said Lady Custerd, "if you were the only guardian it would be different. But it is you or the Bishop."

"And apparently she takes her own choice. That looks bad, you know. A young woman whose father felt obliged to provide her with a choice of guardians suggests a thoroughly spoilt and devilishly disagreeable type of female—the sort of person you can't stand, Gwendolen. For your sake I'll have to turn her over to the Bishop. He's paid by the state for minding other people's business." He rose from the table. "I'll write to her at once," he added.

"How long is it since you saw her last?" his sister-in-law inquired.

"Twelve years, at least. I don't remember her distinctly, but I fancy she promised badly. Anyhow, I can't recall anything in her favor."

For a moment Lady Custerd's kind heart troubled her. The discomfort was creditable, even if brief.

"It seems inhospitable, in a way, to refuse the poor girl the shelter of one's house."

"I shall refuse her nothing. I merely propose to place the facts of the situation before her."

Lady Custerd felt quite relieved.

"Oh, if that's all we certainly can't blame ourselves. Well, I must say it's a great relief to feel one isn't going to be disturbed by girls of nineteen."

"I know what it is to be disturbed by girls of six months," said her brother-in-law. "This would be exactly thirty-eight times as bad."

He rejoined her two hours later, bearing in his hand the fruit of this period of thoughtful seclusion.

"I flatter myself it's rather a creditable letter," said he. "Just tell me if you think I've left anything out."

In his thin but clear and even voice he read the letter:

My dear Child: I learn with considerable emotion that my old friend, your lamented father, has paid me the very high compliment of appointing me as your alternative guardian, supposing that the Bishop of Battersea should prove unwilling or unable to accept the trust.

"What a good way of putting it!" exclaimed Lady Custerd.

"Isn't it?" he smiled, and resumed.

Knowing the generous heart and ample leisure of this distinguished prelate, I am happy to think that he will welcome the responsibility and that you will henceforth enjoy the social advantages and excellent influences only to be procured at an episcopal palace. I, unfortunately, am now an old man, a widower whose family have long since gone out into the world and hence are no longer with me to impart that atmosphere of cheerfulness and sociability which alone could make a sojourn in this old and somewhat gloomy house at all enjoyable to a girl of your age. My sister-in-law, Lady Custerd, who lives with me and attends to my few wants—so far as the deterioration in the value of my estates will permit—shares my own state of health.

"But, Raymes," interrupted the good lady, "we are both perfectly well!"

"Have I said we weren't?" he inquired, and continued:

A distance of several miles separates us from such of our neighbors as are still permitted by the exigencies of the national exchequer to live upon their family estates, and as the families who now rent their houses usually attend Non-conformist places of worship, we have few opportunities of making their acquaintance.

"That is putting it a little——" she began in a voice of gentle expostulation.

"It gives her a very good general idea of what the state of things will be if any Government I have ever known continues in office," he replied; "and so long as I drive home the fact that she and I won't be of much use to one another I don't honestly think I can be accused of deviating from the truth." Lady Custerd alternately admired and suspected the breadth of her brother-in-law's views and the remarkable subtlety of his intellect. On this occasion she felt unqualified admiration. "How does the letter finish?" she inquired.

Under these circumstances, my dear Sylvia, for your own sake I can only consider it extremely fortunate that you are already provided with a guardian whose wealth, health and position will insure for you that happiness which it is my one regret I am unable to confer in person. Perhaps, some day in the years to come, if you ever happen to be in this part of the world, you will give me the privilege of offering you such inadequate hospitality as lies within my power. Meanwhile, pray accept my love and sympathy, and believe me, my dear child,

Yours affectionately,
RAYMES

P. S. If you should at any time require my advice, pray do not hesitate to apply to me. I shall make a point of answering your inquiries by return of post.

He put the letter in its envelope with restored serenity.

"If she manages to get much change out of that I shall be deucedly surprised," he observed.

"You certainly have a kind of literary instinct," said Lady Custerd.

"I have often thought that under unhappier circumstances I could have edited the Times," he agreed. "I can make sound serve for sense as well as most of 'em."

He retired, leaving her to wonder whether she had meant exactly this, or whether he had slightly misunderstood her.

"Oh, Uncle Raymes, If You Had Seen Those Dreadful Women Bring!"

On the evening of the following day Lord Raymes, after his kindly habit, relinquished for half an hour the comforts of his library in order to play a game of picquet with his sister-in-law.

"How pleasant these quiet evenings are!" said the lady. "I quite enjoy a few weeks without any company in the house."

"You've had a deuced close shave of never enjoying a quiet evening again," replied her distinguished relative, and then, glancing at his cards: "Point of six."

"Good. On the other hand, she might have been pleasant company - sometimes," said Lady Custerd.

"For you? The worst possible. *Quarte.*"

"Up to what?"

"Ace."

"Good," sighed the lady.

"Better than a ward of nineteen, anyhow," chuckled Lord Raymes. "Three queens?"

"Not good."

"Six and four's ten," said he, and then paused meditatively. "I don't think I left anything out."

"No. Your score is exactly ten."

"I meant out of that letter."

"Oh! Well, it did occur to me afterward that you hadn't mentioned the drains."

"An unfortunate omission," he agreed. "Still, I described the house as old and gloomy. A girl with any imagination would surely say to herself 'Drains!' at once."

"Girls have so little imagination nowadays——" she began, and then paused.

"Eleven," said he, laying down a card; but she paid it no attention. "Eh," he added, "what's the matter?"

"Raymes!" she exclaimed in a voice that betrayed a tremor, "some one has just arrived!"

"Some one? Who?"

"I can't imagine. I thought I heard a carriage a few minutes ago, and now—don't you hear?—there are voices in the hall."

"Good Gad!" he exclaimed. "It's—it's a girl."

The door opened and a solemn voice announced:

"Miss Braybrooke."

Almost simultaneously, it seemed to Lord Raymes—so impetuously did she cross the room—he found himself looking into the dark eyes of a radiant girl, with both his hands clasped by hers.

"My dearest guardian!" she cried, and impulsively kissed him.

It was only when she was bestowing an almost equally affectionate salute upon Lady Custerd that he began to recover his numbed senses. His measured voice interrupted the caress.

"By the way, I wrote you a letter, Sylvia, only yesterday morning."

With a movement quick, graceful and alive with decision her beautiful figure straightened and faced him. That it was a deuced fine figure he admitted at once, and under other circumstances he would even have acknowledged her face to be equally charming. Her complexion was delicately bright, her expression singularly animated; but it was her dark and burning eyes that he was chiefly conscious of at present. They glowed with possibilities.

"Dear Lord Raymes," she cried, "this is your answer!"

He held one hand behind his ear to be quite certain he should not misunderstand her again.

"I beg your pardon?" he inquired.

"This is your answer!" she smiled.

"You mean to say you got that letter?"

She laughed affectionately. "Why should I be here otherwise?"

"God bless me!" he exclaimed. "You mean to say the Bishop has refused? By Gad, I don't often trouble the House of Lords, but I'm hanged if I'm not going to put a question about his salary! The overpaid, pampered ——"

Still with the same affectionate smile she interrupted him.

"I haven't asked the Bishop."

"Not asked him?" he gasped.

"He doesn't need me. Why, he has four daughters of his own to look after him! But when I got your touching letter, dear Lord Raymes, I simply couldn't keep away from you a moment longer. To think of you two poor, dear people shut up in this lonely old house with no daughter at all to take charge of you! I had been thinking of the stage ——"

"The stage!" cried Lady Custerd.

The girl smiled indulgently.

"One can't live an idle, useless life, you know, dear Lady Custerd, and it seemed to me that the stage was my mission. But Lord Raymes' letter altered everything in a flash. I told my maid to pack instantly; we caught the very first train we could, and here I am!"

"Do you mean," inquired her guardian in a subdued voice, "that we are now your mission?"

With the air and voice of a Saint Theresa she answered: "Yes!"

Her protégés exchanged a somber glance. When Lord Raymes spoke it was with a very serious air.

"But, my dear child, this is far too much to ask of you."

"I shall love it!" she assured him.

"But we live such dull lives," said Lady Custerd.

"Trust me, I'll make them livelier!"

"Wouldn't it be better to write us cheerful letters—say, once a week?" suggested Lord Raymes.

"But that wouldn't be looking after you! With so few neighbors and with indifferent health it would be cruel of me to leave you any longer by yourselves."

He assumed a candid air. "My dear girl, I must make a confession. I wrote that letter during one of my rare moments of depression. By Gad, you should see how happy and contented we are, as a rule!"

She regarded him with warm admiration.

"How brave and unselfish you are! It makes me ashamed of myself; because I can't even pretend that I am generally happy and contented. But I do think that is chiefly because so far I haven't had enough serious responsibilities to occupy my mind. From today it's all going to be different!"

"Then am I to understand that I have now become a serious responsibility?" inquired Lord Raymes in his driest accents.

"You have always been," she smiled; "only, there has been no one to accept it."

"Doesn't a quiet retreat under the charge of a capable medical expert suggest itself as a more businesslike alternative?" he asked in the same tone.

She looked at him quite seriously.

"Oh, I couldn't bear to think of that!"

He turned to his sister-in-law.

"My dear Gwendolen, don't you think Sylvia would like to remove her fur coat?"

Lady Custerd started up like one aroused from sleep.

"Yes, yes," she said. "Come with me, Sylvia dear."

The door had hardly closed behind them when Lord Raymes' pent-up feelings burst forth in a single crisp interjection.

"Of all the dashed philanthropists!" he murmured.

A few minutes later Lady Custerd found him in the library, vigorously pressing a siphon. He turned and looked at her fixedly.

"She must be kept under chloroform," he pronounced.

"I almost wish she could be," she sighed.

"If we don't do that we'll only be tempted to do something worse."

"Oh, Raymes, don't speak like that! I really don't much care what you do, but please don't discuss it with me beforehand."

"Sit down, my dear Gwendolen," he said kindly. "I see you are a trifle unstrung."

"Aren't you?" she asked faintly, sinking into a chair.

"It is on an occasion such as this that I endeavor to remember all the compensating advantages of my position; but to tell you the honest truth, I find it difficult tonight to recall anything but my disability to amend a Money Bill and the melancholy fact that I pay my full share of the rates and taxes; also, that I am rapidly approaching seventy."

"I don't call that very cheering," she sighed.

"We must fall back on alcohol and tobacco," he said philosophically. "Fortunately, she looks like a young woman who goes to bed early, and a peaceful hour spent in hoping that her poor father is not suffering more severely for this than necessary may work wonders."

As he spoke he stretched himself in his accustomed armchair; but even as he put out his hand toward his cigar box the graceful form of Sylvia filled the doorway.

"Time for bed," she smiled affectionately but firmly. "Come, dear Lord Raymes; come, dear Lady C. You will be fit for nothing tomorrow if you sit up a moment longer."

In the crisis of a conflict an able general will sometimes sacrifice a whole brigade to gain the merest hillock.

"I think you had better take dear Sylvia's advice, Gwendolen," said her brother-in-law, and that doomed division sorrowfully obeyed.

His next move was equally well conceived.

"Aren't you sleepy, too?" he asked kindly.

"Oh, but I have got to put the lights out, you know. I'll give you just ten minutes longer, since this is our first evening together."

She seated herself opposite to him, her shapely chin upon her hand, her lustrous eyes fixed intently upon her guardian.

"May I call you Uncle Raymes?" she asked.

"Certainly," he smiled, taking out his cigar cutter.

"Dear Uncle Raymes, I want to know you intimately as quickly as I can. Then I can understand better how to manage everything. Have you a religious kind of soul—or what?"

He reopened the box, replaced his cigar, and rose, not hurriedly, but with decision.

"My dear child, the best hour for discussing these matters is immediately after breakfast. At this moment I am more exhausted than I thought. Let us go to bed."

"I thought you had better," she answered kindly; "but I must read a chapter of Massington's Psychic Problems first. Good-night."

Her guardian bowed gracefully to the inevitable.

"Bless you, my dear child!" he answered affectionately, and left her alone in his library.

"Have You a Religious Kind of Soul—or What?"

IN WHICH SERVANTS ARE NOT SERVANTS

"IT IS so upsetting," Lady Custerd lamented.

"But you will get used to it very quickly," said Sylvia, her beautiful eyes aglow with enthusiasm. "All good and noble ideas require a little getting used to. Look what reformers have suffered! But it is only in that way the world can ever grow better."

"I don't think the world will grow better by taking people out of their proper station and—and spoiling them. Servants are servants; they are taught to be servants; they are paid for being servants. You can't make them into ladies and gentlemen just by suddenly treating them differently."

"They are ladies and gentlemen already!" cried Sylvia. "There are no distinctions, really—at least, there ought not to be. Dear Lady C., do be brave and let us act up to our ideals!"

"You mean, up to your ideals," sighed Lady Custerd.

It had not taken the high-spirited girl long to perceive that she would be doing her duty to her guardian most thoroughly by involving him in the far-reaching consequences of her next flash of inspiration. At first she had merely proposed early hours, less alcohol and tobacco, and a little gentle work with a rake and watering pot. But now she realized that he and his poor sister-in-law had been vegetating too long outside the track of spiritual disturbances. A gentleman approaching seventy required rousing; needed to be picked up and flung into the current of ideas; that was the true remedy. And the more this entailed the turning topsyturvy of his lordship's household arrangements, naturally, the better it would be for him.

Lady Custerd endeavored weakly to maintain the argument.

"It is so inconvenient for poor Raymes to have the footmen playing dominoes in the library. They get so embarrassed that they're always dropping the—the bones, do they call them?—the little spotty things, I mean. And then, when he tried to be tactful and went to smoke in the conservatory he found that the under-gardeners were teaching the housemaids how to grow orchids, so that he finds difficulty in settling down anywhere."

"Don't you think," asked Sylvia, "that dear Uncle Raymes has got into the habit of settling down too much?"

"But, Sylvia, he is an old man. He can't keep running about his house and grounds in order to avoid spoiling sport, as he calls it. It isn't good for his gout."

Sylvia smiled reassuringly.

"He will very quickly learn to take a truer and nobler point of view. Then he will wonder how he has ever been content to sit isolated and lonely in the company of mere books, with more than a dozen fellow-creatures living under his roof shut off by an artificial barrier from all human intercourse with him! Isn't that a dreadful thought when you once come to realize it—that division of people in the selfsame house? It is so unkind, so snobbish, so cruel!"

Lady Custerd gazed awestruck at the fervid girl.

"How long have you had these strange notions?" she inquired.

"My mind has been awakening for quite a fortnight now. It all happened through a man putting a pamphlet into my hand as I was leaving the tube station in Trafalgar Square. Those pages opened my eyes to the injustice and inequality in the world. I have been thinking things over ever since, and last night I suddenly, in a kind of flash of lightning, saw where my duty lay. So many people, I'm afraid, simply talk and write and study books about these questions; but I decided to act! And where can one begin so well as at home?"

"At one's own home, I quite agree," said Lady Custerd; "one only inconveniences oneself then."

Into the girl's rich voice stole a melting note.

"I thought Uncle Raymes told me I could always regard this as my home."

Lady Custerd started.

"Did Raymes say that?"

"He did, indeed."

"It must have been after dinner," sighed his sister-in-law. "Raymes often says he is afraid people may take him literally after dinner."

"Oh, Lady Custerd," said Sylvia in a wounded voice, "I didn't think you were cynical."

"Me—cynical!" gasped the poor lady.

"I know you didn't mean it," said Sylvia tenderly. "And now tell me, what would you like to do: help Jane with her music—I've told her she can use the piano whenever she likes to—or read something improving to the footmen? I'm sure they must have finished their game of dominoes by now. If they haven't I'll tell them to stop."

"But—but wouldn't that be too like giving them orders?"

"I have explained that there are to be no more orders," said Sylvia, "only, of course, some one must organize."

"Is it always to be you?" asked Lady Custerd meekly.

"I think at first it had better be."

Lady Custerd rose nervously.

"If you don't mind, Sylvia, I think I should like to go and rest in my room for a little—first."

"Your bedroom?"

"My boudoir."

"Oh, I'm afraid I have told Hicks and Mary they could read there. Of course, if you are very quiet ——"

"I'll go to my bedroom," said Lady Custerd hurriedly.

At the door she paused and asked:

"But how will you get through yourself with all the reading you were going to do?"

"Oh," said Sylvia easily, "I have reserved the morning room for myself. I am doing some really serious work, you know, so it was quite necessary."

Lady Custerd went out. In the hall she met Lord Raymes. He had just hung up his coat after a damp walk through the shrubberies.

"Have you been out?" she asked reproachfully. "I saw the rain dropping from the trees!"

"So long as it didn't drop its aitches, or those dashed things with dots on them," he replied with suppressed emotion, "I infinitely preferred it to my footmen."

"But you may be seriously ill!"

"My cook will nurse me."

"Do have something hot to drink!"

"It might be as well," he agreed. "If you'll look for a kettle I'll get a bundle of sticks and a back number of the Spectator."

The poor lady wrung her hands.

"Oh, Raymes, this is dreadful! Couldn't you put your foot down?"

"I am afraid of stepping on a housemaid; the place seems covered with them."

"I mean, can't you speak strongly to Sylvia? Remind her it's your house, not hers. Tell her ——"

He shook his head mournfully.

"Too late," he said, "I ought to have begun like that; but, unfortunately, I told her I should enjoy nothing better than playing Up Jenkins with her maid and singing duets with the butler, and she took me literally."

"Raymes! You don't mean you actually have played with — "

"No," he interrupted with asperity; "it was the one feature of the performance she omitted; and the Lord knows I've thrown out plenty of hints. She thinks of nothing but her own amusement."

"That's just it," sighed Lady Custerd. "If she could only be made to realize herself how uncomfortable one can be, I do honestly think we might induce her to try and reform something else instead."

He looked at her thoughtfully for a few moments.

"Do you care to have dinner tonight in your room?" he asked.

"I should much prefer it, if you don't think Sylvia ——"

"I shall make your excuses."

They parted: she to lie down despondently for half an hour's rest; he to hold a can beneath the hot tap preparatory to dressing, since it would appear that the other gentlemen were still engrossed in sport.

. . . .

Sylvia entered the drawing-room. She always dressed to perfection, and though she only expected to dine tonight in the company of her guardian and Lady Custerd—for she was very fastidious and had pronounced her equals below-stairs not yet quite ready to take their proper place at meals—she wore a ravishing creation of black satin with a judicious selection of the famous Braybrooke diamonds.

A stout gentleman ceased whittling his nails and raised himself hurriedly from an easy chair.

"Marlow!" exclaimed Miss Braybrooke, her brows contracting. "What are you doing here?"

"Please, Miss," the gentleman stammered, "'is lordship ordered me—hasked me, I should say—that's to say, Miss, he desired me to take 'is place at dinner."

For a moment she seemed equally embarrassed.

"But—but really, Marlow, I hadn't arranged this—not quite yet, that's to say. Of course, I know that you're quite entitled to dine with us; but—where is Lord Raymes?"

"He is taking my place tonight, Miss."

"Taking your place?"

"Dinner is served," said his lordship, holding the door open, and then added in a grave undertone:

"Offer her your arm, Marlow."

The butler crooked a trembling elbow.

"I must obey 'is lordship's commands, Miss."

"His requests, Marlow," said Lord Raymes gently.

"But—but you should take in Lady Custerd. Where is she?"

"Her ladyship is indisposed," replied her guardian solemnly.

The elbow wavered before her. With an air of singular timidity for so confident a lady she laid the tips of her fingers upon it and they passed out through the hall into the dining-room. In the course of this procession she grew very pink, and then very pale and composed. Dinner was laid on a small round table, so that they faced one another with only a brief space of cloth between. Beneath it the gentleman's foot kicked her violently, and then was curled discreetly under his chair. An awkward pause ensued, his lordship standing motionless.

"What are you waiting for, Uncle Raymes?" she demanded.

"For Mr. Marlow to say grace," he replied.

"We won't trouble about grace tonight," she said.

Lord Raymes provided them with soup in very creditable style. His butler supped it with less perfection, and Sylvia kept her eyes fixed upon her plate. Her guardian approached with the sherry and then paused irresolutely.

"It is a remarkable thing," he observed, "how deficient one's powers of observation are. I have been helped to sherry every night of my life, but I'm hanged if I remember whether one ought to pour it straight in or ask people whether they want any. Which should I do, Marlow?"

"You hasks in a low voice, my lord, 'olding the decanter, as it were, over the glass."

"Thank you," said his lordship. "And permit me, in exchange, to suggest that the napkin should not be buttoned into the waistcoat, but should lie, as it were, negligently across the knee."

Sylvia raised her head. To her fine spirit there was something exceedingly displeasing in the sordid details of this conversation.

"Do you read much, Marlow?" she inquired.

"Pardon me," interposed her guardian, "but the general custom when dining with a gentleman is to address him as 'Mr. Marlow.'"

Beyond a quick rise of color she took no notice of this well-meant suggestion.

"Do you read much?" she repeated.

"S-sometimes, Miss."

"Novels?"

Mr. Marlow crumbled his bread nervously.

"A few, Miss."

"Say 'Miss Braybrooke,'" their attendant suggested.

"Offer Her Your Arm, Marlow"

"A few, Braybrooke—begging your pardon, a few Misses ——"

The stout gentleman turned purple and his voice died huskily away. Sylvia persevered desperately.

"Whose novels?"

"The works of Miss Corelli and—and Mr. Caine and—and ——"

"Excuse me," interrupted their waiter, "but in helping a fried sole do you split it open or cut it across?"

"If your lordship will permit me ——" began Mr. Marlow, hastily rising.

"Certainly not," said his lordship sharply; "you've got to sit here and enjoy yourself."

"You cuts it across," murmured the butler submissively, sinking back with a sigh that bore eloquent testimony to his enjoyment.

For nearly five minutes the banquet progressed in dead silence. The clatter of Mr. Marlow's fish-fork as it leaped out of his trembling hand, and the creak of his chair as he groped for it under the table, were the only sounds that broke it. At the end of this period the voice of Lord Raymes murmured confidentially over his butler's shoulder.

"It is the usual thing to entertain the ladies with a little conversation."

Miss Braybrooke looked up quickly.

"Mr. Marlow need not trouble if he would rather remain silent."

"He would rather not," said her guardian. "He enjoys talking."

Mr. Marlow had already opened his mouth in protest when his rolling eye was arrested by the singular conduct of their waiter. Placing himself directly behind the lady's chair he held up with much significance something that strikingly resembled a sovereign. A bead of perspiration ran down the stout gentleman's cheek, but his spirit answered gamely to the summons. In a husky voice he inquired:

"'Ave you been to many fash'nable weddin's lately?"

Miss Braybrooke's reception of the overture was discouraging. Without raising her eyes from her plate she replied briefly:

"No, I have not."

"Keep it up, Marlow," said his lordship encouragingly.

"He really need not bother," she said, her color very high.

Mr. Marlow observed the same eccentric conduct and this time three beads trickled down.

"I notice as Lady Pinchester 'as got 'er divorce," he hazarded.

No answer rewarded his efforts.

"A neat compliment is a never-failing source of pleasure to the ladies," suggested Lord Raymes.

Sylvia's eyes flashed.

"If he dares!" she exclaimed. She was too moved to notice a faint crackling sound behind her chair, such a sound as a new five-pound note makes when gently caressed. Mr. Marlow edged back from the table apprehensively, but the path of duty was clear.

"You—you're a bit o' all right, Miss," he moaned.

Sylvia sprang up. She was trembling, and tears stood in her eyes.

"Uncle Raymes, this is unbearable! Either this person or I must leave the table!"

With his most propitiatory smile her guardian suggested:

"Suppose we change places, Marlow."

"Thank 'eavens!" gasped Mr. Marlow, as he cantered for the sideboard.

Sylvia sank into her chair and surreptitiously dried her eyes, while Lord Raymes, with characteristic tact, turned the conversation to the subject of Polar exploration. He had this topic entirely to himself for twenty minutes—until, in fact, Mr. Marlow was released from attendance. Then at last his ward's pent-up feelings found relief:

"You have spoilt everything! If you had only waited for a month—or even for a week! Then we might have done this. But now you have shattered all their ideals. I don't know that I can ever forgive you."

"I have been wondering," smiled her guardian, "how the blame was going to be thrown upon me. I think you have managed it very creditably."

THE WARNING OF THE SMALL VOICE

FOR the fourth time Lord Raymes passed the port.

"She is as good as she is beautiful," he said.

His fellow-peer opened his protruding eyes, if possible, a trifle wider. "You don't say so!"

"I do," replied Lord Raymes with an air of profound conviction. *(Continued on Page 40)*

ON THE SELLING LINE

How Retailers Make Profits—By Alphonsus P. Haire

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

A BRIGHT young chap with plenty of grit and several years of successful merchandising experience decided to go into the men's-furnishing business in a town of, say, 18,000 population. He laid in a splendid line of goods—shirts as high as $6, ties up to $5, socks of purest silk, and so on. His store was fitted out in the most superb fashion. It was centrally located. In a word, no fault could be found with him personally, or with his store, or with his stock. Yet he failed in six months! The only reason why he didn't fail in three months was that friends, not understanding the situation, kept him supplied with money. Why did he fail? He was a good salesman. He had many friends who patronized his store exclusively. His location was good and his stocks marked accurate time with the brisk march of fashion. But he was not a statistician. He did not understand that the most vital element in mercantile success is not the volume of the financial outgo and income, but the relation which the one bears to the other. Business today is done on a basis of comparison and percentage. It costs one firm twenty-five per cent of its total sales to carry on its business. Another firm can operate for fifteen per cent, while the expenses for a third may amount to upward of thirty-five per cent. It all depends upon the conditions under which each business must be carried on. But whatever the percentage may be, it should be intelligently analyzed and regularly charged to the proper accounts.

One Day the Sheriff Took Possession of His Store

It is a surprising fact that it sometimes costs as much to run a retail store in a small town as it does to operate the great department stores of New York, Chicago, and other large cities. A general merchant in a town of not more than 8000 inhabitants told me that it costs him twenty-two and a half per cent to do business—just half a per cent less than the operating expenses of a large Brooklyn store which draws on a population of over 1,000,000. His turnover amounts to, perhaps, $125,000 annually. The Brooklyn store has a turnover, I should say, of at least $2,000,000. The high rate of its operating expenses would, therefore, suggest the need for economies somewhere.

A department store in a Western town of 25,000 allows thirty per cent for operating expenses. This is as much as most of the largest stores in the country allow. It is not easy to account for this similarity in expense percentages which exists between the figures given out by stores in both large and small cities. Offhand it would seem that expenses in the smaller cities should be smaller. Rent, light and advertising costs are immeasurably less. But then the amount of the turnover in relation to the amount of capital tied up in stock is also much less, which brings the cost percentages up.

The Seven-Per-Cent Rule

GOOD merchandising consists in keeping stocks low—and in motion. Our men's-furnishing friend did not realize this. While his trade was brisk stocks accumulated fast on his shelves, because he sought to introduce all the extreme novelties of the season before first disposing of the older things. Consequently the older things stuck and his working capital was quickly tied up in stagnant merchandise. He tried to run his business on a basis of fancy or intuition rather than on facts. This is a fault of too many small retailers. They should take a leaf out of the city merchant's book

One of the big New York stores has a unique system. Everything is conducted on a percentage basis. All goods that go into this store are charged, first of all, seven per cent. This is called the profit percentage, and all calculations in which the cost of merchandise plays a part are based on the actual cost of the merchandise plus this seven per cent. In this way the house effectually insures itself a profit of at least seven per cent on all goods handled.

The operating expenses of the store amount to twenty-three per cent of the gross sales. This twenty-three per cent is distributed among certain fixed charges—rent, light, heat, delivery, "dead help" and depreciation. These amount in all to about ten per cent. The remainder, thirteen per cent, is devoted to the variable expenses of advertising and labor.

Every department, however, is not charged with exactly twenty-three per cent, as it costs more to do business in some lines than in others. Cloaks and suits, or dress goods, for example, may be sold and delivered at a lower percentage of operating expense than groceries or notions, as all drygoods men know. But the general, all-round average in this store amounts to about twenty-three per cent of the gross sales.

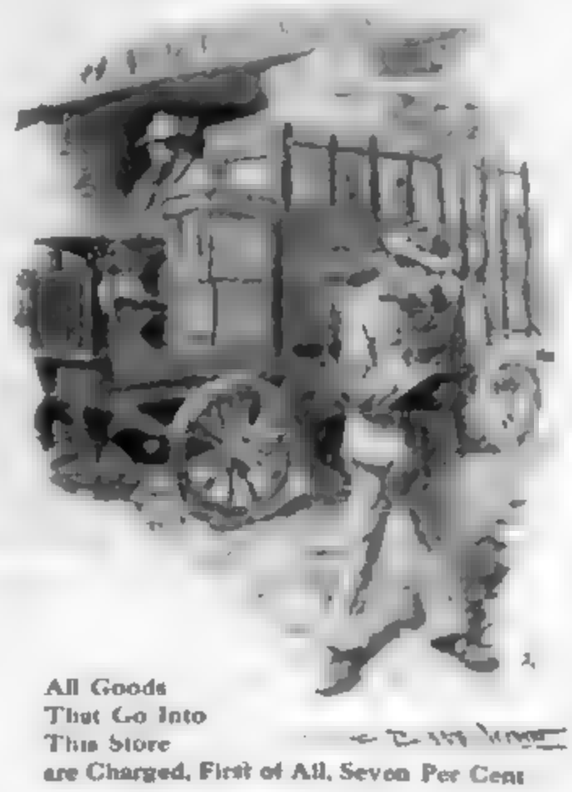
Outside of this twenty-three per cent no provision is made for profit. The house satisfies itself with the original seven per cent addition to the net cost at the start. Each department head can make a bigger profit than this, however, by juggling with his appropriation of thirteen per cent for advertising and labor. If he keeps his clerk hire down to, say, five per cent, a generally accepted average, he will have eight per cent to devote to advertising. But if his labor costs him from eight to eleven per cent his advertising must be cut down proportionately. If both advertising and help are kept below the thirteen-per-cent appropriation, all that is saved goes to the credit of the department. Thus, the department head can sometimes show a greater return to the house than the stipulated seven per cent.

Quick Turnovers and Big Profits

THE idea of the system is to keep all stocks in motion—to make as many turnovers as possible. Two ends are served by the policy. The merchandise is kept up to date, and greater profits accrue to the house. Granted, seven per cent per annum would hardly be a sufficient return to induce any business man to risk his capital and expend his energies in the retail field. The percentage, though, is made in every turn of the stocks. To demonstrate: Let it be assumed that a stock is turned in its entirety on an average of six times a year. This is a fair average for live stores near the big retail markets. Some New York stores turn their stocks as often as once a month, though for stores in the West and South, perhaps, four or five complete turns a year would be a better average.

Now, supposing that the buyer expended his entire appropriation of twenty-three per cent and sold his stock at its marked cost, his business would yield a profit of seven per cent on each complete turn. Six turns a year would yield an annual profit of forty-two per cent. If this buyer had succeeded in keeping his clerk hire down to five per cent and his advertising down to five per cent for each month throughout the year, his department would be credited with an extra thirty-six per cent at the end of the year. Added to the forty-two per cent profit figured out above, his showing for the year would be a clear profit of seventy-eight per cent. By shrewd buying and closer economies even larger profits than this might be made.

The profits of the small country merchant do not compare favorably with these big percentages. One general merchant, in a town of 9500, makes an average profit of $2500 on a capital stock of $25,000. Another seems satisfied with making $4500 with a stock valued at $30,000. A third fixes his returns at $7000. His stock represents an investment of $75,000. With a stock worth in the neighborhood of $20,000, a general dealer in a town of 6000 does a $48,000 business, and realizes a profit of about $4500. A Western department store in a city of 25,000 is not able to show more than $4000 profit on a stock valued at $125,000. Sometimes the profit is as low as $1000.



All Goods That Go Into This Store are Charged, First of All, Seven Per Cent

There are several reasons why the profits of the small retailer are not larger. A study of his methods reveals, in the first place, lack of system. Operating expenses are not figured down to the nice point arrived at in large department stores. He does not always know just how much it does cost him to do business and consequently his margin of profit is often too narrow. Sometimes the absence of competition begets reactionary methods. He falls into a rut. Stocks are allowed to accumulate until changes in fashion necessitate sharp price concessions on the old goods, reductions that are not always met by commensurate provisions in the price standard of the new goods. The possibilities of the show window are more generally neglected than otherwise, while store interiors seem dead and uninviting.

The small country merchant, however, is not always asleep to his opportunities. Occasionally—perhaps often would be better—one is found who has built up a very profitable trade from most modest beginnings. These need take no back water from even the big city department-store men.

Small Beginnings of a Thriving Business

ONE young merchant, for instance, investing $800 in a stock of goods, located in a town of about 1500 population. His stock consisted almost entirely of five and ten cent goods, with a few of the higher priced and bulky goods added. His storeroom was 20 by 70 feet. His goods were spread out to make as big a showing as possible and filled the room so completely that visiting drummers usually guessed the value of the stock to be $1500. This man went into business resolved to win. He knew that he had a hard job—that expenses, both business and personal, must be figured in pennies, not dollars. Being a bachelor, and a bit of a carpenter, he partitioned off a little room in the back of the store for his own use. He allowed himself for living expenses just $10 a week. His sales for the first year ran from $10 to $35 a day, or about $7500. Fortunately, he was able to do most of the selling himself. He had a girl helper for busy days, and three at holiday time. He paid for his help 75 cents a day. He kept on the hustle all of the time, and in some way or other he managed to get the time to dust, sweep, wash windows and write advertisements. He had to. Roughly speaking, his expenses for the first year ran about as follows:

Rent, 12 months at $30	$ 360
Salary to self, 52 weeks at $10	520
Extra help	160
Advertising, 1½ per cent of total sales	115
Heat and light	90
Depreciation on fixtures	30
Miscellaneous expenses	150
	$1425

This merchant's expenses the first year ran about nineteen per cent on his total sales. As his average gross profit ran a little bit more than thirty per cent on sales, he found that he had cleared in actual cash about $900

Thus, after paying all of his expenses and himself a salary of $10 a week, he was able to reinvest in his business quite as much as his capital stock. At the beginning of the second year he was able to put $1500 back into the stock.

This second year the sales ran about $10,000. He indulged in the luxury of a steady clerk, and an extra one on busy days. His advertising for the second year went up automatically, at the rate of one and a half per cent on his total sales.

The greater business forced him to use all the room and, therefore, he moved his personal effects outside of the store. This second year he cleared about $1500 over and above all expenses. He grew, one department at a time, until today he has a store in which any one of the dozen departments has a larger stock than he had in his entire store at the beginning.

Another prospective Wanamaker started in business in a town of about 2000 people, with a stock costing about $1500. He economized almost as closely as the smaller

merchant did. He paid himself $12 a week, and had one clerk at the beginning. His expenses for the year ran about as follows:

Rent, 12 months at $35	$ 420
Salary to self, 52 weeks at $12	624
Salary to clerk, 52 weeks at $4	208
Extra help	170
Advertising, about 1½ per cent on sales	165
Heat and light	130
Depreciation on fixtures	60
Miscellaneous expenses	175
Total expenses	$1952

His total sales for the business year were about $11,000, making his percentage of expense about eighteen per cent. As this man averaged thirty per cent gross on sales, he cleared about $1300, the first year, over and above expenses and his own salary.

A third man started in business in a city of about 18,000 population, with a capital of $5000. He rented a large double store 48 by 90 feet in the center of the town, and had it attractively fitted up with substantial oak fixtures. His expenses for the first year ran about as follows:

Rent, $100 per month	$1200
Salary to self, $75 per month	900
Wages to clerks, 4 girls at $3.50	728
Wages to one boy, $5 per week, 52 weeks	260
Extra help, 520 days at 50 cents	260
Advertising, 1½ per cent on sales	375
Heat and light	200
Depreciation on fixtures	100
Miscellaneous expenses	250
Total expenses	$4273

As this man did a business of about $25,000 his expenses ran about seventeen per cent on sales. His net profits for the year were about $2300 over and above all of his expenses, including his own salary.

He Partitioned Off a Little Room in the Back of the Store for His Own Use

Lack of faith in the powers of advertising is as much to blame for the poor showing of the average small retailer as anything else. Even where liberal advertising is done it betrays lack of logical preparation and execution. This is where the big retailer shines. The shrewd fashion in which he directs his newspaper campaigns is worthy of careful study. An advertisement inserted in a New York paper some time ago for its own benefit placed the amount of drygoods advertising carried in its columns during a single month at 122,553 lines. Its nearest New York competitor was credited with 107,927 lines, while the third paper in rank in respect to the volume of drygoods advertising carried was credited with 66,023 lines. All told, these three New York papers carried in one month a total volume of 296,503 lines of drygoods advertising. If paid for at an average rate of, say, fifty cents a line, the drygoods advertising in these three papers for this one month in question would represent an expenditure of $148,251.50.

How Advertising Power is Measured

THIS estimate is purely theoretical. The actual figures of the amounts expended every month by the big retail stores in New York are still more staggering. Every large department store maintains a most jealous scrutiny over the activities of every other large department store. No warfare between nations could be carried on more strategically than the commercial warfare that is being constantly waged in the retail world. By means of private detectives, commercial spies, professional shoppers and able statisticians, the closest tabs are kept on every move made by a prominent retailer. Especially keen is the watch that is placed upon publicity efforts carried on by competitors. Every day in the year the newspapers are carefully gone over by experienced advertising statisticians, and the different retail advertisements measured up and credited to the respective stores.

According to the newspaper advertisement referred to in a foregoing paragraph, the amount of retail advertising carried in one month by the three leading New York newspapers approximated $150,000. In actuality, the newspaper advertisements published by the New York retail stores in one month call for an expenditure of just $100,000 more. According to figures recently compiled in the advertising department of a large Sixth Avenue—New York department store, the amount of money spent in one month by itself and twelve of its New York competitors footed up to just $248,452.80. The month in question was October.

Whether a certain paper is a good advertising medium, or whether a particular style of copy is resultful, or whether it pays on the whole to advertise a certain line of merchandise, is soon determined by department-store advertisers. Every day the large advertisements are clipped up, according to the number of departments represented, pasted on blank forms, on which is marked the charge against the department for the amount of space taken up by its particular advertisement. The blanks are then distributed among the different department managers, who study over the advertisement and compare its cost with the amount of sales it produced. According to the amount of business done, the blanks are marked "poor," "fair," "good," or "very good," and are sent back to the advertising department to be filed. The test of an advertisement in the retail field is the amount of business it brings as compared with the amount done on the same day of the previous year. A good retail advertisement should not cost more than seven per cent of the total sales of that day.

The small advertiser does not, as a rule, spend anything like seven per cent for advertising purposes. Indeed, only too often he does not know how much he really does spend. If he secures a large volume of business through advertising he is satisfied, not always remembering that the cost of the publicity might foot up to ten or twelve per cent, an unprofitable figure. On the whole, the amount of money devoted to advertising in small towns and cities, especially throughout the West and up in Canada, is too small. Many stores do not spend more than one per cent for publicity work. One house, in a town of 6000, doing a business of about $50,000 annually, holds its advertising expenditures down to $700. This, we might say, is inadequate. An appropriation of $1000 or $1200 should not under normal conditions be excessive for a town of 6000. True, an unchanging population of from 6000 to 10,000 cannot profitably be worked too aggressively, yet there are many legitimate promotion ideas which the public in small towns take to kindly, and they can be put into execution at a cost of not more than three to five per cent of the total sales.

Bargain Sales as Business Stimulants

SPECIAL sales are a strong advertising feature for the small merchant. Some find it a good plan to have their sales on fixed days, as, for example, Saturdays or Wednesdays. Their customers learn that on these days the store will always have something good to show. The advantage of this plan is that it largely does its own advertising. People soon begin to talk about the sale days, and often they will not buy until they have seen what is to be had on those days. The disadvantage of the plan is that people are apt to defer their shopping until sale days, so that the store will be crowded then and almost empty on other days.

Some merchants have found that irregular days for sales are better. They have them five or six times a month and find them extremely profitable. This plan will be more expensive than the other, because it will be necessary to do considerable advertising before each sale, in order that they may be profitable. Special sales on well-known goods, not carried regularly in stock, are often big successes. When the special-sale day is over the special item of sale is taken off sale altogether and held until some future time.

For all retailers the window is a powerful medium. There is a retail store in Chicago that is said to spend $80,000 a year on window displays alone. If it pays the largest store in the largest city to put time, energy and money into its window displays, it will pay the smallest store in the smallest city relatively as well. In fact, the merchant in the small towns has an exceptional chance of beating the game by the use of his window displays—he has so little competition. In small towns the average merchant neglects this important feature of his business—and simply because the window displays are

The Only Reason Why He Didn't Fail in Three Months Was That Friends Kept Him Supplied With Money

There Is a Retail Store in Chicago That Is Said to Spend $80,000 a Year on Window Displays Alone

neglected is a reason why the live man should make the most of his opportunity. A well-arranged window will be doubly conspicuous because of the fact that the other windows are poor. The best way to make the appeal to a wide range of buyers is by changing the window display often—rather than by crowding into it samples of everything in stock. The success of window displays depends upon how well they are made. Brains and hard work must be put into them.

Of course, it is out of the question for the small town merchant to devote seven per cent of his gross sales to advertising. The successful dealer spends in printers' ink all the way from practically nothing up to three or five per cent of his annual sales—the former when location and windows are exceptionally good, the latter when the store is on a side street or the windows are poor display mediums. Under average conditions beginners should spend from one to one and a half per cent of their annual sales in newspapers, circulars and other forms of printers' ink advertising. On a business of $15,000, for instance, this gives from $150 to $225 to be spent in advertising proper. Perhaps two per cent would be better.

Spending Money to Make Money

WHEN well done—and no other sort of advertising is really advertising—printed matter undoubtedly influences people to come into your store or to pass by your windows, where new values will have a chance to do their work. While in small towns printers' ink can never displace the use of leaders as the foremost form of advertising, the right expenditure of a modest amount of money in newspapers and circulars not only makes the use of leaders more effective but, to some extent, serves to diminish the amount of money it is necessary to expend in leaders. The advertising copy should be simple and direct. The people should be told plainly and in the simplest manner what the merchant is going to do. A promise to the public once it is made should never be broken, but care must be taken in making promises.

A good advertisement can't be slapped together in a few moments by one who is guessing at what he is doing. The reason so much advertising is not successful is that it is prepared in a slap-dash and shiftless way by one who has not studied his subject. As the advertising is one of the most important tasks in the store, the merchant should look after it himself—and give it the time and attention it requires. The president of a million-dollar corporation says that he can hire men to do his buying, to look after the cash and the details, but that he can find no one who can look after the advertising to his satisfaction, and he considers this side of the business his most important work. And the fact that he has succeeded so splendidly justifies the contention.

Having once determined how much he can afford to invest in advertising, the merchant should proceed to apportion the sum—to lay out a schedule as a working basis. Let us assume for the sake of illustration that a merchant decides to invest about $225. This will give him approximately $18 a month to spend in different forms of advertising, as he deems best. But there are some months in which he will not want to spend the entire $18. During the holiday season he will probably want to spend much more than $18. His schedule for advertising should run about as follows:

January	$18	July	$15
February	20	August	18
March	12	September	12
April	15	October	12
May	15	November	30
June	20	December	40

Of course, the amount of newspaper space and printed matter this money will buy will depend absolutely upon conditions. Newspaper space in small towns costs all the way from five or six cents an inch—single column—to twenty-five cents an agate line—there are fourteen agate lines to the inch—depending

(Continued on Page 30)

Coöperation—The Raisin Baron

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

THE raisins in your pudding were grown in the San Joaquin Valley in California—very likely by an Armenian immigrant.

This delectable valley is more than two hundred miles long and from twenty to fifty miles wide. To the casual eye its entire extent looks as level as a billiard-table, with a fine border of Sierra Nevada Mountains on the east and the lower Coast Range Mountains on the west. Engineers are able to discover slopes in the surface sufficient for purposes of irrigation, but almost everywhere you can run a bee-line furrow as far as eight horses can drag a gang-plow between sunrise and dark.

The Spaniards regarded the valley as a mere desert and avoided it accordingly; but in the seventies some water was brought down to Fresno from Kings River, and the desert began to blossom. As usual, the early ranchers went in for wheat; but it was soon discovered that muscat grapes flourished on the heavier soils.

A muscat grape is a large, plump product—much the same in size and appearance as the Malaga grapes that you buy for the table. All loyal sons of San Joaquin declare that it is the most luscious fruit of the vine ever tasted by man; but it is so full of sugar that it will not stand shipment. To transport it even a few miles when it is dead ripe may spoil it.

You can, however, pick the ripe grapes and lay them in shallow wooden trays placed in rows between the vines. This will be in August, when it is dry in the valley and hot.

The Vineyards of the San Joaquin Valley

IN TEN days or so the blazing sun will have partly cured the grapes. Then you expose the under side of the grapes to the sun by covering them with another shallow wooden tray just like the first one, turning them upside down and removing the first tray. In another ten days or so your grapes are thoroughly dried—that is, converted into raisins. Because raisins taste like candy it is sometimes supposed that they go through an artificial sweetening process. They are, however, nothing but muscat grapes dried in the sun.

Through the seventies and far into the eighties nearly all the raisins used in this country were imported. They were a luxury commanding, in the main, rather luxurious prices. Consumers paid as high as fifteen cents a pound. So raisin culture in California was profitable. In 1879 the state's crop was only five hundred tons, and although it had risen to eight thousand tons in 1887 over twenty thousand tons were imported in that year.

But the productive resources of this San Joaquin Valley are truly amazing. Reflect upon what might be grown in a greenhouse two hundred miles long and thirty miles wide. Irrigation is easy and cheap. Fresno County alone, in the center of the valley, has four hundred thousand acres of irrigated land. "Why," said a Fresno man as one mentions a matter-of-fact thing, "this valley can support five million people and never turn a hair!"

And So Stalked Out of the Meeting and Out of Raisin History

In the eighties settlers were pouring in. Raisins were the most profitable and popular crop. Naturally, nearly everybody began setting out muscat grapevines. It takes the vines three years to come into bearing. After that they will produce something like a ton of raisins to the acre. And they will go on producing this ton just as cheerfully whether there is any market for it or not.

In 1887, as I have mentioned, the valley produced sixteen million pounds of raisins; but by 1893 production had risen to eighty-five million pounds. Next year it passed a hundred million pounds—more than the total consumption of the country. In short, there was no trouble whatever about producing raisins. The trouble was to sell them.

Before 1893 this trouble had appeared. As usual when growers find trouble at hand, there had been agitation for coöperation and efforts to organize the growers so as to control the marketing of their product. Nothing, however, had come of the efforts. Indeed, for two reasons it was very difficult to bring about an effective organization.

In the first place, the population of the raisin country was decidedly mixed. As water was brought to new tracts of land in the valley, making them available for cultivation, vigorous booming and colonizing propagandas were carried on. As compared with the older fruit country near the coast—in the Santa Clara Valley, for example—San Joaquin land might be bought cheap and, usually, on partial payments. Thus, many immigrants of different nationalities came in.

The Armenians, for one, began coming early. Mr. Seropian and Mr. Ashdarian are mentioned among those who arrived in the eighties—fleeing, of course, from the benevolent Turkish Government of their native land and bribing Turkish officials at every step to let them flee. The first comers were assisted to Boston by Protestant missionaries. Mr. Seropian, particularly, found his health failing in cold New England and by some happy thought was directed to California. The mild climate and some reasonable security against having his throat cut under governmental auspices agreed with him and his few compatriots. Attracted by their reports, many fellow-countrymen—also desiring warm weather and whole skins—followed to Fresno. At present the Armenians thereabouts are said to number four to five thousand. These immigrants pretty generally turned to tilling the soil. They had the celebrated land-hunger. It was, and still is, characteristic of them to want the very best land almost regardless of price.

"They're like this," said a fruit packer: "an Armenian looks over your vineyard and likes it. He asks you what you'll take for it. You tell him you don't want to sell it at all. But he says he wants to buy it and he's got the money in his fist to pay down on it. 'Name a price,' he says. You think the easiest way is just to bluff him off, so you name a price you think he won't pay. You say: 'All right, you can have it for four hundred and fifty dollars an acre.' 'I'll take it,' says Mr. Armenian. 'Here's a hundred and fifty dollars an acre down; balance on yearly payments.'"

Besides Armenians, the following are represented among the fruit farmers around Fresno: Swedes, Swiss, Italians, Portuguese, Japanese, Greeks, Russians. Obviously, here is ground for considerable racial prejudice and suspicion. In short, to get these various people together and keep them together constitutes one of the difficulties in the way of coöperation.

Another difficulty is that it takes a good deal of capital to get a raisin grape to market. The very simple and inexpensive process of sun-drying in the vineyard converts a grape into a raisin—but not into a raisin that you can sell. It contains a number of hard little seeds as disagreeable to the teeth as that unexpected birdshot in the breast of a duck. Moreover, it is attached to a stem, and in order to be packed and shipped economically it must be detached. Some "layer" raisins, to be put on the table at dessert, are shipped on the stem in small, fancy boxes like candy. But the bulk of the product is stemmed and seeded, which requires ingenious and expensive machinery.

How Raisins are Stemmed and Seeded

HAVING been sun-dried in the vineyard, the raisins are put into sweat-boxes and hauled to the packing-house. Under modern conditions the sweat-box serves no purpose except as a receptacle to haul the raisins in. It is simply a box holding about a hundred and twenty-five pounds. The real sweating is now done by steam. At the packing-house the raisins go into a stemmer, which looks like an exaggeration of the wheat-farmers' threshing-machine. The dry, brittle stems are broken up by revolving wooden fingers and blown aside by an air blast, while the raisins are elevated to a sorter which, by sifting them over a lot of holes, grades them as to size.

One of these machines handles eleven tons of raisins an hour. It detaches the raisins from the stem and sorts them; but it isn't fine enough to take off the "cap stem." A bit of stem, perhaps a quarter of an inch long, still clings to each raisin. To get rid of that the raisins are elevated to a dryer, where, lying in shallow trays, they are exposed to hot air for five or six hours. This makes the vexatious little "cap stem" exceedingly brittle. Next the raisins go into the "cap-stemmer"—a machine something like the big stemmer, but fine enough to remove the last bit of stem.

But the raisins themselves are now too dry to be seeded. So they go into the process machine, where they are automatically dumped from one metal trough into another and subjected to steam. They come out hot and pliable, and a mechanical carrier takes them along and feeds them into the seeder. Imagine the kitchen rolling-pin magnified to ten times its normal size and stuck as full of small, headless nails as it would hold. Imagine another roller, nearly the same size, made of smooth rubber. These two rollers lie side by side, tight together, and revolve in opposite directions. As the soft, hot raisins fall into the

trough of the rollers the rubber one squeezes them down into the teeth of the metal one. But the seeds, being harder than the rubber, refuse to squeeze. The metal teeth punch them out of the raisin. Such if I have succeeded in making it at all clear—is the principle of the seeding-machine. There is an attachment for scraping off the seeds and another for scraping the seeded raisins out of the teeth of the metal roller. They then go down a chute to the packing-table, where girls swiftly put them into the pasteboard boxes which you buy at your grocer's.

The point of all this is that preparing raisins for market is a complicated and expensive process. A first-rate packing-house means an investment of anywhere from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars, and the packing process costs about two and a half cents a pound. That is, if the packer pays the grower three cents a pound for raisins in the sweat-box he must get about five and a half cents a pound for them when they come out of his plant packed and ready for shipment. For raisin growers to market their product coöperatively means, of course, that they must find the capital to build and equip the packing-houses and to carry the raisins through the manufacturing process.

Let us go back now to 1893, when the valley produced eighty-five million pounds of raisins—an unprecedented crop. You will recall that a peculiarly ruinous panic occurred in 1893. Comparatively speaking, everybody was hard up and raisins were regarded as a luxury. An ordinary bank president, in that year, thought he was doing pretty well if he bought one raisin for each member of the family at Christmas. Hard times continued without abatement through the next year, and the busy little muscat vines, utterly oblivious to financial conditions, produced one hundred and three million pounds of raisins.

At that time raisins constituted about three-fourths of the Fresno district's exports. Moreover, much of the land had been bought on partial payments. Of course, the distress was poignant. Mortgages were foreclosed. Farmers lost their homes.

"Sir," said an old resident impressively, "this country was busted flatter than a raisin in a seeding-machine!"

Inevitably the sorely harassed growers turned again to coöperation. They had been selling their raisins outright, in the sweat-box, to the packers. No doubt they blamed the packers unjustly, for these huge crops, coming in very hard times, would have made a poor market condition at best. No doubt, also, the individualistic method of marketing did not help the situation any.

The Morgan of the Valley

IF EVER producers were ripe for coöperation the raisin growers, in 1894, would seem to have been in that condition. Yet they could not coöperate. The difficulty of getting the various people, with their mutual jealousies, to act unitedly was too great. Continual effort was made, but nothing worth mentioning resulted. An organization called the Farmers' Club, of which a leading citizen of Fresno was president, took the matter in hand. It called meetings, circulated papers, made speeches, passed resolutions and agonized generally, month after month, without ever getting an association that would stick together long enough for the ink on the bylaws to dry.

Meanwhile, Nature helped a little without getting thanked for it. In 1896 there was a short crop. Presently times began to improve a little. Still, the raisin growers were in a poor way; and still they were trying ineffectually to coöperate.

Then entered the most extraordinary coöperator, perhaps, that ever was known. This was M. Theo. Kearney, as he signed himself. It was agreed that the "Theo." stood for Theodore, but an unfortunate misunderstanding as to what the "M." stood for presently threatened to bear disastrous consequences for the raisin industry, as I will relate in its place. It was known that Mr. Kearney was born in Liverpool and it was suspected that he was of Irish descent—known, also, that he had emigrated to Boston and had been engaged in the real-estate business in San Francisco. There seems to have been no reason for the air of mystery with which he surrounded himself except that it suited his peculiar tastes.

He appeared at Fresno and began buying wild land on a large scale. Altogether, he acquired some seven thousand acres at an average price said to have been below fifteen dollars an acre—and mostly on tick, say those who failed to appreciate him. This was shortly before the raisin boom of the late eighties or early nineties, when nearly everybody was going in for muscat grape culture. Incidentally to the boom there was a tremendous demand for land suitable for grapes. Mr. Kearney had a township or two of such land, and he sold it right and left—on partial payments. The contracts provided that the purchaser should improve the land by setting out grapevines; also, that if the deferred payments were not met when due they should bear interest at the rate of one per cent a month, compounded monthly.

Well, without dwelling upon painful details, it is easy to imagine where the purchasers of Mr. Kearney's land got off when the panic of 1893 came along and raisins were almost unmarketable at any price. They got off literally in flocks. Nearly all of Mr. Kearney's land thus reverted to him under foreclosure, plus the partial payments which the unfortunate purchasers had made—plus, also, the thousands upon thousands of fine muscat grapevines which those purchasers had set out and carefully cultivated.

In this manner Mr. Kearney became far and away the largest raisin grower in the district. It is easy to understand that the circumstances were not likely to make him very popular with the farmers. He had not sought a reputation as a philanthropist. Usually, he foreclosed with neatness and dispatch. Moreover, he was uncompanionable to the last degree, having no intimates, shunning friendship rather than seeking it. He was brusque in manner, inclined to be irascible. He had persistently refused to have anything to do with the many efforts for coöperation, openly deriding them.

"They are not hard up enough yet," he would say. "Wait until they're clean down and out."

In 1898 one of the usual mass-meetings was held under the auspices of the Farmers' Club, I believe—which promised to have the usual barren result. But Kearney attended the meeting. He made a speech that changed the face of the raisin world. He had the power of compelling men, in which lies the secret of many successful careers.

A gentleman who is rather eminent in a financial way once described a meeting at which himself and several others sought the advice of Mr. Morgan as to the disposal of property in which they had invested many millions.

"We fellows that owned the property really hadn't anything to do with it," he said. "Mr. Morgan just told us to turn it over to him and figuratively knocked our heads together and kicked us downstairs."

So Mr. Kearney could get up before a crowd of suspicious, many-minded raisin growers—Americans, Armenians, Portuguese, and what-not—and knock their heads together and make them follow him. Not by flattery. He was pretty apt to remind his hearers more than once that they were blockheads. "Men of twenty-acre capacity," he would call them—that being about the smallest vineyard. It was not by an ingratiating manner that he won them, for he hardly ever spoke to them individually at all. He is described as a tall, handsome person with distinguished iron-gray mustache and imperial. It may have been a hypnotic influence in the imperial, or the air of mystery with which he surrounded himself, or his wealth. Anyway, he got them together.

The result of this meeting was the formation of the Raisin Growers' Association, which for six years dominated the situation, controlling seventy-five to eighty per cent of the crop. Its form was simple. To join it, a grower signed a contract agreeing to turn his crop over to the association for three successive years. The association then sold the crop to the packers.

That was as far as the association ever really got. It is the common opinion now that it was, on the whole, successful, materially assisting in lifting the growers out of the dumps in which the hard times had deposited them. But Mr. Kearney was never satisfied with this condition. There were three things that he especially objected to. In the first place, the grower who did not join the association received the same price and the same benefit as the grower who did. Mr. Kearney called this "holding the umbrella" for the outside grower an occupation which he detested. Next, there was no practicable way of compelling a grower to live up to his contract with the association. If he chose to sell his raisins direct to a packer the association might sue him for damages arising from the breach of contract; but, meanwhile, the raisins would have been sold, breaking the association's control of the market. Thirdly, the seeding and packing of the raisins and the actual marketing of them in the East were done by the commercial packers to whom the association sold the crop.

"M. Theo, I've Surely Had a Bully Time!"

The Yellow Slip

THE second and third of these defects, at least, Mr. Kearney determined to cure. To remedy the second he invented what was known as the "New Jersey lease," by which the grower, instead of merely contracting to deliver his crop to the association, actually leased his land to the association, becoming its tenant. This gave the association absolute control of his crop. To cure the third defect he brought in the "yellow slip"—a supplementary contract printed on yellow paper, which provided that the association, after selling a member's raisins, should withhold ten dollars a ton of the price to form a permanent capital for the purpose of building and equipping its own packing-houses. As the crop amounted to fifty or sixty thousand tons annually, the yellow slip would, in a couple of years, provide the association with a capital of a million dollars for building packing-plants. Needless to say the commercial packers, who had much money invested in plants of their own, did not view this project with favor.

When it is remembered that nobody before had been able to get the growers into an association even for the purpose of selling their crop to the packers, Mr. Kearney's proposal to make them lease their land to the association and furnish it with a million dollars or more of capital will seem very ambitious.

It should be understood, also, that Mr. Kearney was by no means a tractable sort of person. One episode will illustrate this. The Fresno Republican was, and is, the leading daily newspaper of those parts. Some time after the association was formed a little difference arose between its directors and Editor Rowell, of the Republican, over the publication of news concerning the association. It was by no means important, yet it may have left a slightly hostile impression upon the newspaper staff, as such little differences are apt to do.

Presently Mr. Kearney became engaged in an acrimonious controversy with another citizen, and made statements so sweeping that the citizen caused his arrest on a charge of criminal libel. The Republican's bright young man who covered the case described the defendant as "Michael Theodore Kearney." Mr. Kearney at once lodged with the editor an indignant protest that his first name was not Michael, but Milton. A day or two later the case against Mr. Kearney was dismissed. In reporting the fact the Republican's young man described him as

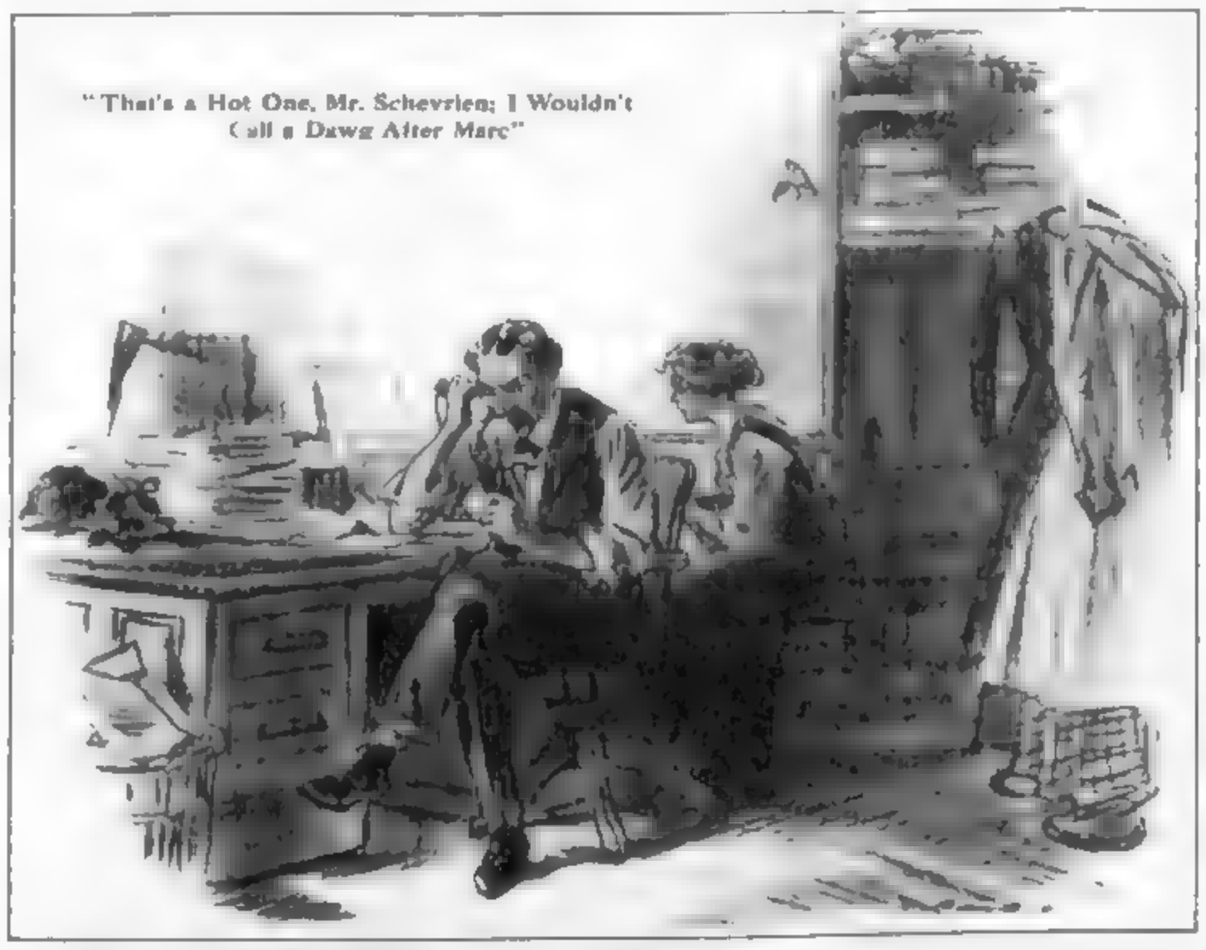
(Continued on Page 44)

Entertaining Mr. Schevrien

ANOTHER PROOF THAT WOMEN ARE CHANGEABLE

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"That's a Hot One, Mr. Schevrien; I Wouldn't Call a Dawg After Marc"

SAY, lookyhere, Bramson," Adolph Marcus exclaimed to his partner, Hyman Bramson, "do we got a lunatic asylum here, or what?"

Adolph's rhetorical question was provoked by the strains of the Brindisi from *La Traviata*, which came over the partution between the firm's showroom and cutting-room in the rich, throaty barytone of Louis Griesman, the designer. His assistant, Giuseppe Buongiorno, sang "second" in a thin tenor of the quality which the professors of singing term "white." Giuseppe had no great ear for harmony, but he prided himself on his tone production, and he was midway in the swelling of a high C when Adolph Marcus entered the cutting-room.

"Listen here, Griesman!" Adolph cried. "Too much is enough. Either you would be opera fellers or either you would be designers; but you couldn't be both, y'understand—not in this place, anyhow. If you want to holler, Bonjo, you could go down on the street, and we would deduct it from your time, and that's all there is to it."

He banged the door behind him *sforzando*, and the melody immediately ceased

"We got to have a *little* peace and quietness here," he said to Hyman Bramson after he had returned to the showroom; "otherwise we couldn't do no business at all."

"'Salright, Marcus," Bramson replied. "Supposing Griesman does holler oncet in a while; so long as he makes good on his job, I'm satisfied. Them skirts with the draped effects which he just turned out is the real thing. I bet yer Schevrien would buy from us a couple of hundred already."

"Maybe he would and maybe he wouldn't, Bramson. You couldn't depend on that feller at all. I always got it an idee Schevrien was a good customer from us, Bramson, but when I goes into his store up in Bridgetown the other day that cashier which he got it tells me he is gone to lunch. And who do you think I seen him eating with?"

Hyman shrugged his shoulders.

"You ask me such foolish questions which I couldn't answer at all," he declared. "How should I know who the feller eats lunch with? Bridgetown is a pretty big place, Marcus."

"Yes, Bramson," Marcus rejoined. "Bridgetown is a pretty big town, but you couldn't lose a competitor wherever you would go. That feller Schevrien was eating lunch with Leon Sammet, Bramson, and I bet yer he buys from him a big bill of goods."

"Listen here, Marcus. We couldn't expect to sell Harris Schevrien his whole stock, y'understand; and, anyway, Marcus, just because Harris Schevrien eats lunch with Leon Sammet ain't no reason why he buys goods from him. That sucker don't care who he eats lunch with so long as he don't got to pay for it himself."

"That's all right, too, Bramson. You could say what you please about Harris Schevrien. He's got a good business, and he's making big money. If every concern on our books was such a reliable people as Harris Schevrien I would feel a whole lot more easier, I could assure you."

"Sure, I know," Bramson replied. "That feller's got a right to have money, Marcus, because he don't spend none. When I was in Bridgetown last month, y'ought to hear the roar that feller puts us. Me and Sol Rashkind, of the Children's Outfitting Company, was playing auction pinocle up at his house, five cents a hundred, Marcus, and Schevrien was out fifty cents right at the start. I assure you, Marcus, the feller was sobbing. He bid four hundred against Sol and me, and I had all the trumps against him with the ten *beetat*. I played it on Schevrien's ace, and Sol Rashkind wanted to throw me out of the window already. I had to play it, Marcus, otherwise Schevrien would never bought from us again a dollar's worth of goods so long as we live."

"How about Rashkind?" Marcus asked. "Ain't we selling him goods, neither?"

"That's all right," said Bramson. "I fixed it up with Rashkind, because I bid my head off for the rest of the evening. I bet yer I went back every other dual, and Rashkind wins four dollars from me and Schevrien wins five! Nine dollars that game costed me, Marcus, but what could you do? Nowadays you got to entertain a customer, otherwise you could never sell no goods at all."

Marcus nodded sadly.

"You eat me up with expenses, Bramson," he said. "How is it if I would go up to Bridgetown I always sell Schevrien, and all I spend is my carfare and my lunch? Must you got to play auction pinocle, Bramson?"

Before Bramson could formulate a sufficiently pointed rejoinder the letter carrier entered and handed him a letter.

He burst open the envelope, and seizing the inclosed sheet of notepaper betwixt thumb and finger he shook it up and down to dislodge an order slip or a check. The operation proved fruitless, so he hastened to peruse the contents of the letter, which read as follows:

"WE LEAD, OTHERS FOLLOW"

THE À LA MODE STORE

HARRIS SCHEVRIEN, PROPRIETOR

412 MAIN STREET

BRIDGETOWN, 1/4/10

Dear friend Marcus: Will be in your city on Wednesday, and if agreeable to you would be pleased to spend Wednesday evening with you as per your suggestion about going to the opera. Hoping business is good in the store. I am

THE À LA MODE STORE

Dic. HS/RL. H. Schevrien, *Proprietor.*

As soon as Bramson had absorbed its meaning he handed the note to Marcus.

"Yes, Marcus," he declared, after his partner had finished reading the letter, "where you get them high-tone notions is more as I could say. You *ever* didn't invite customers to go to the opera when you got that little two-by-four place on East Broadway."

"That's all right, Bramson," Marcus rejoined. "When I got that little two-by-four place on East Broadway you was an operator on shirts. Ain't it? Furthermore, Bramson, I never invited nobody to go to the opera in my life. Dreams the feller got it. An ordinary show ain't good enough for him; he's got to have operas yet. I'll take him to the opera, Bramson! Believe me, he's lucky if he sees the insides of a moving pictures with my money."

It need hardly be noted that, had Marcus admitted the indiscretion of inviting Schevrien to the opera, Bramson would have gnashed his teeth and worked himself up into a condition of rage bordering on apoplexy, but in the face of Marcus' denial Bramson grew suddenly generous.

"You couldn't be small with a customer, Marcus," he said. "The feller expects to be took to an opera, so therefore it's up to you you should take him."

"Listen here, Bramson," Marcus retorted; "if you want that we should entertain customers by operas you could take him yourself. Me, I ain't so high-toned. Operas ain't in my line, y'understand. When it comes eight o'clock I got enough to do to keep my eyes open, without I should go to operas yet."

"All right," said Bramson, "if I must, I must. We couldn't afford to lose a good customer for the sake of a five-dollar note, Marcus."

"Sure, I know," Marcus replied, as his partner selected a cigar from the drawer in Marcus' desk, "and we couldn't afford to all the time be smoking cigars which we buy it for the gilt-edge trade neither. The way you are using up them cigars the last few days, Bramson, you would think you was trying to jolly yourself into buying from us a big bill of goods already. Give the customers a chance at them cigars, Bramson."

Bramson drew himself up haughtily.

"Them cigars I am smoking myself out of consideration for our business, Marcus," he rejoined. "We are losing trade by them cigars which you bought from Zwiebel. A feller which he don't smoke like yourself, Marcus, ain't got no call to pick out cigars for customers. I assure you, Marcus, these here smokes makes me think of them trick cigars what pulls out like a fan already."

"No one compels you to smoke them cigars, Bramson," Marcus finished; "and, anyhow, Bramson, we couldn't stand here talking all day. We got business to attend to."

II

FOR the remainder of the week Marcus & Bramson were so busily occupied with the out-of-town trade that neither of the partners remembered the opera engagement until Schevrien rang up the following Wednesday.

"Mr. Marcus," Miss Nathan, the bookkeeper, announced, "Mr. Schevrien, of Bridgetown, wants to speak to you on the 'phone."

"Do me the favor, Bramson," Marcus cried. "See what that sucker wants from us."

"I know what he wants, Marcus," Bramson said. "He wants to remind us we shouldn't forget about taking him to the opera tonight."

"Well, you go and talk to him, like a good feller, Bramson. Do me the favor and tell him I'm in Newark for the day. I don't want to speak to that feller at all."

Thus Bramson hastened to the 'phone and took the receiver from Miss Nathan's hand.

"Hallo, hallo!" he commenced. "Who's this, please? Oh, Mr. Schevrien. Oh, hallo Mr. Schevrien, when did you blowed into town? Is *that* so? Well, Marcus had to go to Newark. Not on business, no. His wife's mother is sick. Nothing serious, just a little something the matter with her—now—nose. Is *that* so? I'm sorry to hear it. Was the operation successful? That's good. Thanks, Mr Schevrien; my Esther is feeling fine again. Sure, a boy. He looks like a year-old already. What? That's a hot one, Mr. Schevrien; I wouldn't call a dawg after Marc—I mean, we called him after his *Grossvater selig*. Did he? Well, that's all right, I'll take you instead. Where would I meet you? All right, Mr. Schevrien, in front of the opera house, at eight o'clock. Sure, I'll be there. Good-by."

"Well, Bramson, what did you told him?" Marcus cried.

"I told him you got to go to Newark on account your wife's mother is sick."

"My wife's mother!" Marcus exclaimed. "Why, my wife's mother, Mrs. Samuelson, lives in San Francisco, *Gott sei dank*. You ought to know *that*, Bramson."

"Me, I got enough to attend to in the store without keeping track of your wife's relations, Marcus," Bramson replied. "For my part, Mrs. Samuelson could be dead and buried already, Marcus, so much do I worry about your wife's relations."

"That's a heart you got it, Bramson," Marcus commented bitterly, "like a stone."

"Don't be all the time kicking, Marcus," Bramson cried. "Kicks yet! I done enough for you, telling lies and taking a feller to the opera, which I don't know which is worser, Schevrien or the opera!"

"Well, if you don't want to go, why don't you ask Louis Griesman to take him?" Marcus suggested. "Bluffs that feller is all the time making how much he goes on the opera. If he's so stuck on the opera we will give him the money and he can take Schevrien."

"A designer to take a customer to the opera!" Bramson exclaimed. "I'm surprised to hear you you should talk that way, Marcus. That sucker Griesman ain't independent enough that we should let him take a customer to the opera yet. You got a great idee about running a business, Marcus, I must say. If we would do that we may as well lock up the store and give to Griesman the key. He would own the place, Marcus."

For the remainder of the forenoon Marcus and Bramson held only such communication with each other as business compelled, and when Marcus went out to lunch Bramson felt too aggrieved to urge his partner not to make a hog of himself and to let him, Bramson, have a chance at an early lunch once in a while. Instead, he resigned himself with a sigh to the interval which ought to have elapsed before Marcus would return. He was agreeably surprised, however, by Marcus' precipitate entrance some five minutes later.

"Bramson," Marcus gasped, "who do you think I seen it in Wasserbauer's just now?"

Bramson looked at his partner, whose scarf was protruding full length from his waistcoat, and who otherwise presented an appearance of mingled surprise and alarm.

"I guess you must have seen it your wife's mother, Mrs. Samuelson from San Francisco. Ain't it?" he said.

"Say, lookyhere, Bramson," Marcus declared hotly. "Of course I know I'm a back number, y'understand, and I ain't got such high-toned idees about going to the opera and seeing them monologue fellers which they speak a little jokes occasionally, y'understand, but, all the same, when I find a customer like Schevrien, which was always up to now a good customer of ours, eating lunch with a competitor, which you could say that Leon Sammet is also a competitor, Bramson, I don't consider it a joke, Bramson—far from it, believe me."

He paused to tuck his cravat into place.

"Yes, Bramson," he continued, "I think that feller Schevrien is trying to play us for suckers, and if you would take my advice, before you would spend a whole lot of money buying tickets for the opera, I would get him in here and let him go over the line."

"And what would you do, Marcus? You're supposed to be in Newark. Ain't it?"

"Sure, I know," Marcus replied. "So soon as I seen Schevrien in Wasserbauer's I run for my life, Bramson, and I don't think the sucker seen me at all. So if you could get him over here I would be at the Palace, and you could telephone me when he goes."

After two o'clock the Palace coffee and lunchroom made a specialty of coffee, *Mohnkuchen* and auction pinocle. And it was there that such sharks as Moe Rabiner and Marks Pasinsky held forth daily.

"Any excuse is good enough for you, Marcus, so long as you could play auction pinocle," Bramson commented bitterly.

"What d'ye mean—auction pinocle?" Marcus asked. "Do you think I am like you, Bramson, just because I see a bunch around me playing auction pinocle I must got to play too? No, Bramson, I hope I got a little more character as all that. If I would go over to the Palace I would take with me some *Swatches* and some cutting-slips, and I bet yer I will be working a damsight harder over there as you will be here, Bramson, and don't you forget it."

"That's all right, Marcus. For my part you could do what you please over there, but what I want to know is how we are going to get Schevrien over here. How could we do that, Marcus?"

"Well, we certainly couldn't do it by sitting around here all day, Bramson. Why don't you go over to Wasserbauer's and butt in on them fellers? If you couldn't get him over here, you could anyhow keep him from going over to Sammet Brothers."

"All right," Bramson said, seizing his hat, "I will go right over there. Only one thing I got to tell you, Marcus. You shouldn't wait around here too long, because in case I bring Schevrien back I don't want him to find you here. It's bad enough I should tell lies for you, Marcus, without I should make a liar out of myself yet."

As he passed out of the showroom the voice of Louis Griesman, the designer, trolled forth the dulcet notes of the Brindisi from La Traviata.

"Tra-*ree*, ra-ree-*ree*, ra-ree-*ree*," Louis warbled, and Marcus, with a muttered "t'phooee," started for the cutting-room.

"Koosh!" he bellowed, as he flung open the door.

Louis looked up in hurt surprise.

"What's the matter, Mr. Marcus?" he asked. "Couldn't I sing a little something oncet in a while?"

"Say, lookyhere, Louis," Marcus replied, "what are we running here, anyway—a theayter or a cloak-and-suit business? If you couldn't sing without hollering you should shut up your mouth, y'understand, and that's all there is to it."

He favored his abashed designer with a final scowl and retraced his steps to the showroom.

"That's a dawg for you," Louis exclaimed to Giuseppe Buongiorno. "Business is all the feller knows and Travvyayter he don't understand at all."

Giuseppe nodded his head

"You bat my life," he replied fervently.

III

"YES, Mr. Schevrien," Leon Sammet said, "former times was always two seasons a year, fall and spring, and there was fall styles and spring styles. Ain't it? But, nowadays, things is different already. Every time I hear the word Paris I am afraid for my life that I would got to throw out my whole sample line. I give you my word, Mr. Schevrien, a feller could design a line of skirts in the morning with draped effects, and when he comes back from lunch draped effects is a back number and they're wearing nothing but plain, gored skirts already."

"For Good-ness' Sake, Quit Your Hollering. You'll Make Me Crazy"

"So gored skirts is in again?" Mr. Schevrien said. "I thought it would be all draped effects again this spring. Adolph Marcus says that nothing would be so plain even as pleated effects."

Leon Sammet emitted a forced laugh and handed Schevrien a cigar which the waiter had just brought.

"If Marcus would only know the garment business like he knows auction pinocle, Mr. Schevrien," he declared, "his customers wouldn't got so many suckers, understand me?"

"So far what I am dealing with Marcus & Bramson," Schevrien retorted severely, "they never sold me no stickers yet. And, anyhow, Sammet, for my part I never bought no goods from a feller just because he is knocking his competitor's line."

"Me, I ain't knocking nobody," Sammet protested. "Far from it, Mr. Schevrien. Them boys is a couple of decent, respectable fellers, y'understand, and pretty good friends of mine. All I said was—— Why, here is Hymie Bramson now!"

Usually when Hyman Bramson met Leon Sammet, and either of them had a customer in tow, they were as genial as two dogs over a bone, but on this occasion nothing remained for Leon but to be cordial to his rival.

"Hallo, Hymie!" he cried. "We was just talking about you."

"I was just talking about you, too," Bramson replied. "I was talking about you to Ed Mandelberger, of Mandelberger Brothers & Co. He was in my place just now and bought from us twenty-two skirts."

A truthful man might well have hesitated to make this statement, since it contained one or two inaccuracies. For instance, Marcus & Bramson had sold no more than ten garments that morning, while the most recent visit of Ed Mandelberger to their business premises had been in the fall of 1905, when he had threatened to sue Hymie, after a spirited argument concerning some velvet suits. But Hymie's conscience gave him no twinge as he watched Leon Sammet's face grow pink at the news. Indeed, he at once proceeded to elaborate on his story.

"Yes, Leon," he said, "Ed told me he was going over to your place right away, but I guess he won't find no one in but the bookkeeper. I seen your brother Barney going into the Palace just now."

"Much obliged for telling me," Leon murmured hoarsely. "Well, Mr. Schevrien, I guess we'll be moving on. Ain't it?"

"Go ahead, Sammet, and don't mind me," Schevrien said. "I want to speak a few words of something to Bramson here. I'll be over right away."

Leon rose from the table and transfixed Hymie with a venomous glare.

"In about ten minutes you will come?" he said to Schevrien.

"Go ahead, Sammet, go ahead," Schevrien declared. "Don't you bother with me. I ain't so important like Mandelberger Brothers & Co."

"Mr. Schevrien," Sammet replied solemnly, "to me a customer is important one as the other, even if they should be only small people."

Schevrien shrugged and made an eloquent gesture with his left hand. "That being the case, Sammet," he announced, "eef I am such small people, y'understand, you shouldn't pay no attention to me at all?"

"Never mind, Sammet," Hymie added. "Mr. Schevrien was never too small people for us to bother with. We always up to now valued his account very high, Sammet."

Sammet glowered at Hymie, his stubby mustache fairly bristling with anger.

"You should shut up your face, Bramson," he grunted. "Who asked you to butt in here, anyway?"

Schevrien scrambled to his feet and assumed an attitude of injured dignity.

"S enough, Sammet," he said with an effort at calmness. "I heard enough already. Mr. Bramson is an old friend from mine, and I wouldn't hear you say nothing like that in *mein* presence."

It was then that Leon Sammet forgot the correct mercantile attitude toward a customer, and he swore roundly at Schevrien.

"All right, Sammet," Schevrien cried, "I hear enough from you. I may be a small people, y'understand, but I hope I am a gentleman, and *Gott sei dank*, I don't got to do business with a loafer like you if I wouldn't want to."

Sammet nodded and smiled. He grew suddenly amiable in the conception of a telling revenge, and without another word he paid the waiter and walked out of the restaurant. Schevrien and Hyman Bramson watched him pass into the street and then they, too, started for the door

"Mister, Mister," the waiter cried. "Please wait a minute!"

"What's the matter?" Hymie asked.

"The gentleman paid only for himself," the waiter explained. "He ain't paid for the other gentleman's lunch. Here is: soup, a quarter; fish, forty cents; roast beef, fifty cents; a pint of Berncastler Doctor, a dollar and a quarter; pastry, a quarter; coffee, fifteen cents, and one cigar, fifty cents—three dollars and thirty cents."

Schevrien barely warded off apoplexy as he listened.

"What do you think for a dirty loafer like that!" he exclaimed. "Mind you, he asks me out to lunch, and now I got to pay for it myself."

"'S all right," Hymie said. "*I* will pay for it."

He counted out three dollars and thirty cents into the waiter's hand, and seizing Schevrien's arm propelled him quickly toward the street door.

"T'anks; much obliged," the waiter called after him. "You are a chentleman and a shport."

"I'm glad you didn't give him nothing," Schevrien commented. "Mind you, I told the feller he should bring me Liebfraumilch, and he pushes a bottle of Berncastler Doctor on to me. I assure you I was pretty near poisoned."

When they entered Marcus & Bramson's showroom, two minutes later, Griesman was placing one of his new model skirts on a form, and as he arranged the drapery on the rear of his creation he hummed a melody from Traviata.

"Griesman, do me the favor," Bramson said significantly, and Griesman immediately lapsed into silence.

"Go ahead," Schevrien broke in. "Go ahead. Sing Don't mind me. That's from Travvy-ayter, a song. Ain't it?"

Griesman nodded

"That's a high-grade opera, Bramson," Schevrien commented. "I see that Slezak and Farrar will be there tonight."

"I don't know them people at all," said Bramson. "So many new names is in the cloak-and-suit business nowadays I couldn't keep count of 'em at all. This here is one of our new models, draped effects."

He swung the form around to display the rear of the skirt, while Griesman retired to the cutting-room and resumed *fortissimo* his performance of Traviata.

"Draped effects?" Schevrien cried. "I thought everything would be plain this year. That's what Sammet told it to me."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Schevrien," Bramson interrupted. He walked to the rear of the showroom.

"Griesman, for good-ness' sake," he besought, "quit your hollering. You'll make me crazy."

Once more Griesman became silent, and Bramson returned to the draped skirt.

"Now I could hear you talk," he said. "Yes, Mr. Schevrien, them draped skirts is going to be all the style."

"I heard it differencely," Schevrien replied. "I heard it not only from Sammet but other people tell it me as well, skirts would be plain, gores and pleats and that's all."

"Don't you believe it," Bramson retorted. "I was at the Fashion Show already, and I seen it the advance styles. You could take it from me, Mr. Schevrien, skirts would be draped, sure. I bet yer we will go on the opera house tonight and we wouldn't see nothing but draped skirts on them Four-Hundred ladies."

"Four-Hundred ladies is all right," said Schevrien, "but I ain't in the market for stouts, Bramson. I ain't got among my customers such heavy-weights. I bet yer the most would be two hundred and fifty."

Bramson stared at Schevrien for a minute.

"All the skirts would be draped effects," he declared; "stouts and misses' sizes, too."

"All right, Bramson," Schevrien finished. "I would take your words for it. Go ahead now and let us look over your line. I will give you my order right away."

IV

IT WAS precisely eight o'clock when Bramson and Schevrien took their seats in the orchestra circle of the opera house, and the curtain had just risen on the opening scene of La Traviata. Schevrien grew immediately spellbound, but after the first ten minutes Bramson with difficulty suppressed a yawn and looked about him in the half-darkened house. Immediately in front of him were two ladies whose décolleté gowns left no doubt in Hymie's mind as to their standing in the fashionable world. Hence he wriggled about in his seat and peered through the space between the two chairs in which the ladies sat, so as to obtain a good view of their skirts, which he felt certain were of the latest draped design. To his complete chagrin the skirts were as bare of drapery as the ladies' shoulders.

"Must be a couple of back numbers already," he murmured to himself

"Bramson, what's the matter with you?" Schevrien asked. "Couldn't you keep still for a minute?"

Immediately half a dozen standees in the rear of the orchestra circle admonished Schevrien and Bramson to silence, with sounds that rivaled the exhaust of a locomotive engine, and Bramson subsided into a copious perspiration. Thereafter he peeped about him furtively for draped skirts, but without result, and as his conviction of Griesman's mistake grew stronger, the moister he became, until, when the curtain fell on the first act, he appeared to have been sitting in a Turkish bath rather than in an opera house.

"What an opera!" Schevrien exclaimed after the lights were up. "I could die listening to that music, Bramson."

"Me, too," Bramson replied absently, for he had just caught sight of a lady in a draped skirt walking up the aisle

"Look, Schevrien " he continued, "there is one of them draped skirts now "

"Draped skirts?" Schevrien cried, in tones of utter disgust. "What's the matter with you, Bramson? Couldn't you forget business for a minute?"

"I was only saying," Bramson explained, but the harm had been done, for Schevrien immediately commenced to look around him for draped skirts.

"Where did you say that draped skirt was, Bramson?" he asked

Bramson's solitary discovery had disappeared in the direction of the refreshment-room, however, and there remained nothing but row on row of plain skirts. Once more Bramson swept the house with his glasses, but before he could find another draped model Schevrien had perceived the complete absence of draped models.

"Well, Bramson," he said, "where is your draped skirts?"

"Come," Bramson said, "let's go out and smoke a little something."

"Show me first a draped skirt?" Schevrien insisted.

"Leave business alone for an evening. Couldn't you?" Bramson retorted. "We are now in an opera house, not a showroom. Ain't it?"

"That's all right, Bramson," Schevrien maintained. "An opera is an opera, but if women wouldn't wear up-to-date garments at an opera, y'understand, where would they wear 'em? Ain't it?"

Instead of replying, Bramson made his way toward the aisle, followed by his guest. Schevrien's eyes were downcast, not in embarrassment at the indignant remarks of the ladies past whom he was crowding, but in a careful examination of their skirts, which, to the last one, were of a plain, undraped design.

"Yes, Bramson," he said as they reached the smoking-room, "I guess you could cancel that order."

"What d'ye mean?" Bramson exclaimed.

"I mean I ain't seen it a draped skirt since I been here," Schevrien said, "and if they don't wear draped skirts in the opera house in New York, they *over* don't wear 'em in Bridgetown neither."

"You don't know what you are talking about," Bramson declared. "There's millions of draped skirts here already."

"Millions?" Schevrien repeated. "All right, Bramson, I wouldn't dispute your word. Let there be millions, Bramson, but do me the favor, Bramson, and show me six draped skirts. That's all I ask it of you."

"Come on downstairs," Bramson said desperately, as he replaced in his vest pocket the imported cigar which he had intended for Schevrien. Together they made their way down the wide stairway, and at the first landing they paused.

"What d'ye think for the cheek them suckers got it?" Bramson cried. "The family circle ain't good enough for 'em. I tell you, Schevrien, them suckers is so independent already that if I was to let on that I seen 'em here our store wouldn't hold 'em at all."

The two individuals thus characterized were Louis Griesman and Giuseppe Buongiorno, who approached, arm in arm, rendering *sotto voce* a melody from the score of Traviata

"*Ah, fors e lui*," Buongiorno sang, when he caught sight of his employer.

"'Allo!" he cried. "Look 'oo's ee-ra!"

"Good-evening, Mr. Bramson," Griesman said.

"Good-evening nothing," Bramson growled. He stopped short and glared at his designer.

"Griesman," Schevrien said, "you are the very feller which I want to see it. Do me the favor, Griesman—come downstairs and show us just one draped skirt. That's all."

"I don't got to go downstairs to do that," Griesman replied. "Look at that one there."

He pointed to a fashionably-attired lady who was standing at the rear door of one of the grand-tier boxes.

Schevrien nodded

"All right," he said. "That's one. Now come downstairs and show me another."

The four men returned to the orchestra floor, and for the remainder of the entr'acte they searched the house with their glasses, but not another draped skirt could they find. At length Schevrien and Bramson were obliged to take their seats for the second act, while Griesman and Buongiorno resumed their station at the rear of the orchestra circle. Finally the curtain fell on the second act, and Bramson and Schevrien again started for the smoking-room. They were met at the head of the aisle by Griesman, whose eyes shone triumphantly.

"Mr. Schevrien," he said, "that lady which I showed it you is a baroness already. She is the Baroness von Grasel-Schmalfeld. A feller which he was standing next to me knows her from Berlin already."

"Well, what's that got to do with it?" Schevrien demanded.

"Why, this here baroness just comes over here, so naturally she's got the latest thing in skirts. Ain't it?"

"Is that so?" Schevrien commented, with ironic emphasis on the that. "Is *that* so? Since when did they wear the lastest things in Berlin, Griesman? A lady which she comes from Berlin ain't got nothing more up to date as if she would come from Milwaukee, Griesman. No, Griesman, I ain't buying skirts which is the fashion in Milwaukee or Berlin. I am buying something which it is fashionable in Paris and is going to be fashionable in New York."

"Da's all-a right," Buongiorno interrupted. "Just-a look on da stage "

"What d'ye mean—the stage?" Bramson asked

"Sure," Buongiorno continued. "On da stage. All is da draped skirt, sure. Da's right."

"He's right, Schevrien," Bramson said. "The Italiener is right. All them women on the stage does got draped skirts."

"And what's more, Mr. Schevrien," Griesman

(Continued on Page 47)

"Leave Business Alone for an Evening Couldn't You? We are Now in an Opera House, Not a Showroom"

THE VARMINT

By OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Home Run, Dennis!" "Swim Out, You Shad!"

IX

THE group from the Green House adjourned to a sheltered spot back of the stump willows and chose a bare space of soft, green turf. At their sides the brook ran splashing over the cool stones.

"Who'll be Dink's second?" said Cheyenne Baxter, the referee.

There was an embarrassed pause.

"Go on, any of you," said Tough McCarty generously.

"I'll be," said the Coffee-colored Angel. "He licked me square."

He stepped over and held out his hand.

"I don't want you—I don't want your hand!" said Dink with a scream. "I don't want any second; I won't have any! I hate you—I hate the whole lot of you!"

Cheyenne Baxter consulted with Tough McCarty and came over.

"Say, Dink," he said kindly, "Tough doesn't want to fight you now; it isn't fair. He'll give you a fight any time you want—when you're fresh."

"I don't want to wait," cried Stover, blubbering despite himself. "I'll fight him now. I'll show him if I'm afraid, the big bully!"

"What rounds do you want?" said Cheyenne, seeing it was wisest not to interfere.

"I don't want any rounds," cried Dink wildly. "I want to get at him, the great big mucker!"

Cheyenne went over to Tough, who stood apart, looking very uncomfortable.

"Better go on, Tough. Don't hurt the little varmint any more than you have to."

It was a strange fight. They stood around in silence, rather frightened at Stover's frenzy. Tough McCarty, overtopping his antagonist by four good inches, stood on the defensive, seeking only to ward off the storm of frantic blows that rained in on him. For Dink cared not a whit what happened to him or how he exposed himself.

Blinded by rage, crying from sheer excess of emotion, shrieking out inarticulate denunciations, he flung himself on McCarty with the recklessness of a mad dervish, crying:

"You thought I was a coward! Darn you, you great fat slob! You thought I was afraid of a licking, did you? I'll show you! Lick me now if you can, you big brute! Lick me every day! I'm not afraid of you!"

"Confound the lunatic!" said Tough McCarty, receiving a solid thump in the ribs. "I can't stand here, pummeled all day. Got to hit him—ouch!"

Dink, in his frantic rush, throwing himself under his enemy's guard, almost bore him to the ground by the shock of his onslaught. McCarty, angrily brushing the blood from his already outraged nose with the cuff of his sleeve, shook himself like an angry bear and, catching Stover with a straight-arm blow, sent him rolling on the turf.

Back again and again came Stover, hurling himself wildly on to the scientific fists that sent him reeling back. The green arms of the trees, the gray faces of the onlookers, the blue of the tilting sky rushed into the reeling earth, confounded together. He no longer saw the being he was fighting, a white film slipped over everything and then all went out in blank unconsciousness.

When he opened his eyes again he was on his back, looking up through the willows at a puffy cloud that turned against the blue. At his side the brook went softly, singing in whispers the note that stirred the leaves.

Something wet fell on his face and trickled uncomfortably down his neck. Some one was applying a dripping cloth.

"Coming to," said Cheyenne Baxter.

Then Dink remembered.

"Where is he?" he cried, trying to spring up. "I'll fight him."

A strong hand pressed him down.

"There, there, young fire-eater!" said Cheyenne. "Go easy. You've had enough of blood for one afternoon. Lie back. Shut your eyes."

He heard whispering and the sound of voices going, and lost consciousness again.

When he saw the face of the day once more he was alone with Cheyenne, who was kneeling by his side, smiling as he watched him.

"Better now?"

"I'm all right."

"Let me carry you."

"I can stand."

Cheyenne's good right arm caught him as he tottered and held him

"I'm all right," said Dink gruffly.

Aided by Cheyenne, he went weakly back to the Green. At the steps Tough McCarty sprang up and advanced with outstretched hand, saying:

"Put her here, Dink; you're dead game!"

Stover put his hand behind his back

"I don't want to shake hands," he said, flushing and gazing at Tough McCarty until the pupils of his eyes seemed to dwindle, "with you or any of you. I hate you all; you're a gang of muckers. I'll fight you now: I'll fight you tomorrow. You're too big for me now, but I'll lick you—I'll lick you next year—you, Tough McCarty—or the year after that; you see if I don't!"

Tough McCarty stood back, rightfully offended. Cheyenne led Dink up to his room and lectured him.

"Now, young bantam, listen to me. You've shown your color and we respect you for it. But you can't fight your way into being liked—put that in your pipe and smoke it. You've got to keep a civil tongue in your head and quit thinking this place was built for your special benefit. Savvey? You've got to win your way if you want to be one of us. Now, when you get your head clear, go down and apologize to Tough McCarty and the Angel, like a man."

The advice, which a day later would have been gratefully received, came inopportunely for Dink's overwrought nerves. He gave an angry answer—he did not want to be friends—he hated them all—he would never apologize—never! When Butsey White came with friendly offers he cut him short

"Don't you come rubbering around now," he said scornfully. "You went back on me. You thought I was afraid. I'll do without your friendship now."

When a calmer view had come to him he regretted what he had done. He eliminated Tough McCarty—that was a feud of the instincts—but it certainly had been white of the Coffee-colored Angel to offer to be his second; Cheyenne was every inch a leader, and Butsey really had been justified. Unfortunately, his repentance came too late; the damage had been done. Only one thing could right him—an apology to the assembled House; but as the courage to apologize is the last virtue to be acquired—if it ever is acquired—Dink in his pride would rather have chopped off his hand than admit his error. They had misjudged him; they would have to come to him. The breach, once made, widened rapidly—due, principally, to Dink's own morbid pride. Some of the things he did were simply ridiculous and some were flagrantly impudent.

He was one against eight—but one who had learned his strength, who feared no longer the experiences he knew. He stood ready to back his acts with his fists against any one—except, of course, Butsey White; for roommates do not fight unless they love one another.

He had had always in him the spirit of the rebel. To be forbid a thing, with him, was to do it instantly. He refused all the service a Freshman should do. At table he took a malignant delight in demanding loudly second and third helps of the abhorrent prunes—long after he had come to feel the universal antagonism. He would not wake Butsey in the morning, fill his basin or arrange his shoes. He would run no errands. He refused to say "sir" or doff his hat to his superiors in the morning; and, being better supplied with money, he took particular pleasure in entering the House with boxes of jiggers or tins of potted meats and a bottle of rootbeer, with which he openly gorged himself at night, while Butsey squirmed over the unappetizing pages of the Gallic Wars.

Finally, the blow came. Cheyenne Baxter, as president of the House, appeared one evening and hurled on him the ban of excommunication—from that hour he was put in Coventry. From that moment no one spoke to him or by the slightest look noticed his existence. Dink at first attempted to laugh at this exile. At every opportunity he joined the group on the steps. No one addressed him. If he spoke no one answered. At table the Coffee-colored Angel no longer asked him to pass his plate, but passed it around the other way. He went out in the evenings and placed his hat in line with the other boys', but the ball never went into his hat. If he stood, hoping to be hit, no one seemed to notice that he was standing there. For several days he sought to brazen it out with a miserable, sinking feeling, and then he gave it up. He had thought he cared nothing for the company of his housemates—he soon discovered his error and recognized his offending. But apology now was out of the question. He was a pariah, a leper, and so must continue—a thing to be shunned

The awful loneliness of his punishment threw him on his own resources. At night he lay in his bed and heard

Butsey steal out to a midnight spread behind closed doors, or to join a band that, risking the sudden creak of a treacherous step, went down the stairs and out to wend their way with other sweltering bands across the moonlit paths, through negro settlements, where frantic dogs bayed at the sticks they rattled over the picket fences, to the banks of the canal for frolic in the none too fragrant waters.

In the morning he could not join the group that congregated to listen to Beekstein—Secretary of Education—straighten out the involved syntax or track an elusive *x* to its secret lair. In the afternoon he could not practice on the diamond with them, learning the trick of holding elusive flies or teaching himself to face thunderous outshoots at the plate. This enforced seclusion had one good result: Left to his own devices his recitations improved tremendously, though this was scant consolation.

He kept his own company proudly, reading long hours into the land of Dumas and Victor Hugo; straying up to the Varsity diamond, where he cast himself forlornly on the grass, apart from the groups, to watch Charlie DeSoto dash around the bases, and wonderful Jo Brown on third base scrape up the grounders and shoot them to first.

He was too proud to seek other friends, for that meant confession. Besides, his own classmates were all busy on their own diamonds, working for the success of their own House nines. Only when there was a Varsity game and he was swallowed up in the indiscriminate mass that whooped and cheered back of first, thrilling at a sudden crisis, did he forget himself a little and feel a part of the great system. Once when, in a game with the Princeton Freshmen, Jo Brown cleared the bases with a sizzling three-bagger, a fourth-former he didn't know thumped him ecstatically on the back and he thrilled with gratitude.

But the rest was loneliness, ever recurrent loneliness, day in and day out. His only friends were Charlie DeSoto and Butcher Stevens at first, whom he could watch and understand—feeling, also, the fierce spirit of battle cooped up and forbidden within him.

One night in the second week of June, when Butsey White had gone to a festal spread in Cheyenne Baxter's rooms, Dink sat cheerlessly over the Latin page, seeing neither gerund nor gerundive.

The windows were open to the multiplied chorus of distant frogs and the drone of near-by insects. The lamp was hot, his clothes steamed. He thought of the root-beer being consumed down the hall and, going to the closet, consulted his own store of comforting things.

But to feast alone was no longer a feast at all. He went to the window and sniffed the warm air, trying to penetrate the outer darkness. Then, balancing carefully, he let himself out and, dropping on the yielding earth, went hungrily up to the campus.

He had never been on the Circle before at night, with all the lights about him. It gave him a strange, breathless feeling. He sat down, hugging his knees, in the center of the Circle, where he could command the blazing windows of the Houses and the long, lighted ranks of the Upper, where the fourth-formers were singing on the Esplanade. The chapel at his back was only a shadow; Memorial Hall, a cloud hung lower than the rest.

From his position of vantage he could hear scraps of conversation through the open windows, and see dark figures flitting before the mellow lamps. The fellowship in the Houses, the good times, the feeling of home that hung about each room came to him with acute poignancy as he sat there, vastly alone. In the whole school he had made not a friend. He had done nothing; no one knew him. No one cared. He had blundered from the first. He saw his errors now—only too plainly—but they were beyond retrieving

There was only a week more and then it would be over. He would never come back. What was the use? And yet, as he sat there outside the life and the lights of it all, he regretted, bitterly regretted, that it must be so. He felt the tug at his heartstrings. It was something to win a place in such a school, to have the others look up to you, to have the youngsters turn and follow you as you passed, as they did with Charlie DeSoto or Flash Condit or Turkey Reiter or a dozen of others. Instead, he would drop out of the ranks, and who would notice it? A few who would make a good story out of that miserable game of baseball. A few would speak of him as the freshest of the fresh, the fellow who had to be put in Coventry—if, indeed, any one remembered Dink Stover, who hadn't made good.

The bell clanged out the summons to bed for the Houses. One by one the windows dropped back into the night; only the Upper remained ablaze.

At this moment he heard somewhere in the dark near him the sound of scampering feet. The next moment a small body tripped over his legs and went sprawling.

"What in the name of Willie Keeler!" said a shrill voice. "Is that a master or a human being?"

"Hello!" said Stover gruffly, to put down the lump that had risen in his throat. "Who are you?"

"Me? Shall we tell our real names?" said the voice, approaching and at once bursting into an elfish chant:

Wow, wow! Wow, wow, wow!
Oh, me father's name was Finnegan,
Me mother's name was Kate,
Me ninety-nine relations
To you I'll now relate.

"Oh, you're Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan, are you?" said Dink, laughing as he dashed his cuff across his eyes. "The kid that wrote the baseball story."

"Sir, you do me honor. Who are you?"

"I m Stover."

"The Dink?"

"Yes, the Dink."

"The cuss that translates at sight?"

"You've heard of it?"

"Cracky, yes! They say The Roman was knocked clean off his pins, first time in his life. I say ——"

"What?"

"Then you're the fellow down in the Green, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Dink, thinking only of the ban of excommunication.

"Why, you're a regular cross-sawed, triple-hammered, mule-kick, beef-fed, rarin'-tearin' John L. Sullivan, ain't you?" said the exponent of the double adjective.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you're the cuss that smeared the Angel, swallowed the Canary, and stood up to Tough McCarty?"

"Oh, yes."

"My dear boy, you're it, you're the real thing."

Dink, with a feeling of wonder, shook hands, saying:

"Well, they don't think so much of it at the Green."

"Anything wrong?"

"Nothing much."

Finnegan, perceiving the ground was shaky, switched.

"I say, you want to get into the Kennedy next year; we've got the A No. 1 crowd there. I'm there, the Tennessee Shad, the Gutter Pup—he's the president of the sporting club, you know: prize-fights and all that sort of thing—and King Lentz and the Waladoo Bird, the finest guards Lawrenceville ever had. And say, you'n' I and the Tennessee Shad could strike up a combine and get out a rip-snorting, muzzle-off, all-the-news, sporting-expert, battle-cry-of-freedom newspaper that would put the Lawrence out of biz. I say, you must get in the Kennedy."

"I'm not coming back."

"What!"

"I guess my par-ticular style of talent isn't suited around here."

"What's wrong?"

"Well, everything."

"I say, Dink, confide in me!"

Stover at that moment, in his loneliness, would have confided in any one, especially the first human being who had given him a thrill of conscious pride.

"It's just this, youngster," he said, wondering how to begin: "they don't like me."

"You like the school, don't you?" said Finnegan in alarm.

Dink had never had the question put to him before. He was silent and his look went swiftly over to the coveted House of Lords. He drew a long breath.

"You bet I do. I love it!"

"But then ——"

"I started wrong; didn't understand the game, I guess. They've put me in Coventry."

"You must have been pretty fresh."

"What!"

"Oh, don't mind me," said Dennis cheerfully. "I'm fresher than you ever thought of being. I was the freshest bit of verdure, as the poet says, that ever greened the place. I'm the freshest still. But I'm different. I'm under six inches—that's the cinch of it."

"Yes, I was fresh," said Dink, intensely relieved.

"You're always fresh if you're any good, the first term," said Finnegan. "Don't mind that. Next year you'll be an old boy, and then they'll follow you for sugar."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Dink slowly.

"Keep a-thinking. I'm off now. Ta-ta! Got to slink in Fatty Harris' room before The Roman makes his rounds. Proud to have met you. Au revoir!"

Dink sat a long while thinking, and a lighter mood was on him. After all, he was not a blank. Some one had recognized him; some one had taken his hand in admiration. He rose and slowly made his way toward the singers on the Esplanade, and by the edge of the road camped under the shadows of an apple tree and leaned his back against the trunk.

The groups on the Esplanade stood out in cut outlines against the warm windows of the Reading-room. Above, the open windows were tenanted by boys who pillowed their heads on one another and sent their treble or bass notes down to swell the volume below. Led by a tenor voice that soared clear and true above the rest came the melody to Stover huddled under the apple tree:

At evening, when twilight is falling
And the birds to their nests are all gone,
We'll gather around in the gloaming,
And mingle our voices in song.
Yes, in song.
The bright stars are shining above us,
Keeping their watch and ward,
We'll sing the old songs that we love, boys,
Out on the Esplanade.

Stover listened, pressing his knuckles to his lips, raised out of himself by the accord of voices and the lingering

He Kept His Own Company Proudly, Reading Long Hours Into the Land of Dumas and Victor Hugo

"Don't—Don't Start in Like That, 'Cause I Shall Have to Thrash You"

note of melancholy that was in the voices, the note of the dividing of the ways. Again in deeper accents a song arose:

We sing the campus, green and fair,
We sing the 'leven and nine
Who battle for the old school there
And guard the base and line
No cause for fear when they appear
And the school flag floats above our head
When the game begins 'tis Lawrence wins,
While we cheer the Black and Red
When the game begins 'tis Lawrence wins,
While we cheer the Black and Red

The song ended in lingering accents. Dink shut his eyes, clenching his fists, seeing wonderful days when the school should gather to cheer him, too, and trust in him.

Suddenly near him in the road came the crunching sound of footsteps, and a voice said:

"Is that you, Bill?"

"Yes."

"Bill, I wanted to say a word to you."

"Well?"

"I say, look here, we've only got a few days more in the old place. I say, I don't want to go out with any hard feelings for anybody, do you?"

"No."

"Let's call it off! Shake hands."

Stover listened breathless, hearing little more, understanding only that a feud had ceased, that two enemies on the verge of the long parting had held each other's hands, slapped each other's backs with crude, embarrassed emotion, for the sake of the memories that lived in the shadow of a name. And something like a lump rose again in Dink's throat. He no longer thought of his loneliness. He felt in him the longing to live as they had lived through the glorious years, to know the touch of a friend's arm about your shoulders, and to leave a name to stand with the names that were going out

He raised his fists grotesquely, unconsciously, and swore an oath:

"No, I won't give up; I'll never give up. I'll come back. I'll fight it out!" he said almost aloud. "I'll make 'em like me. I'll make 'em proud of me."

X

My father sent me here to
Lawrenceville,
And resolved that for col-
lege I'd prepare:
And so I settled down
In this ancient little
town,
About five miles away from
anywhere.

Five miles away from any-
where, my boys,
Where old Lawrenceville
evermore shall stand,
For has she not stood since
the time of the flood
About five miles away
from anywhere?

THE school was returning after the long summer vacation, rollicking back over the dusty Trenton highway, cheering and singing as they came

Jimmy, on the stage, was swallowed up in the mass of exultant boyhood that clustered on the top like bees on a comb of honey, and clung to step and strap. Inside, those who had failed of place stuck long legs out of the windows and, from either side, beat the time of the choruses.

"Next verse!" shouted Doc Macnooder.

The First Form then I gayly entered,
And did so well, I do declare,
When they looked my record o'er
All the masters cried "Encore"
About five miles away from anywhere.

"Chorus!" cried Macnooder. "Here, you legs, keep together! You're spoiling the effect."

Dink Stover sat quietly on the second seat, joining in the singing, but without the rollicking abandon of the others. He had shot up amazingly during the vacation and taken on some weight, but the change was most marked in his face. The roundness was gone and with it the cherubic smile. The oval had lengthened, the mouth was straighter, more determined, and in the quiet set of eyes was something of the mental suffering of the last months. He had returned, wondering a little what would be his greeting. The first person he had met was the Coffee-colored Angel, who shook hands with him, pounded him on the back and called him "Good old Dink." He understood—the ban was lifted. But the lesson had been a rude one; he did not intend to presume. So he sat, an observer rather than a participant, not yet free of that timidity that, once imposed, is so difficult to shake off

The stage, which was necessarily making slow progress, halted at the first hill, with a sudden rebellion on the part of the longsuffering horses

"All out!" shouted Macnooder

In a jiffy every boy was on the ground

"All push!"

The stage, propelled by dozens of vigorous hands, went up the hill on a run

"Same places."

"All ready?"

"Let her go!"

Mamie Reilly, being discovered on the roof and selfishly claimed below, was thrust, kicking and wriggling, over the side and into the ready hands at the window.

"All ready, orchestra?" said Macnooder.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"All legs in the air?"

"Aye, me lord!"

"One, two, three!"

And then the Second Form received me,
Where I displayed such genius rare,
That they begged me to refrain—
It was going to my brain.
About five miles away from anywhere!

Meanwhile, at the approach of the astounding coach, which looked like a drunken centipede, the farmers stopped their plows or came to their thresholds, shading their eyes, while the cattle in the fields put up their tails and bolted, flinging out their heels, amid triumphant cheers from the students. All the while the bulk of the school, in two-seaters and three-seaters, the fifth-formers, the new Lords of Creation, in buggies specially retained, went swirling by, exchanging joyful greetings.

"Oh, you, Doc Macnooder!"

"Why, Gutter Pup! You old son-of-a-gun!"

"Look at the Coffee-colored Angel!"

"Where's Lovely Mead?"

"Coming behind."

"Hello, Skinny!"

"Why, you Fat Boy!"

"See you later."

"Meet me at the Jigger Shop."

"There's Stuffy!"

"Hello, Stuffy! Look this way!"

"Look at the Davis House bunch!"

"Whose legs are those?"

Hallegenoo, nack, nack!
Hallegenoo, nack, nack!
Hooray! Hooray!
Lawrenceville!

"Next verse," shouted Doc Macnooder. "Legs at attention. More action there! One, two, three!"

In course of time I reached the Third Form,
But was caught in examination's snare.
Reassignment played its part,
And it almost broke my heart,
About five miles away from anywhere

"What House are you in?" said the Coffee-colored Angel to Stover between breaths

"Kennedy."

"The Roman, eh?"

"Yes, he reached out and nabbed me," said Stover, who was persuaded that his new assignment was a special mark of malignant interest

"Who are you rooming with?"

"The Tennessee Shad"

"Well! You'll be a warm bunch!"

A shout burst out from the back of the coach.

"A race, a race!"

"Here come the Tennessee Shad and Brian de Boru."

Two runabouts came up at a gallop, neck and neck, four boys in each, the Tennessee Shad standing at the reins in one, Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan in the other, each firmly clutched about the waist by the boy on whose knees he jolted and jostled.

"Swim out, you Shad!"

"Pass him, Dennis! Pass him!"

"Shad wins!"

"Look at his form, will you!"

"Oh, you jockey!"

"Shad wins!"

"Hurroo!

But at this moment, when it seemed as though the race was to go to the Tennessee Shad's nag, which had the superiority that one sacrificial horse in a Spanish bullfight ring has over another, Dennis de Brian de Boru suddenly produced the remnants of a bag of cream puffs and, by means of three well-directed, squashing shots on the rear quarters of his coal-black steed, plunged ahead and won the road, amid terrific cheering.

"Dennis forever!"

"Oh, you, Brian de Boru!"

"Get an éclair, Shad!"

"Get an omelet!"

"Get a tomato!"

"Get out and push!"

The racers disappeared in clouds of dust.

Macnooder, whirling around like a dervish on the stage top, conducted the next verse. Suddenly another shout went up.

"Here come Charlie DeSoto and Flash Condit."

"Three cheers for the football team!"

"How are you, Charlie?"

"Flash, old boy!"

"What do you weigh?"

"Pretty fit?"

"Too bad you can't run, Flash!"

"What'll we do to Andover?"

DeSoto and Condit acknowledged the salutations with joyful yelps.

"Give 'em the Fifty-six to Nothing, boys," shouted Macnooder. "All you tenor legs get into this. Oom-pah! Oom-pah! Oom-pah! One, two, three!"

There is a game called football,
And that's the game for me.
And Lawrenceville can play it,
As you will shortly see.
She goes to all the schools about,
And with them wipes the ground.
For it's fifty-six to nothing, boys,
When Lawrenceville's around.

She has a gallant rush-line
That wears the Red and Black
Each man can carry the ball through
With six men on his back.
They carry it through the middle
And then they touch it down.
For it's fifty-six to nothing, boys,
When Lawrenceville's around.

Little by little Stover was drawn into the spirit of the song. He forgot his aloofness, he felt like one of them, thrilling with the spirit of the coming football season.

(Continued on Page 30)

"You Thought I Was a Coward! You Thought I Was Afraid of a Licking, Did You?"

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 30, 1910

As to the Fall Elections

WE ARE told by many able authorities that a momentous political event impends—the Republican party is coming in for an awful licking at the fall elections. Among the more important signs that forecast the revolution are the general disgust with the new tariff law and the partly successful revolt against Cannon.

This would mean that after an interval of fourteen years' control the House of Representatives is to be turned over to that other grand old party, some of whose Southern Senators voted for a protective duty on raw materials and some of whose New York Congressmen valiantly flocked to Uncle Joe's support when Republican disaffection first threatened his power. It would mean, for example, that those members of the Illinois delegation who take instructions on partisan tactics from the Honorable William Lorimer would be replaced by an equal number looking for instructions to the Honorable Roger Sullivan; and that in Indiana, with respect to national politics, Thomas Taggart would assume about the same potentialities which formerly attached to Charles Warren Fairbanks. Also, it would mean a government so divided that both parties could handily escape responsibility for anything that happened.

Though there is much talk of this turning out of Republicans and turning in of Democrats we wish to hold up, especially before younger voters, the basic fact that neither party name has the least significance. What fair men want is a government more truly democratic, and neither party is yet in a position to give a valid promise that it will forward that cause. By far the most hopeful political movement is that one, nominally within the ranks of the Republican party, which is called insurgency.

It is said, over and over, that a representative government must necessarily be a government by popular parties, but the example of the United States proves the contrary. Ours is, to an important degree, government by an unpopular party—namely, by those large, politically-coördinate business interests which actually control a strong working majority of the Senate, composed of nominal Democrats and nominal Republicans, with a not insignificant following in the House. England, to illustrate, has government by parties, subject to the comparatively small impediment of the House of Lords. Whichever party wins at the polls immediately assumes full control of the really efficient organs of government. But, to say nothing of the Supreme Court, which may upset any particular policy to which the successful party is pledged, by far the most efficient organ of our Government on the legislative side, the Senate, is still practically unaffected by the shifting popular fortunes of party. What a Senate, nominally Democratic, did to tariff reform in Cleveland's second Administration is well remembered.

As both parties are now constituted the particular virtue of either lies in its usefulness as a rod with which to threaten the other. If you have a good insurgent Republican in Congress prepare to stick to him.

Why is a Constitution?

A LONG time ago the Texas Legislature passed a local-option act under which each community might decide for itself, by ballot, whether it would have saloons. For some reason the Supreme Court of that ancient time held the act to be unconstitutional. This, however, did not abate local antipathies to the saloon; so the legislature passed several special acts conferring the local-option privilege upon certain specified places which were determined not to tolerate the liquor traffic. Going to the legislature for a special act was inconvenient. For this and other reasons Texas became dissatisfied with the old constitution. But still being under that strange delusion, common to all states, that some sort of cast-iron constitution was necessary, Texas went to the trouble of adopting a brand-new one. It provided, in effect, that every community should be privileged to tolerate or prohibit saloons according as a majority of the voters might decide.

Lately a powerful agitation for state-wide prohibition has sprung up. But eminent lawyers assert that a state-wide prohibition act would be unconstitutional because it would squarely conflict with the local-option clause of the organic law, as that clause guarantees local option, and state-wide prohibition would leave no locality any option. According to this well-supported view, to achieve state-wide prohibition the constitution must be amended, which is far more difficult than the passing of a simple prohibitory statute by a majority of the legislature.

When a body of by no means inspired citizens sits solemnly down to legislate for future generations, whose needs and circumstances they cannot possibly foresee, by framing a cast-iron constitution, the gods must fairly laugh their heads off.

England's Cheering Outlook

THAT there will soon be another general election in England is now regarded as a matter of course. Last winter's seismic struggle at the polls merely settled the question of one year's budget. As the Liberals won, though by a lessened majority, Lords and Commons will no doubt obey the popular mandate and pass Lloyd George's tax proposals. But upon the much greater question of the Lords' veto power there must, most observers agree, be a new appeal to the country, in which that question will be complicated by the other great issue of home rule for Ireland

In the contest which thus impends very likely the Liberals will lose. They have been in power a good while, with the usual accumulation of criticisms and grievances. The realm has been distracted by acute politics for months. Two general elections within a year is enough to try the patience of almost any virtuous business man who desires chiefly peace and profits. To restrict the veto power of the Lords is certainly to fly in the face of the Fathers and to kick Precedent down the back stairs—acts as jarring to the average British nerves as to the average American. Among large classes of English voters there is small enough enthusiasm for Irish home rule.

Quite likely, therefore, the Liberals will lose, and the next Parliament will contain a Unionist majority. That conservative party's affection for the Lloyd George budget is well known. Given a free hand, it would deal with the distinctive features of that budget just about as an ante-bellum Democratic convention would have dealt with a resolution for the abolition of slavery In short, if the next Parliament is controlled by Unionists it will undoubtedly adopt a conservative budget.

Thus, after a year of harrowing agitation and two general elections, England would be substantially where she was before, and in a position to start all over again. And this would be a result of the wasteful method of voting merely for parties and candidates, instead of expressly upon measures, by referendum.

Our Mortal Fear of Money

SUPERFICIAL critics say that blind adoration of money is the leading characteristic of Americans. But we should say that, more than any other people, Americans live in ashen terror of wealth.

The commonest objection to a central bank is that it would be captured by the money power of Wall Street, about as a hawk captures an infant chicken, while the United States, in the ineffectual rôle of setting hen, could only cluck vain protests. And when Mr. Rockefeller asks Congress for an act to facilitate the bestowal of his large fortune in charity, the tocsin of alarm is rung by many goose-fleshed hands. "It is," declares one statesmanly observer, "only an insidious attempt to get control of the charitable and educational institutions of the country in the interests of the trusts."

Others see in it a cunning plan to perpetuate the Standard Oil monopoly, or even to set up an oligarchic government by the irresistible power of the Foundation's money. To these many apprehensive minds wealth is an unfetterable hawk and the United States a mere clucking hen. The simple words "two hundred million dollars" make their hair stand on end.

One might ask, if we are so afraid of Mr. Rockefeller's huge fortune, why don't we regulate him? But the answer is obvious. We are so mortally afraid of it that we dare not even stretch a corrective hand in its direction. Fear of great accumulations of wealth, we verily believe, is more often expressed and more generally felt in the United States than in any other country. Perhaps that is precisely why the United States does less than almost any other country to prevent or control them. For example, the extemely simple British expedient of a twenty-per-cent inheritance tax on large fortunes would doubtless, in time, go far toward reducing these national bogey men of ours to manageable size.

Apologies for the Bribe-Giver

THERE is much to be said in favor of the economic interpretation of history, which represents man as a bug instinctively following the grubline. Thus, folks moved from Asia to Europe in search of better pastures; bungling the royal finances produced the French Revolution; no moral or political concepts, but merely a business difference over the tariff brought on the rupture between the manufacturing North and the agricultural South; and Eve, no doubt, would never have eaten the apple if the peach crop hadn't failed that year in Eden.

Indeed, much is said in favor of economic interpretation—even by conservative people who have forgotten that it was practically invented by Socialists. But the theory can be, and is, overworked. It is indulgently applied to bribe-givers, for instance. If a railroad or other large business enterprise gives bribes it shouldn't really be blamed, because it acted under the compulsion on an economic necessity to protect itself, and was merely the hapless victim of a general condition. Several flourishing financial institutions bribed a lot of aldermen to vote city deposits into their coffers; but we shouldn't be hard on them. If they hadn't given the bribes they couldn't have got the deposits; they weren't to blame for the corrupt condition.

That sort of talk makes us tired. A bribe-giver is just a thief—not only by far the most dangerous thief in the country, but by far the meanest, most sordid and least excusable of all thieves. Already rich, he picks pockets to increase his profits. His "economic necessity" is, to that of the average burglar, as one to a hundred, and his general desirability as a citizen is in about the same ratio.

Coöperation in Canada

FIVE years ago very few people in the United States would have been able to attach any meaning whatever to the names Alberta and Saskatchewan. Now every one who reads those names, and the name of Manitoba, immediately thinks of wheat. The tremendous rise of the Canadian Northwest as a grain producer within half a decade is a familiar story.

Perhaps within another half-decade those names will widely suggest something more than wheat. The Canadian grain growers are organizing in a coöperative spirit. A rather long start in that direction has already been accomplished.

Like grain growers in this country they complained of oppression at the hands of private elevator interests that handled their product. Accordingly, at a convention in Saskatchewan last February we find them demanding not merely Federal inspection but also a system of public elevators owned and controlled by the Government. Also, we find a governmental representative giving official assurance that the demand would receive prompt and careful attention.

In March the Manitoba Legislature passed an act for the establishment of Government elevators and appropriated two million dollars for that purpose. This, of course, was in compliance with an organized, politically-effective demand by the farmers.

In the United States we find farmers rather half-heartedly and ineffectively demanding uniform Federal inspection of their wheat; and some boards of trade vigorously opposing the demand as rank paternalism, although the Merchants' Exchange of St. Louis, at least, had the fairness and good sense to take the farmers' side.

Thanks to the initiative of the grain-growers' associations of the Northwest provinces, a Dominion-wide organization of farmers was recently formed in Canada, with the title Canadian Council of Agriculture, concerning which we read this extraordinary statement:

"The energy of the Council will be devoted to investigating and prosecuting the trusts which have grown up under the protective tariff. Special attention will be given to those trusts which have enhanced the price of cotton, cement and wire fencing—commodities that are purchased in immense quantities by the farmers of Canada. . . . The farmers of Ontario, working hand in hand with those of the great prairie provinces, form a power which is sufficient to overthrow any trust capital can create."

In view of which, what emotions of thankfulness must pervade the breasts of Senator Aldrich and the Steel Trust as they reflect that American farmers are not only practically unorganized for political purposes, but also have been carefully inoculated with an innocent belief that tariff-fostered high prices for the things they buy are very beneficial to them.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Right Bowers

THERE comes a time in the life of every man, almost when he does something that makes his friends and associates wonder when the authorities are coming around to throw the net over him and put him away. 'Tis even so, and it is odd, too. All the leading students of human nature agree on the proposition that being natural is the most unnatural thing in the world, as being rational is the most irrational.

We have painfully built up a civilization that does not allow or condone a man's doing what he personally wants to do, but insists that he shall do what other people want him to do. That is, every person is the censor and the guide and the philosopher for every other person except himself. Occasionally, a man comes along and does what he wants to do, and then and there his friends and associates hold autopsies over him and decide he must be losing the power of connected thought, because he is following his own bent instead of being bent by them.

Now, I have no stenographic notes of the conversations that ensued among his friends when Lloyd Bowers, general counsel of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company, voluntarily relinquished thirty thousand dollars a year and took a subordinate position in the Department of Justice, in Washington, at seventy-five hundred dollars a year, as Solicitor-General of the United States; but if it were worth while I could write a page verbatim report of what was said. I know how they talked, and so do you. "Poor Bowers! Right in the prime of life, at the apex of his powers, to let go of twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars a year! Certainly, something was wrong with him." That is about what they said

All the Men From the West Swear He Is the Finest Chap on Earth

Once in a long time we find a man who does not measure everything by the dollar. Occasionally there is a citizen who prefers what he prefers to all the money there is. There are not many of them. But now and then we find one. Whereupon, we are universally of the opinion that this man does not know what he wants, but is a simple child of Nature, needing a guardian, but most of all needing advice, which we profusely give to him. Bowers did that thing. He quit the railroad business and went to the Department of Justice He never told me, nor so far as I know did he ever tell any one else, but I know the reason. If Bowers would tell, it is a thousand to one that he left Chicago for Washington because he was tired of furnishing brains for boards of directors who, after he had furnished them—and he has them to furnish, by the way, in large supply—thought and acted as though they had furnished the brains themselves. Far be it from me to heave any rocks at Bowers' former directors. They have much brains, or they wouldn't be directors; but they haven't Bowers' kind. Few have.

There are plenty of lawyers in this Administration. It is all cluttered up with them. We have a Great Legal Luminary Cabinet, more legal than luminous, perhaps—as the history of the first year of the Administration shows—but it is probably true that if questioned about it, everybody, from President Taft down, would admit that Bowers is the biggest lawyer in the lot. Hence, it is easy to see why Bowers came to Washington. He was sick of specializing. He wanted to get out in the open. And in this day the Department of Justice furnishes about as good a field for that sort of practice as can be found. The sign that might be over that institution would read: "All sorts of law neatly and expeditiously practiced. Special attention paid to the Constitution. Give us a call."

Bowers' Heavy Hobbies

HE IS most interesting, this big, slow-moving Massachusetts man who transplanted himself to the West after he finished at Yale, and who has lived in the West for thirty years or so. He has a mind that simply revels in the abstruse and complicated. One day a friend of his boarded a Pullman car and went into the smoking compartment. The light was dim, but he made out a man sitting in the corner, poring over a book. Presently, when they got out of the station, he discovered the man in the corner was Bowers.

"Hello, Lloyd!" he said.

Bowers pulled himself out of his book and greeted his friend.

"What are you reading?"

Bowers handed over the book. It was a book of problems in calculus, and Bowers was away over in the back part, figuring out some tough ones, just for fun

He generally carries his calculus or some other abstruse mathematical book with him. That is one way he enjoys himself. It is more pleasure to him to work out something with a bunch of logarithms and a few *nth* powers than to go to a show. Every time he gets a chance he jumps into the higher mathematics up to his neck, and wades out.

After he was forty-five years old he took up the study of the theory and science of music, the theory of harmonics and all that sort of thing, and mastered it. Today he is a most proficient theoretical musician and he has acquired a respectable technical skill, also. He can figure out the perihelion of Halley's comet for you on the back of an envelope, and will expound the fourth dimension with confounding breadth of information.

Of course, those are his recreations, but they show the kind of a mind he has, logical, analytical, comprehensive. After seven years of dubbing around by various legal sharps in this Government, and after hearing many bales of opinions which were just as dub as the dubbers, President Taft turned the celebrated question, "What is whisky?" over to Bowers. Great interests hinged on the proper answer to this question, or, rather, on the exact legal answer. Bowers wrote the opinion that President Taft adopted for his own, and it was as clear as crystal, although I imagine many of the special interests dissented. Anyhow, it is there, and Bowers did it.

Bowers was a counsel for the Government in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, and argued in the court the Government's contention in the corporation tax case. Those who heard that argument said it was masterly. Still, according to his friends, Bowers has a record of having won thirteen out of fourteen cases before the United States Supreme Court, which is a record in all that the word implies.

He was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, and was at Yale at the same time as Taft, being a junior when Taft was a senior. Both are members of Skull and Bones They have been friends ever since college days. Bowers went to Minnesota after he graduated and settled in Winona, where, a few years later, James A. Tawney, then a blacksmith from Pennsylvania, but now the chairman of the great Appropriations Committee in the House of Representatives, came to live

Bowers practiced law in Winona for nine years, coming to be the local attorney for the Northwestern road. Seventeen years ago he went to Chicago and soon became general counsel for the same road. He stayed in Chicago until President Taft asked him to be Solicitor-General. Then he came to Washington.

He has an ambition to go on the bench of the United States Supreme Court. Indeed, he may be appointed to that bench by President Taft before this is printed, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Justice Brewer. Whether he is or not, it is well known that eventually Bowers will be placed on the bench, and he will make a great judge

Bowers is a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, big-headed man, about five feet ten inches tall and weighing close to two hundred pounds. He is quiet, modest, companionable, and all the men from Chicago and the West who know him swear he is the finest chap on earth. He is the most studious man in Washington, deeply impressed with the seriousness and importance of his work, but not taking himself at all seriously in the sense of being pedantic or didactic. He puts on no frills and cuts no monkey-shines. Much of the time he eats his luncheon at a place where you help yourself to sandwiches and pie, and he works all the time.

Think of the thirst for information in a man who, having exhausted all other sorts of mathematics, took up the study of the theory of music after he was forty-five! Maybe it is a good thing, though, for if he is made a Justice of the Supreme Court he can write a fine, sonorous, dignified march for the court to use when it comes in at twelve o'clock each sitting day and, perhaps, set "Silence in this Honorable Court!" to a neat little cadenza.

An Expensive Hit

A CANDIDATE for office in Minnesota, where there is a large Norwegian vote, went to a friend who is a Norwegian and said: "I've got to make a speech to a lot of your people tonight and I wish you would give me a neat, snappy line of Norwegian to end up my speech. Write me out something so I can memorize it and make a hit."

"All right," said the friend, "I'll send it to you."

Next day he sent this: "Vil dere alle sammen vaere so snille at gaaned og have lidet forfris kning paa nin bekosning i salonen ne denunder."

The candidate made his speech to a packed hall At the close of the speech he delivered his line of Norwegian with great declamatory effect.

The audience received the line with a yell of delight and began a rush for the door.

"Well," said the candidate, "that was a hit. What did I say to them?"

"You asked them all to go down to the saloon and have a drink at your expense," replied the friend.

The Deacon's Dilemma

REPRESENTATIVE Dudley M. Hughes, of the Third Georgia District, is a farmer in addition to being a statesman. Recently, when he was at home, Mr Hughes received an urgent call to go to the police station in Macon. When he arrived Mr. Hughes found that one of his negro laborers had temporary quarters there.

The negro was very penitent and very anxious to get out.

"Marse Dud," he said, "youse er deekin in de White Baptis' church, ain't yer?"

Yes Sam

"An' yer knows I's er deekin in de Cullud Baptis' church, don't yer, Marse Dud?"

"Yes, Sam; but what has this to do with your present trouble?"

"Well, I jis' wanter say dis, Marse Dud, dat hit's time fer us deekins t' stick tergether!"

A Disgraceful Position

TWO Yale men were invited by a Harvard man to go into the Harvard Club in New York to have something.

While they were having it one of the Yale men looked hard at the bartender and said: "Hello, Tom!"

"How did you know him?" asked the Harvard man.

"Oh," said the Yale man, "he was a member of my class."

A few days later the Yale man met the Harvard man and asked: "How is my classmate getting along?"

"He quit," said the Harvard man. "He said he couldn't stand the disgrace."

Strong on Stopping

JOE DAVERN, a New York automobile man, heard Charles E. Miller, another automobile man, hiring a new chauffeur.

"Anybody can drive a car," said Mr. Miller to the applicant. "I want a man who knows when to stop."

"Mr. Miller," replied the applicant, "I used to be a parachute jumper."

The Making of a Berber Acrobat

By MARY HEATON VORSE

"MAYBE," said Si Hassan Ben Ali—"Maybe you think it's an easy job to hold down a bunch of Moors if your show's snowed up in a Northwestern town—you try it, man!" He laughed his infectious laugh. "Did I tell you about when I was doing my durbar and had my whole Arab troupe over, riding and powder play, and nearly a hundred Hindus? No, I don't want to take out Hindus and Moors ever again—not at the same time! Yes, the Wild East business keeps you busy; it's bad enough if you have different tribes in one company, but when you go to having different nations, the way you must for a whole Oriental exhibit—whew! It keeps you busy. Just with a new troupe it's bad enough. Why, what do my boys know when I first bring them over? They know how to ride a camel—that don't learn you to keep out of the way of a scene-shifter.

"I couldn't make you understand how little my boys know when I get them. Why, down in my country I have to be careful what I say; if I said how things were really in America they'd think I was a liar. When I bring a boy out of the Sus he thinks the earth is flat; he don't even speak Arabic, perhaps—only Sheela—and I plunge him in the Hippodrome, perhaps, or down to Luna Park, perhaps, and he stands for two or three hours with his mouth open in front of one thing, and another stands in front of another thing, and I got to round up the whole bunch for their act every time. It's natural, if you'd come from Sus country straight to Luna Park you'd stare." Thus philosophized Si Hassan Ben Ali, "Universal Purveyor of High-Class Novelties, Oriental Sensational Specialties."

We were walking along a little road at either side of which grew thick hedges of prickly pear. Groups of silent, white-robed and veiled women passed us, red slippers on their feet, and paused to kiss the sacred olive tree. Children clad in brilliant orange and yellows and salmons darted to and fro before our feet. Si Hassan Ben Ali himself was dressed in long, flowing robes, as a Moor should be, his dark blue djellab of fine cloth swung from his shoulders in sculptured folds, and the hood of the under one of fine wool was drawn above his turban.

We were outside of Tangier in a little street where you may look in vain for a European, and where the people who pass you look as though they had walked out of the illustrations of the Holy Scriptures.

Si Hassan and His People

We went through a gate into a garden; women were drawing water in buckets by means of a well-sweep.

"Sometimes," mused Si Hassan, "I have made East shows out of nothing. There was the time in Cincinnati when I made a Filipino village out of niggers, and if you are hard put to it there's some palish colored girls in Philadelphia that are quite accomplished Oriental dancers. Yes, if you have to get a Fatima in a hurry for the Streets of Cairo, you can round one up most always in Philadelphia."

The women came forward and kissed his sleeve, for Si Hassan is a Marabout and holy in the eyes of his people

"How art thou?" he greeted them. "Well? Praise be to Allah!" Then he went on: "These women's boys play in my show; they come from Sus country. . . . Yes, I made a Filipino village in two days on nothing better than Cincinnati niggers."

If you have been much to shows and circuses you will have seen some of the troupes of Si Hassan Ben Ali, for there is never a time in America when there are not several acts of his somewhere in the country. Or you may have come across them in one of the circuses in Paris, or in the big variety theater in Vienna—troupes of olive-skinned men and boys they are, with flashing dark eyes and of amazing suppleness—but, unless there is some big Oriental exhibit at a world's fair somewhere in Europe, Si Hassan's people supply our shows. It is in Tangier that Si Hassan has his school for tumblers and acrobats. We passed through the garden and went into a long room carpeted with Oriental rugs; of furniture it had none but a rolltop American desk and an office chair, near which was a pile of cushions where sat a very old man. This was Sheik Hadj Nassar, poet, pilgrim and trainer of circus boys.

From a drawer Si Hassan took many photographs, some yellow with age, some of yesterday—the troupes of his men who had played through the States and who had passed through the hands of the old man sitting on the floor. Si Hassan clapped his hands and seven boys of different sizes filed in and, as they passed Sheik Hadj Nassar, each one paused and kissed the master's shoulder. He didn't look at them or pay any attention. This little ceremony is repeated whenever the boys come in to practice. They sat down in the corner cross-legged—long-eyed, olive-faced little Orientals, barefooted, for their little slippers had been left without the door, clad in white.

A Race of Acrobats

"These boys you see here," said Si Hassan, "are all of them boys of Sus people—not all, though, born in Sus country. This boy," he pointed to a beautiful child with long eyes and curling lashes and a sweet expression—"this boy's people are Sus people, but they live in Tangier, and he got running too much in the streets and his father says:

"'Will you take care of him? Will you let him come to you, Si Hassan, and make a strong man of him?'

"My work makes strong men; none of my boys ever get sick. I work them quiet. Hadj Nassar does it for me when I am gone looking after shows. We don't hurry a boy—a little more every day, a little more every day, and the muscles grow and the body gets good all over and by-and-by that little boy won't want to smoke cigarettes any more; he won't want to run around the streets. He will be a good boy. He won't ever go in a show, but he will be better all his life because he will stay with me a year or two.

"It is sort of a school here—a school run on an Oriental plan, perhaps, but a school. No system such as you know is observed; the work is continually varied. There may be four hours' practice a day, there may be but two, but never what will tire a boy or what will strain his strength."

That's the secret of the perfection of the work of Si Hassan's men. Orientals are patient—they are patient in training their children as they are in other things. Hadj Nassar has trained more than three hundred boys for circuses himself, and yet that little house up on the hillside, with its sloping gardens, with occasionally a woman going to draw water from the well, never has the atmosphere of bustle or hurry. There is time for everything—time for a boy to grow up comfortably and get his muscles supple and grow big and strong, without any of the ill effects that some of our training systems have on the very young. If you are one of Sheik Hadj Nassar's pupils you don't get muscle-bound or you don't strain your heart, or the first time you stop your daily work you don't put on more fat than is good for you. You develop along a line of training that has the wisdom of centuries behind it, for the Sus country has always sent athletes and acrobats out into the world.

There is a record written in stone in Egypt of a Pharaoh of the Fourth Dynasty showing favor to a company of acrobats from the Sus.

"Every one of these boys is pure Berber from the Sus people," Si Hassan told me. "If I can help myself, even if I need another boy to complete a company, I only take Berber people. Why is it? Not because I like my own people best, but because they are better stock for my business. I have been in the show business twenty-one years and I have found out the others don't pay. You see that boy out there"—he nodded toward a dark-skinned

Speedwell "50"
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$2500

Licensed under Selden Patent

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It's a mighty poor car that hasn't one or two points to talk about. But it is *the features that are not talked about*—that are kept hidden from sight—that are passed over in a hurry when the car is being demonstrated *that afterward cause you worry and annoyance—cost you time and money.*

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For instance, there is safety—which is taken care of in the Speedwell by reinforced framework, I-beam drop forged axles, dependable steering gear, and a greater braking surface (to the inch per pound) than any other big car on the market.

Again, there is the elimination of unsprung weight. There is not an ounce of unnecessary weight resting on the rear axle, and this saves tire expense.

And there are many other points—some big, some little—some visible, some hidden—but all playing important parts in the use, enjoyment and economical up-keep of a car—*that you ought to know about before you buy.*

Let us send our nearest agent to explain these points to you. He will show you the car itself. Then all we ask is that you compare it critically with all other cars, regardless of price.

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Grape-Nuts

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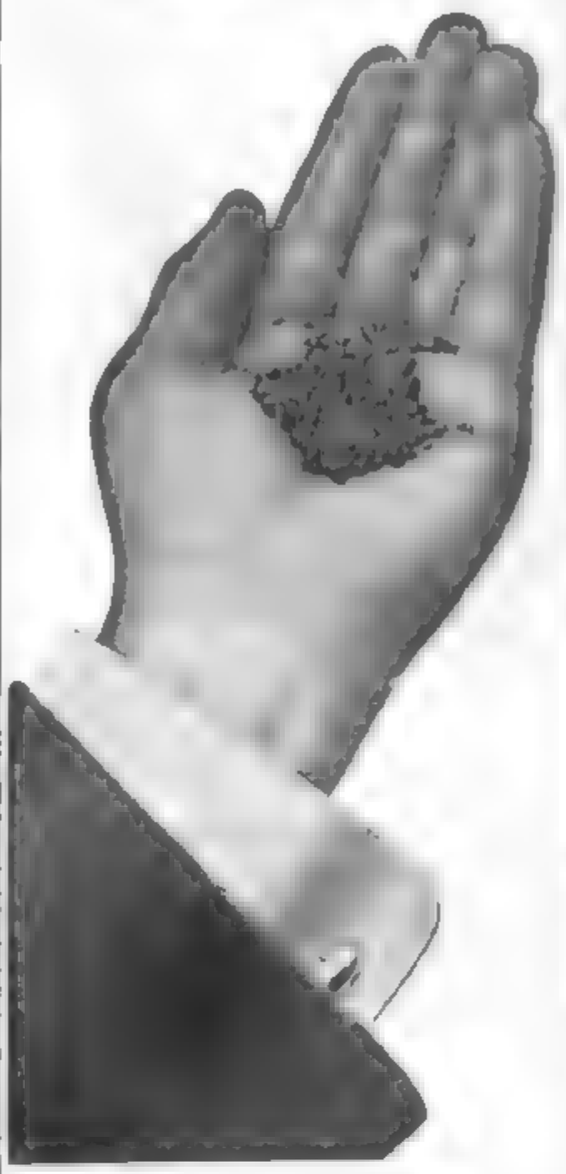

Reveals, on the outside of the granules, shining crystalline particles of a peculiar sugar—not put there, but developed by the diastase of barley and long baking.

This world-famed food is made of whole wheat and barley. The barley contains the starch-digesting principle—diastase—which is similar to one of the digestive juices of the body; the one which changes starch into sugar.

This sugar requires no further digestion—is quickly taken up by the blood and constitutes real food.

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Its rich, nutty flavour (enhanced by good cream) arouses a normal appetite. This promotes normal nutrition.

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"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
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lad, well grown and with straight features, but with kinky hair—"he is a smart boy, but I don't take him. That boy has got some black blood in him. Here at the coast they marry with their black slaves. We Berbers keep our race pure; we are an all-white race.

"I used to take such boys because they are very clever when they are young. I don't take them any more. I have been in the show business for twenty-one years and I have found that for me there is only going to be trouble if I take a boy with black blood in him. He's all right for a while, and then he'll break his contracts or get into trouble or get lazy.

"If I do take any boy with me that isn't from my own country I look him up in the book. There's a great big book here in Morocco and in it are written all the names of every family—the names of the families who went to Spain and came back again, the names of the Arabs who come here from Algeria and from Egypt. We know those families, whether they have married with slaves—everything is written there; and before I take a boy and start in to train him I must know what does he come from, like I would look at a seed before I planted it in my garden. If I want an almond tree I don't plant a peach seed or an apple.

"All these things you find out from experience. Another is: I don't take an Arab from Fellahin stock from Egypt, because they are tricky and they go to pieces young. They look as strong as any of our boys, but there's something in the blood that isn't good. In my work I must have boys that are good not only when they are ten, but when they are twenty, not just for me, but for them, too. It isn't right to take a boy to train him to a work that by-and-by is going to kill him or make him weak. You work these things out when you have been in the show business the long time I have."

In America the circus business is simple: if you get a boy young enough you train him and if he's a strong boy and ambitious you make an athlete out of him. He works in a gymnasium many hours a day. But in this little backwater that feeds our big shows it's a different matter. Breeding comes in and heredity. The boys who are to be trained go to a school; they live there; they eat there. They are taught absolute obedience to authority, and respect for their elders, and reverence for the faith of their fathers, because, as Sheik Hadj Nassar says, when you take a boy and train him you don't train only his muscle; you must train him and make a strong man of him.

It begins very gently. The little Tangier boy who had run too much in the streets was a beginner. They put a hand under him and told him to bend backward and, holding him up, he bent back until his hands and feet rested on the floor—just for a second, and then over again for a second longer. Then the boy from the Sus, who spoke only Sheela and didn't understand but three words of Arabic, bent backward until he took both of his ankles in his hands, and when he came up again slowly, without haste, his face wasn't even flushed, while the other's was crimson.

The A B C's of Acrobatics

"In that way they learn," said Si Hassan. Another thing: one of the bigger boys throws a lad around his waist as though he were a sash and he must try and catch hold of his ankles with his hands. Perhaps he can do it with only one hand—one hand today, the other tomorrow, and the third day both hands. And thus will happen over and over again with the patience of the Orientals. No boy is scolded because he hasn't done what he was told, nor do the other boys laugh at him for failure.

Again another thing: this is the "eagle." You jump in the air, arms above your head, and, while you are in the air, hit your heels together. It isn't as easy as it sounds. This feat is for acrobats what the famous *entrechat* is for a ballet dancer. And while you do this you must "feel like an eagle"—feel that you can soar. A swift turn on the floor is the "fish." This is very difficult to do and only for an accomplished athlete. Then the beginner will stand upright without fear—just for balance, because balance and suppleness and strength are the three requisites of the athlete—on the shoulders of one of the men, and then he will learn to mount to the head and stand there balanced, arms outspread, pretending that he is on the solid ground.

Sitting by the door was a Biblical figure. He was dressed in long, flowing robes of white homespun, the top of which was bound about his head with strand on strand of camel's hair—a wild-looking man, an Oriental, a man from the depths of some far country, the sort of a man that our painters like to picture hunched on a camel. You see such men riding in from the distant back country, sometimes from over the great Atlas. By his side sat a little boy who in one ear wore a big silver earring and was clad in a blue homespun tunic.

"This boy is my new boy," said Si Hassan. "He came yesterday. Soon I shall take him with me. He is from the Sus, he came in by camel caravan yesterday."

"And how long was he on the road?" I asked.

Then in perfectly good English from the man who might have posed for one of the prophets in a Sargent painting came the words:

"More than two weeks, ma'am."

"That man," explained Si Hassan, "was one of my men once."

"I worked all through the States," asserted the Biblical one, "in a big circus company."

"And then, you see," said Si Hassan, "he comes back to the Sus country and he marries, and now he has trained his son and brings him to me." He nodded to the boy, who turned wonderful somersaults in the air, doing series of one-handed cartwheels in geometrical designs, then stopped as Si Hassan clapped his hands.

"His father has trained him well. He will give Hadj Nassar very little trouble before I can take him with me, and that boy knows nothing of the world—nothing but how to ride a camel and do his work. So it is with my men; some stay in the show business, some make a little money and start in something else, but most of them go back after a time to the Sus. All that the Sus knows of the world my men bring back there."

Songs in an Unwritten Tongue

If you take a map of Morocco, the forbidden land, where you may not depart from the Infidel City of Tangier without a soldier of the Bashaw accompanying you, you will find, down beyond Mogador, beyond Marrakesh, beyond the great Atlas, a district marked "Sus." Down there live true Moors who keep the faith of their fathers, who know nothing of the world except how to be men—strong riders, fanatics, haters of Nazarenes. One Christian only has been in their country, and he under the guiding wing of Si Hassan. It would mean death to any Christian to go down there alone unvouched for. No letter from Sultan or Bashaw would help him.

It is from this stock that our acrobats come—a little trickle of them every year—and have always come since the time of the Pharaohs, to delight the gaping city dwellers. For the circus business has curious ramifications. Down there are a handful of men—American citizens, speaking English, knowing of our great cities what one learns from the doors of a circus tent or from the scenes of a theater—who have done their little work, made their little money and gone back again.

As soon as the boys had done their drill and been dismissed, "We will have some music," Si Hassan said, and he brought forth a phonograph and played first, out of courtesy, some American records. "Would you like to hear some Sheela music?" he asked. "Hadj Nassar's real business is a singer and a poet, and I will give you records I made in France from a pupil of Hadj Nassar's who traveled one time in a troupe of mine."

The Sheela tongue is an unwritten tongue—it has no alphabet. All the poetry of its great poets is handed down from one generation to another. And it was from this twentieth-century phonograph that the man sang to us in his unwritten language, and from outside the house came in bronze-faced men—men who had come up from their country to get news of their sons and to bring news to Si Hassan before he should go to arrange for a big show in Germany. They listened laughing, shaking their heads, and the little boys slid in and sat cross-legged, listening to the poetry of their own country, of their own unwritten tongue, singing to them from a talking machine.

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We bring in our tomatoes fresh from our own farms; near at hand; not picked green and left to ripen on trains; but ripened to the minute *on the vines*. This perfect fruit contains a high percentage of *natural* sugar. You notice that the touch of sweetness in this soup is free from any cloying effect.

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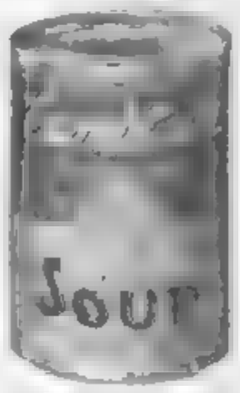

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Let the kettle bubble.
Fill the pan
From *Campbell's* can,
Laugh—and make it double.

YOUR SAVINGS

The Franchise and the Investor

IF ALL the franchises under which our public-service utilities operate were suddenly revoked prostration would fall upon our cities. Street cars would stop running; there would be no gas or electric light; water supply would in all probability be curtailed and telephone service would cease. In short, business would come to a standstill and homes would lack their most urgent necessities. More than this, the earning power of thousands of corporations whose capitalization aggregates nearly eight billions of dollars and whose securities are widely held by investors would be halted. Hence it is easy to see that franchises not only play a very important part in the daily drama of all the people, but have an intimate concern for the investor as well

The whole subject of franchises, however, is extremely complicated, because each state has its particular code of laws governing their bestowal and regulation. In many instances they are hopelessly bound up in the political manipulation of municipalities. Yet there are certain important facts about them common to all states and communities, and a knowledge of them may be of interest and value to the investor everywhere. It is with these facts that we are concerned.

In the first place, why do franchises exist? Simply because a corporation that serves the people by running street cars or by furnishing heat, power, light, water or telephone service must use the public thoroughfares. Since these streets belong to the city or town some special permit must be secured to use them. This permit, which may be sold or given away, and which is a license to operate, is the franchise.

The franchise may be granted by the city or the state. In Rhode Island, for example, all franchises are bestowed by the legislature. In New York State the legislature can grant franchises for any public utility except street railways, which, as in most cities, are at the disposal of the local governing bodies like boards of aldermen or councils. Street railways are regarded as the most important of public-service corporations and their capitalization is equal to the combined capitalization of all other utilities. The nearer you get to wire-using franchises—that is, for electricity, telephones or power—the nearer you get to state grants.

Three Sorts of Franchise

There are three kinds of franchises: the perpetual, the fixed-term and the indeterminate. Let us see just what they are. As the name indicates, the perpetual franchise is without end. Cities and towns used to grant these with great recklessness, thus tying up the future of many important streets. With the establishment of public-service commissions, however, this giving away of permanent control of valuable rights has been stopped. A perpetual franchise has had the tendency to produce overcapitalization, high rates, poor service and indifference to public interest. The company said—when there was no regulation by commission—"Our rights are permanent and no one can touch us." In New York City most of the old franchises are permanent.

A fixed-term franchise is for a certain number of years. It may be twenty-five or it may be forty. Many of these have the privilege of renewal. Many states have been adopting laws providing for a maximum life for franchises. In Ohio it is twenty-five years; in Illinois it is twenty years; in Michigan, thirty years; in Kentucky, twenty years; in Virginia, thirty years; in New York City, twenty-five with privilege of renewal for twenty-five years; in California, fifty years, and so on

The indeterminate franchise is the latest form and at the present time is receiving the most attention from people interested in public-service financing and operation. It is a compromise between the perpetual franchise, which robbed people of rights, and the very short-term franchise, which was too stringent to enable the companies to make any money It is only valid during the good behavior of the company. Under its terms the city reserves the right to terminate it if service is bad—or for some other good reason and take over the property for a fair compensation. In this way the community has real control over the corporations that serve it. These franchises prevail exclusively in Massachusetts. The question now arises: Which of these franchises affords the greatest protection to the man or woman who has invested savings in a public-service corporation bond? So many local conditions enter into the consideration of this question that it is almost impossible to lay down a series of general rules. One of the very first difficulties is that two distinct interests are involved—one is the welfare of the person who has the average citizen's right in the franchise, and is entitled to good public service; the other is the protection of the investor, who wants the company to push its traffic to the utmost.

Why Utility Companies Run Down

But this rule may be laid down at the outset: Just as it is important to know the kind of mortgage which secures your bond, so is it wise to be familiar with the terms of the franchise under which the company whose bonds you own operates. Many franchises, for instance, lack safeguards that the conservative investor should insist upon. You find this state of affairs in some short-term franchises. This is especially true when the company shall cease to have any rights in the streets and must be required to remove its property at the expiration of the franchise. Two things usually happen when there is no specification for renewal. One is that the company becomes indifferent to the kind of service it gives and permits its property to run down. For the bondholder this means that if there is a foreclosure sale there will be little upon which to realize money. The other is that the company becomes involved in politics and seeks by the corruption of aldermen and councilmen to have the franchise renewed or to prevent some new company from getting one. This means the expenditure of considerable money. It can only come from one place, and that place is the treasury of the company. Of course no honest record is kept of this disbursement. Usually it is charged to "operating expenses" or, as happened in the case of the New York City lines, to "construction account." The hardship that charging this political blackmail to operating expenses works on the investor is that in the financial conduct of any corporation the operating expenses form a charge on gross earnings that comes ahead of interest and dividends. Hence if they are excessive they may prevent the company from being able to pay its fixed charges, and thus, in turn, leads to receivership and bankruptcy.

This naturally leads to a rule which the average investor will do well to keep in mind when he comes to buy a public-service bond, and it is: Under ordinary franchise conditions never buy a bond in a public-service corporation that extends beyond the life of the franchise. The reason is quite simple. If you buy a bond, for example, that matures in 1936, and the franchise expires in 1930, and there is no assurance that the franchise will be renewed, you run the risk that the company may not be able to get a renewal and will have to struggle along—as happened for a time in Chicago—giving bad service, losing money and being in a bad way generally.

Therefore, when the franchise is for a limited or fixed term be sure to see that it contains provisions either for renewal or for the continuance of operation by the city. Thus the company continues as a "going concern" and as a money-maker. The taking over of a street-railway company or any other utility by a city does not necessarily mean public ownership, because the city can at once lease the property to private concerns.

One other evil must be avoided, and this is the capitalization of franchises. Nothing is more dangerous to the best interests of the company. This happens when the corporation gets its franchise for nothing. Thus, it represents no concrete

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outlay. Vast amounts of capitalization are issued against such a franchise, and it is water, pure and simple. This water imposes a heavy burden on the company and in many cases has dragged it down to receivership. The worst example is afforded by the traction lines in New York City, where single sections of franchises that cost nothing were capitalized for millions. This kind of overcapitalization works two hardships: it takes money away from the investor, because dividends must be reduced, it gives the community a bad service, because every dollar must go to keeping this excessive capital alive and no money can be expended on improvements or new equipment.

But how is the investor to find out whether the franchise has been capitalized? There is but one sure acid test—one that the investor will do well to apply to any kind of concern whose bonds he buys. It is in the actual valuation of the property. This is the signboard of the man with savings. No capitalization of franchise can stand up under an honest appraisal. For every hundred dollars of capital there should be a hundred dollars' worth of real, tangible property. If the franchise has been paid for, then securities representing this exact cost may be issued, but only under such conditions.

The Franchise That Protects

This, of course, brings up another danger in public-service bonds, and this danger lies in the capitalization of replacements. Sometimes there is a clause in a franchise which provides for the setting aside of a depreciation fund for the maintenance of property out of earnings. This is a safeguard of the highest type and it strikes at an old corporate evil. It is so important that it is worth explaining here again. In every corporation power-houses wear out and old machinery and cars must be replaced. It usually happens that bonds have been issued against this property. When new equipment is needed fresh bonds are issued against the new property. But what has happened? The old bonds remain and yet the property which formed their security has disappeared. Thus the company has two sets of debts and only one set of securities. This is called the capitalization of replacement. Of course, it is a hardship on the company.

Economic, efficient and profitable conduct of public-service corporations demands that replacements be made out of earnings, and not out of capital. Hence the franchise that provides for this kind of renewal is the one that affords the best sort of protection for the investor.

When you turn to the perpetual franchise you find a danger sometimes in too much license. This is true of systems made up of a number of smaller lines, each one with its own franchise. It sometimes happens that lines obtain perpetual franchises and never use them. They are obtained by bidding an excessive price for them to scare off competitors, and then they are never used. In the city of New York there are twenty-two miles of unused horse-car track. These tracks are a menace to traffic and an impediment to improvements. The Public Service Commission has taken steps to have these franchises revoked.

Under the indeterminate franchise both investor and community are protected. As already explained this kind of franchise may be limited to a certain period; but for good cause the city can buy the property upon proper notice, and continue its operation. The result of this arrangement is that the operation of the company is continuous; the company is on its good conduct, for a premium is thus put on good service; and the integrity of the investment is maintained. This kind of franchise keeps the company out of politics and prevents misuse of its funds. The company runs no risk of losing its property without compensation, or of having its investment rendered valueless through the termination of its franchise. Summed up, from the investors' point of view it means "limited risk and limited profit."

The indeterminate franchise has had ample tests. It has been in operation in Massachusetts, for example, ever since street-car lines have run in that state, and it has worked out successfully. There is less water in Massachusetts stock than in any other state in the Union. This sort of franchise has set up one gate against it. In Wisconsin, likewise, it is working out to helpful and profitable advantage. All franchises in the District of Columbia are indeterminate, and there has been no public-service trouble as a result.

Perhaps the most spectacular working out of the indeterminate franchise has been in Chicago, where it has wrought traffic order out of chaos. The franchises of the various north and west side lines, operating under the name of the Chicago Union Traction Company, had been granted at different times and, of course, matured at various intervals. When the companies sought to renew them a bitter and costly controversy arose, during which time the tracks and equipment were allowed to depreciate and the service became almost intolerable. An agitation for public ownership added to the tangle. Finally all the franchises, including those of the south side lines, were brought together under an indeterminate franchise and a complete reorganization was effected. The provisions of this franchise are of interest and value to the investor. First of all, a flat valuation of fifty million dollars is put on all the traction property. Therefore, the man or woman who buys the securities knows that there is this much of actual value behind them. Equally important is the requirement that the company put aside eight per cent of the earnings each year for renewals and six per cent for maintenance. Thus the working efficiency—and this, in turn, means earning efficiency—is maintained all the time. The integrity of the investment, in brief, remains intact. The city has the power to buy the property at any time that the company does not maintain adequate service for the valuation—$50,000,000—set forth in the franchise, plus the amount of money spent for extensions and betterments. After operating expenses, which include maintenance and renewals, are paid, and after five per cent on the investment, which is the security-holders' guarantee, is taken out, the remainder is divided between the city and the company, the former receiving fifty-five per cent and the latter forty-five per cent.

When you come to sum up the franchise which gives the investor the best protection you find that, generally speaking, it is one which, if limited, provides for a renewal or for the taking over of the property by the city for a fair price and a continuance of operation. It should also provide for the replacement and maintenance of property out of earnings, for in this requirement is the real hope and safeguard of the investor.

Song of the G. O. P.

Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!
There's pup-pup-pup-plenty of work for you!
Everything's got in an awful stew,
Tangled and mangled and torn askew;
President scurrying, worrying, hurrying
Hither and thither and here and there,
Democrats bobbing up everywhere!
Independents making a splurge!
Congressmen chanting the Speaker's dirge.
Hark! how they bellow as they insurge!
Rows in the East and West and South,
Rows by letter and rows by mouth,
Albany seething hot and strong,
Washington boiling lively, too.
Wow, but this is a red-hot song,
The song of the horrible bug-a-boo.
Whee-ew! Whew-ew!
Teddy, O Teddy, we've work for you!
Plenty of labors for you to do!
For the G. O. P. is a sight to see,
Battered and tattered and torn and worn,
Bleary and dreary and all forlorn!
Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!
Oh, it's a terrible thing to view
And the past is dark and the future blue,
And the Grand Old Party is pale of hue,
And we're leaving the whole bad mess to you.
Teddy, O Teddy, you've come, you've come!
Bang the cymbals and pound the drum.
Give us a touch of your vanished hand,
Give us a trifle of nerve and sand.
Make us forget that we're weak and sick,
Give us the feel of the good big stick!
Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!
The whole blame business is up to you
All other leaders we jeer—pooh! pooh!
A weakly, jabbering, blabbering crew
What we want is a leader true
Who'll guide us rightly and pull us through,
And you bet your life we're glad that you
Weren't left out there for the beasts to chew,
But are here with us in time to do
The job that we certainly want you to—
Set us right where we're askew,
Drag us out of the seething stew,
Pup-pup-pup-plenty of work to do,
Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo! —*Berton Braley.*

Young men's styles in clothes

YOU young men in college, in high-school, in business, have a right to indulge a taste for clothes-styles that are different; maybe a little extreme as old men regard them; smart, lively models, snappy cut, colorings, and weaves.

There's no reason why you shouldn't go as far as you like in such matters; and there's no reason, either, why you shouldn't have, as far as you go, the advantage of all-wool fabrics and the best possible tailoring.

It's all right to seek ultra style, but you need not do without quality; when you buy our clothes you get both.

We make clothes for young men, with the quality included. Ask for our mark when you buy.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers

W. K. Kellogg's Corner

Message No. 5
What's in a Name?
A Lot

ANYONE can make corn flakes. A number of people do, but some of them lack the courage to put their own names on them. Try them and you'll know one reason why.

Then again, manufacturers pack them under the brand names of dealers who furnish the cartons. But there's only one KELLOGG'S Toasted Corn Flakes. It is packed only in the KELLOGG package which always bears the signature of W. K. Kellogg.

It guarantees *Quality* to the consumer and assures the dealer of a "*Square Deal*," such as he gets in none of the imitations.

One price to the trade and one quality to the consumer. That's the reason for the popularity of KELLOGG'S.

The Genuine has this Signature
W. K. Kellogg

Don't be the

in Porosk

Summer Under

FOR MEN Any style Shirts and Drawers per garment (Union Suits, $1.00) **50c**

You know the discomfort of putting on damp, sticky, close-woven underwear *especially* after a swim or bath

Not so with Porosknit.

Its airy texture quickly dries becomes sweet and clean – makes you *eager* to put on your Porosknit, whether man or boy.

Always keeps you cool in summer that's the idea of it.

Buy from dealers *Write us for booklet illustrating all styles*

FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12 1905

TR Porosk REG. U.S. P

This Label on E

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., 1

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'wear—It's Cool and Elastic

ADE MARK

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DESIGN PAT. DEC 19 1905

AT. OFF.

Every Garment

FOR BOYS Any style Shirts and Drawers per garment 25c
(Union Suits, 50c.)

Porosknit is perfect in fit, because properly proportioned. Yields to every movement—gives freedom—because *elastic*. Never bulges, because shape-retaining.

Its open texture lets air reach the body and evaporate the hot perspiration. Wears *extra* long, because made of extra quality yarn. Satisfactory from *every* standpoint. Try it once.

Buy from dealers. *Write us for booklet illustrating all styles*

Washington Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

THE VARMINT

(Continued from Page 21)

"Gee, it's great to be back," he found himself saying to Butcher Stevens next to him.

"You bet it is!"

"Charlie DeSoto looks fit, doesn't he?"

"He's eight pounds heavier, Doc tells me."

"By George, that's fine!"

They stopped to sing the third verse.

"It won't be any fifty-six to nothing when Andover comes around," said Butcher gruffly.

"We've got to hustle?" asked Stover respectfully of the Varsity left tackle.

"We certainly have!"

"What's the prospects?"

"Behind the line, corking. It's the line's the trouble—no weight."

"There may be some new material."

"That's so." Stevens looked him over with an appraising eye. "Played the game?"

"No, but I'm going to."

"What do you strip at?"

"Why, about 140—138."

"Light."

"I thought I might try for the second eleven."

"Perhaps. Better learn the game, though, with your House team."

Hearing them talk football the crowd eagerly began to ask questions.

"Who's out for center?"

"Will they move Tough McCarty out to end?"

"Naw, he's too heavy."

"I'd play him at center, and stick the Waladoo Bird in at tackle."

"You would, would you? Shows what you know about it."

"Butcher, you'll be in at tackle, won't you?"

"Hope so," said Stevens laconically.

Stover, who had entered the observant stage of his development, noted the laconic, quiet answer and stored it away for classification and meditation among the many other details that his new attitude of watchful analysis was heaping up.

"There's the water tower! I see the water tower!" cried a voice.

"There's the chapel spire!"

"I see the Cleve!"

"All up!"

"Long cheer for the school!"

"All together!"

"Rip her out!"

They gave a cheer and then two more.

"Now, fellows," said Doc Macnooder shrilly, as master of ceremonies, "we want to pull this off in fine shape. We're going to drive around the Circle. And I want this orchestra to keep together. Whose legs are those with the cannon-cracker socks?"

"Beekstein's," cried several voices.

"Well, he's rotten. He gums the whole show. All he's thinking of is showing those fire-sale socks. Now, get together, fellows, will you?"

"We will!"

As they turned to enter the campus the voice of the master spoke, clanging its inexorable note from the old Gym. Instantly a shout broke out:

"Hang the old thing!"

"Drown it!"

"Down with the Gym bell!"

"Murder!"

"Oh, melancholy!"

"Silence!" cried the bandmaster. "Give 'em The Gym Bell—all ready below! La-da-da-dee!"

"Too high!"

"La-da-da-dum. Slow and melancholy. One, two, three!"

When the shades of night are falling
Round our campus, green and fair,
All the drowsy sons of Lawrence
To their couches then repair.
Soon the slumber god has bound them
With his spell of magic power,
And he holds them thus enchanted
Till the early morning hour.

"Up legs and at 'em now! Rip her out—chorus!"

Till awakened
By the clanging
And the whanging
And the banging
From the cupola o'erhanging,
Of that ancient Gym bell!

Cheered by the new fifth-formers, who came laughing to the windows to hail them, the stage went gloriously around the Circle and came to a stop.

"Here we are back at the same old grind," said Butcher Stevens.

"Frightful, isn't it?" said Stover, and the rest made answer:

"Back at the grindstone!"

"Hard luck!"

"We're all slaves!"

"Nothing to eat!"

"Nothing to do!"

"Stuck in a mudhole!"

XI

AT THE Kennedy steps The Roman was waiting for him. Stover shook hands or, rather, allowed The Roman to pump his, as was the custom.

"Why, dear me—dear me—this is actually Stover!" said The Roman. "Well, well! How you have grown—shouldn't have known you. Had a pleasant vacation? Yes? Glad to have you in the Kennedy. It's a good House—good boys—manly, self-reliant, purposeful. You'll like 'em."

The Roman released Stover's hand, which had grown limp in the process, and said with a twinkle to his quick little eyes:

"Don't put too much ginger into them, Stover."

This remark confirmed Stover's darkest suspicions.

"I'll scatter a little ginger around, all right," he said under his breath, as he climbed the stairs to his room. "He thinks he has the laugh on me, does he? Well, we'll see who laughs last!"

On the third floor the Tennessee Shad and Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan, from their respective trunks, were volubly debating the merits of Finnegan's victory—the Tennessee Shad claiming that the external application of cream puffs was equivalent to doping and invalidated the result.

"Hello!" said Dink.

"Why, it's my honorable roommate," said the Tennessee Shad, emerging with a load of flannels.

"It's the Dink himself," said Dennis, gamboling up. "Welcome to our city!"

"I hear I'm rooming with you," said Stover, shaking hands with the Shad.

"You certainly are, my bounding boy."

"Where's the room?"

"Straight ahead, turret room, finest on the campus, swept by ocean breezes and all that sort of thing."

"Why, Dink," said Dennis de Brian de Boru in affectionate octaves, "you old, slab-sided, knock-kneed, baby-cheeked, wall-eyed, battling Dink. You've grown ee-normously."

"How's your muscle?" said the Tennessee Shad with an ulterior motive.

"Feel it," said Stover, who had consecrated the summer to the same.

"Hard as a goat," said Dennis after an admiring whistle. "All nice little cast-iron, jerky bunches, ready and willing. Been in training, Dink?"

"Yes, just so."

"Feels sort of soft to me," said the Tennessee Shad pensively.

"Oh, it does?"

"Question: what can you do with it? Lift a trunk as heavy as this?"

"Huh!" said Stover, bending down. "Where do you want it?"

"Gee! I do believe he can carry it almost to the room," said the Tennessee Shad, whose theory of life was to admire others do his work for him.

Stover bore it proudly on his shoulders and set it down. Dennis, planting himself arms akimbo, surveyed him with melancholy disapproval.

"Too bad, Dink! I had expected better things from you. You're still green, Dink. Been too much with the cows and chickens. Don't do it; don't do it!"

Stover glanced at the Tennessee Shad, who, satisfied, had curled himself up on the bed, to rest himself after the exertion of walking.

"I guess I am still a sucker," he said, scratching his head with a foolish grin. "I'll not be so easy next time."

"Never mind, Dink," said Dennis comfortingly. "Your education's been neglected, but I'm here. Remember that. Dennis is here, ready and willing."

Presently the Gutter Pup and Lovely Mead came tumbling in, and then the lumbering proportions of P. Lentz, King of the Kennedy, crowded through the doorway, and the conversation continued in rapid crossfire.

"Who's seen the Waladoo Bird?"

"Jock Hasbrouck's dropped into the third form."

"What do you think of the electric lights they've given us?"

"They've stuck an arc light in the Circle, too."

"We'll fix that."

"How's the new material, King?"

"Rotten!"

"Think we've a chance for the House championship?"

"A fine chance—to finish last."

"Say, who do you think they've stuck us with?"

"Who?"

"Beekstein."

"Suffering Moses!"

"Never mind. We've got the Dink."

"What's he do?"

"He's the champion truckman—carry your trunk for you anywhere you want."

Dink, thus brought unwillingly into the conversation, blushed a warm red.

"Truckman?" said P. Lentz, mystified.

"Champion," said Finnegan. "The mysterious champion truckman of Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. Stand up, Dink, my man, and twitch your muscles."

Stover squirmed uneasily on his chair. There was no malice in the teasing, and yet he was at a loss how to turn it.

The Gutter Pup, as president of the Sporting Club and chief authority on the life and works of the late Marquess of Queensberry, examined the embarrassed Stover, running professional fingers over his legs and arms.

"You're the fellow who tried to fight the whole Green House, aren't you?" he said, immensely interested.

"Why, yes."

"Good nerve," said the Gutter Pup. "You've got something the style of Beans Middleton, who stood up to me for ten rounds in the days of the old Seventy-second Street gang. I'll train you up some time. You'd do well with the crouching style—good reach, quick on the trigger and all that sort of thing. Like fighting?"

"Why, I—I don't know," said Stover helplessly, unable to make out whether the Gutter Pup spoke in jest.

"Modest and brave!" said the irrepressible Finnegan.

The conversation drifted away; Stover, with a sigh of relief, obliterated himself in a corner, feeling immense distances between himself and the laughing group that continued to exchange rapid banter.

"Dennis, they tell me you're fresher than ever."

"Sir, you compliment me."

"Say, Boru, have they put you on the bottle yet?"

"Not yet, Lovely. Waiting for you to get through."

This was not particularly brilliant, but it was good-natured, and there was a certain trick to it that Stover had lost in the long weeks of Coventry.

Presently the group departed to take the keen edge off the approaching luncheon pangs by a trip to the Jigger Shop, the center of social life.

"Coming, Dink?" said the Gutter Pup.

"I—I'll be over a little later," said Stover, who did and did not want to go.

Left alone, half angry at his own enforced aloofness, and yet desiring solitude, Stover stood among the litter of boxes and gaping trunks and surveyed the four bare walls that spelled for him the word home.

"It's a bully room—bully," he said to himself with a tender feeling of possession. "The Shad's a bully fellow—bully! Dennis is a corker! I'm going to make good; see if I don't! But I'm going slow. They've got to come to me. I won't break in until they want me. Gee! What a peach of a room!"

He went to the window and looked out at the whole panorama of the school that ran about him, from the long, rakish lines of the Upper, by Memorial Hall, to the chapel and the circle of Houses that ended at the rear by the Dickinson. Below, boys were streaking across the green depths like water-bugs over limpid surfaces, or hallooing joyfully from window to terrace, greeting one another with bearlike hugs and tumbling about in frolicking heaps. He was on the mountain, they on the plain.

After an evening with the top liners of the amusement world, enjoyed from your easy chair in the quiet of your home, you realize that nothing in the way of amusement that ever came over the footlights equals that afforded by an

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Edison Phonographs range in price from the Amberola at $200, down to the Gem at $12.50. The Amberola has the sweetness, clearness and faithful reproducing powers that characterize all Edison instruments and, in addition, a case that is a masterpiece of the cabinet-maker's art. It comes in either mahogany or oak. Whoever buys a Gem, Fireside, Home, Standard or Triumph gets everything that the genius of Mr. Edison has been able to devise. All have sapphire reproducing points that do not scratch or require changing; all have silent, long-running spring motors. Each is a perfect instrument, playing both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Any Edison dealer has the line. Go and hear them or write us for complete catalog.

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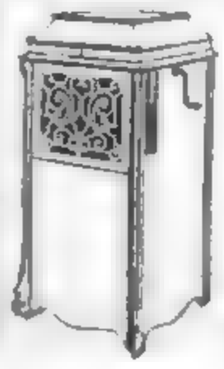

At the vaudeville show you tolerate a number of indifferent turns to hear one top liner—like Lauder, for instance. In your home with an Edison Phonograph, you can have an all-star performance because the real stars only, and all the real stars make

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Edison Records are of two kinds—Standard and Amberol. Amberol Records play twice as long as Standard Records. They give you another verse or two of the songs you like, a waltz or a two-step that is long enough, a monologue that gets somewhere and Grand Opera that is not cut or hurried. Edison Records afford a clearness and sweetness of tone not possible in Records made in any other way. They always do justice to the singer, band or orchestra—that is why the great singers and musicians prefer to make Records for the Edison Phonograph. Edison Records can be bought of any Edison dealer—Standard Records at 35 cents each; Amberol Records 50 cents each; Grand Opera Records 75 cents to $2.00.

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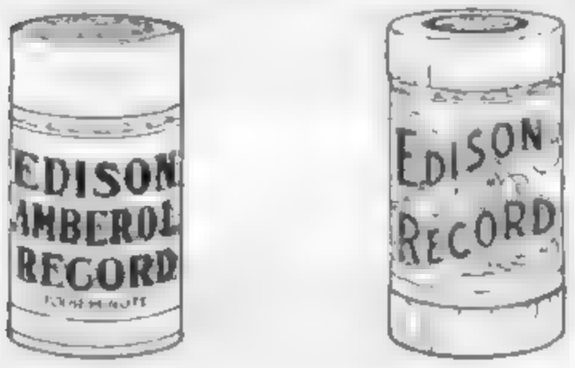


His was the imaginative perspective and the troubled vision of one who finds a strange city at his feet.

"It's all there," he said lamely, confused by his own impressions. "All of it."

"Homesick?" asked a voice behind him.

He turned to find Finnegan eying him uncertainly.

Finnegan, with an air of great mystery, locked the door, extracted the key and, returning, enthroned himself on a chair which he had previously planted defiantly on a trunk.

"That's so you can't throw me out."

"Well?"

"I m going to be fresh as paint."

"You are?" said Stover, mystified and amused

"Fact," said Finnegan, who, having crossed his legs, plunged his hands into his pockets and cocked one eye, said impressively: "Dink, you're wrong."

"What in thunder ——"

"You are, Dink, you are. But don't worry; I'm here. In the first place, you can't forget what every one else has forgotten."

"Forget what?"

"The late unpleasantness," said Finnegan, with an expelling wave of his hand. "That's over, spiked, dished, set back, covered up, cobwebbed, no flowers and no tombstone."

"Well, I like your nerve!"

"Don't—don't start in like that," said Finnegan, rolling up his sleeves over his funny, thin forearms, "'cause I shall have to thrash you."

"Well, go on," said Stover suddenly.

"You're not in Coventry—you never have been. You're one of us," said Dennis glibly. "BUT—I repeat—BUT you can't be one of us if you don't believe in your own noddle that you are one of us! Get that? That's deep—no charge, always glad to oblige a customer."

"Keep on," said Stover, leaning back.

"With your kind permission. It's all in this—you haven't got the trick."

"The trick?"

"The trick of conversation. That's not just it. The trick of answering back. Aha, that's better! Scratch out first sentiment. Change signals!"

"There's something in that," said Stover, genuinely amazed.

"You blush."

"What?"

"The word was blush," said Finnegan firmly. "I saw you—Finnegan saw you and grieved. And why? Because you didn't have the trick of answering back."

"Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan," said Stover slowly, "I believe you are a whole-hearted little cuss. Also, you're not so far off, either. Now, since this is a serious conversation, this is where I stand: I went through Hades last spring—I deserved it and it's done me good. I've come back to make good. *Saves?* And that's a serious thing, too. Now, if you have one particular theory about your art of conversation to elucidate—eluce."

"One theory!" said Finnegan, chirping along as he perceived the danger-point passed. "I'm a theorist, and a real theorist doesn't have one theory; he has dozens. Let me see; let me think, reflect, cogitate, tickle the thinker. Best way is to start at the A, B, C—first principles, all that sort of thing. Supposin'—supposin' you came into the room with that hat on—it's a bum hat, by-the-way—and some one pipes up: 'Get that at the fire sale?' What are you going to answer?"

"Why, I suppose I'd grin," said Stover slowly, "and say: 'How did you ever guess it?'"

"Wrong," said Finnegan. "You let him take the laugh."

"Well, what?"

"Something in this style: 'Oh, no; I traded it for luck with a squint-eyed, humpbacked biter-off of puppy-dog tails that got it out of Rockefeller's ashcan.' See?"

"No, Dennis, no," said Stover, bewildered. "I see, but there are some things beyond me. Every one isn't a young Shakspere."

"I know," said Finnegan, accepting the tribute without hesitation. "But there's the principle. You go him one better. You make him look like a chump. You show him what you could have said in his place. That shuts him up, makes him feel foolish, spikes the guns, corks the bottle."

"By Jove!"

"It's what I call the Superiority of the Superlative over the Comparative."

"It sounds simple," said Stover.

"When you know the trick."

"You know, Dennis," said Stover, smiling reminiscently, "I used to have the gift of gab once, almost up to you?"

"Then let's take a few crouching starts," said Dennis, delighted.

"Go ahead."

"Room full of fellows. You enter."

"I enter."

"I speak: 'Dink, I bet Bill here a quarter that you really use a toothbrush.'"

"'You lose,'" said Stover; "'I use a whiskbroom.'"

"Good!" said Dennis professionally, "but a little quicker, on the jump, get on the springboard. Try again 'Why Dink, how *do* you get such pink cheeks?'"

"That's a hard one," said Dink.

"Peanuts!"

"'Let me think'"

"Bad, very bad."

"Well, what would you say?"

"'Can't help it, Bill; the girls won't let me alone!'"

"Try me again," said Stover, laughing.

"'Say, Dink, did your mamma kiss you good-by?'"

"'Sure, Mike,'" said Stover instantly; "'combed my hair, dusted my hands, and told me not to talk to fresh little kids like you.'"

"Why, Dink, come to my arms," said Dennis, delighted. "A Number 1. Mark 100 for the term. That's the trick."

"Think I'll do?"

"Sure pop. Of course, there are times when the digestion's jumping fences and you get sort of in the thunder glums. Then just answer, 'Is that the best you can do today?' or 'Why, you're a real funny man, aren't you?'—sarcastic and sassy."

"I see."

"But better be original."

"Of course."

"Oh, it's all a knack."

"And to think that's all there is to it!" said Stover, profoundly moved.

"When you know," said Dennis in correction

"Dennis, I have a thought," said Stover suddenly. "Let's get out and try the system."

"Presto!"

"The Jigger Shop?"

"Why tarry?"

On the way over Dink stopped short.

"What now?" said Finnegan.

"Tough McCarty and a female," said Stover in great indignation.

They stood aside, awkwardly snatching off their caps as McCarty and his companion passed them on the walk. Stover saw a bit of blue felt with the white splash of a wing across it, a fluffy shirtwaist, and a skirt that was a skirt, and nothing else. His glance went to McCarty, meeting it with the old measuring antagonism. They passed.

"Damn him!" said Stover.

"Why, Dink, how shocking!"

"He's grown!"

In the joy of his own increased stature he had never dreamed that like processes of Nature produce like results.

"Ten pounds heavier," said Dennis. "He ought to make a peach of a tackle this year!"

"Bringing g'ris around!" said Stover scornfully, to vent his rage.

"'More to be pitied than blamed,'" sang Dennis on a popular air. "It's his sister Luscious eyes—quite the figure, too."

"Figure—huh!" said Stover, who hadn't seen.

At the Jigger Shop the Gutter Pup, looking up from a meringue entirely surrounded by peach jiggers, hailed them:

"Hello, Rinky Dink! Changed your mind, eh? Thought you were homesick."

"Sure I was, but Dennis came in with a bucket and caught the tears," said Stover gravely. "I'll call you in next time. Al, how be you? Here's what I owe you. Set 'em up."

"*Très bien!*" said Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan.

That night, as they started on the problem of interior decorations, Stover threw himself on the bed, rolling with laughter.

"Well, I'm glad you've decided to be cheerful; but what in blazes are you heehawing at?" said the Tennessee Shad, mystified.

"I'm laughing," said Stover, loud enough for Dennis down the hall to hear, "at the Superiority of the Superlative over the Comparative."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The most skillful

Catsup Chef

In all the world is at your service in every bottle of

Snider Tomato Catsup

For over a quarter of a century Snider Quality in Catsup has been the World's Best—every bottle produced has not only maintained, but extended its enviable reputation.

The fine color of **Snider Catsup** comes from the perfectly ripe, selected tomatoes of which it is made, without one particle of artificial coloring.

The unequalled flavour—mild, sweet and teeming with an aromatic, spicy zest—is that of the luscious fruit reduced to a heavy body and blended with the world's choicest pure spices.

Snider Catsup does not turn dark in neck of bottle—but keeps perfectly through its own perfection of materials and methods of manufacture, without chemical preservatives of any kind.

Snider Catsup is healthful, doctors claiming that the mild acidity of perfect tomatoes is an aid to digestion, and can be used freely by old and young

A juicy steak, a toothsome roast, chops, game or a plate of pork and beans are made more appetizing by **Snider Tomato Catsup,** and it adds a charming flavour to salads, sauces, gravies, soups, etc.

Sometime—somewhere—someone *may* produce a catsup the equal of Snider's, but no one will ever make better—

"It's the Process"

Snider Tomato Catsup, Snider Chili Sauce, Snider Pork & Beans and all other Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the world.

The
T. A. Snider Preserve Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio

The Overland "Send More Overlands" The Universal Cry

It is coming from hundreds of sections where Overlands never were seen until this year. These dealers have learned—as have dealers elsewhere—that the Overland, when it does come, soon captures the trade. Now the constant call from everywhere is, "Send more, send more." And our daily production—though now 140—doesn't keep pace with that call.

The Multiplied Sale

We are making five times the Overlands of last year, and twenty times as many as two years ago. The four Overland factories employ over 4,000 men. A fifth factory is being equipped.

Each Overland factory, from end to end, is equipped with the most modern automatic machinery. About $3,000,000 has been invested so that Overland cars can be rapidly made, yet with all the precision employed in watch making.

A whole factory is devoted to one model alone, so we work to the utmost advantage. Yet the fame of the Overland is spreading so fast that demand keeps ahead of supply.

The Matchless Car

It is evident that the Overland is still unmatched in the features which most men seek. Taking all points together, there is no car to compare with it.

The simplicity, the price, the freedom from trouble, appeal to all men who know. The result is, the Overland one of the newest creations—is now outselling any other car that is made

And we are making it better and better. We have in our factories two of the ablest engineers in the automobile field. And they devote their whole time to devising improvements.

Our new machinery gives us exactness to the ten-thousandth part of an inch. It makes every part interchangeable.

The various parts of the car, from beginning to end, pass thousands of rigid inspections. And every car, before it goes out, gets the severest sort of a road test.

We never ship an Overland until our experts agree that the car is in perfect condition. For our whole business is built by each car selling others

Where Overlands Go

The largest demand now comes from those sections where, two years ago, the first Overlands went. The next largest demand comes from the sections which we first supplied last year

The more users we get the larger the sale, for the best salesmen we have are our owners.

The demand from each section seems to double each year. This is so well understood—so invariably true—that dealers now ordering for next year's delivery are doubling this year's contracts.

It is possible that, in another year, other cars may be as simple and as trouble-proof. They must be if they expect to live. But our output is so large, and our machinery so perfect, that no other maker can expect to give what the Overland gives for the money.

So you who buy Overlands—the leading cars of the day—will still find them the leaders in years from today.

What Popularity Means

The tremendous demand for the Overlands has been created by the car itself. It is a simple result of what the car has done in the hands of men like you.

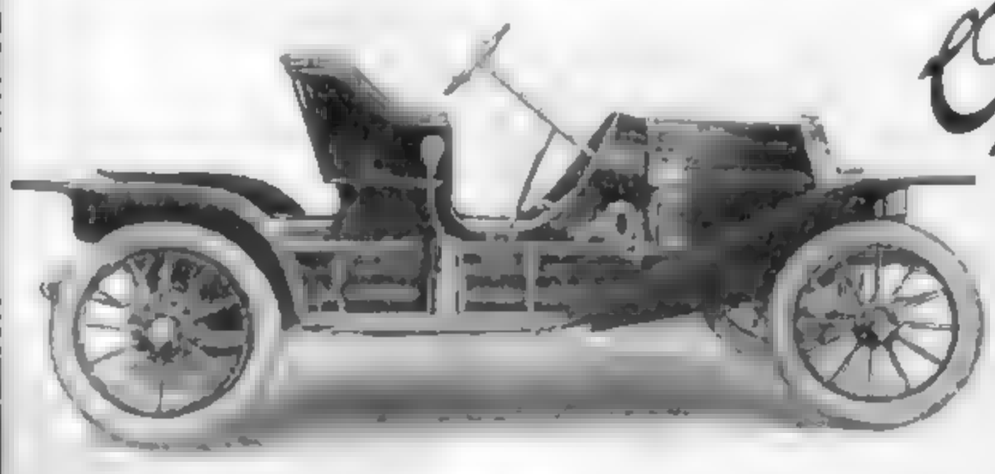
This fast-increasing demand—already larger than any other car ever had—is the best possible evidence of a matchless car. It is far better than records made in public tests where special cars are handled by experts.

You can't judge a car by what racing models have done, and you can't judge by specifications. The most direful failures that ever came out were described like the best of cars.

The only safe criterion is the car's popularity in sections where the car is best known. Judged by that standard—which means the verdict of thousands—the Overland is the best car made.

If you want such a car for this spring's delivery, it is wise to get your order in now.

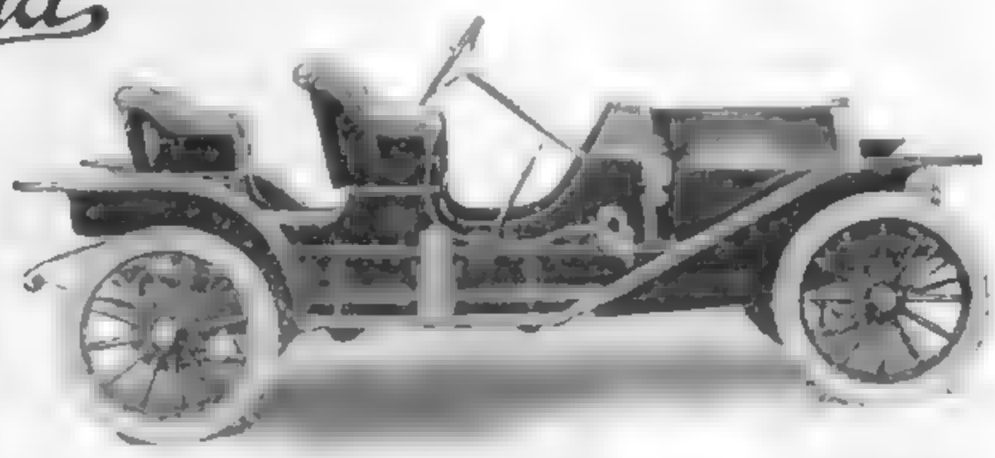
The Overland



Overland Model 38—Price, $1,000

25 h. p.—102-inch wheel base. With single rumble seat, $1,050—double rumble seat, $1,075—complete Toy Tonneau, $1,100

All prices include Magneto and full lamp equipment



Overland Model 40—Price, $1,250

40 h. p.—112-inch wheel base. Double rumble, in place of single rumble, $25 extra

The Master Stroke in Motor Car Designing

The Overland

The success of the Overland is credited entirely to the master engineers who designed it. They had as a guide all that others had done. But it is what they added which has made this car the masterpiece of mechanism. It is their simplified construction, their marvelous engine, their method of control which have brought the Overland to this envied place.

All the Best Ideas

Before the Overland was made, motor car engineering had reached a high state of development. Time had already told which features were best for almost every part of the car. And the designers of the Overland, knowing these facts, combined the best ideas developed.

But they made a new engine, and it happens to solve the most serious of motor problems. It is quiet and powerful. It is free from complexities. The veriest novice can always keep going.

In one of our tests, employing three shifts of men, we ran it 7,000 miles without stopping. And many an owner has run it up to 10,000 miles without even cleaning a spark plug.

Seemingly nothing can faze it. This faithful engine has done more than all else to bring Overland cars to the top.

The Simplified Car

The next greatest step was to reduce the number of parts. In one part, for instance, they invented one piece which takes the place of 47. And every part saved reduces the risk of trouble.

They devised the pedal control found in three of the Overland models. Push one pedal forward to go ahead, and backward to reverse. Push another pedal forward to get on high speed. The hands have nothing to do but steer.

As a result, a child can master the car in ten minutes. Any member of the family can run it

The car is easy to care for, and the cost of upkeep is slight. For the man who runs his own car, and who seeks for economy, the Overland has every advantage.

Reduction in Cost

We have never attempted to stint the cost of the Overlands. We use the four separate cylinders, the five-bearing crank shaft, and ball-bearing transmission. Also many other costly features which some medium-priced cars omit.

Every part is as good as it can be. The major part of our output comes from a factory which for years turned out a $4,250 car. It is made by the same workmen, under the same inspection.

But we have cut the cost, and yet bettered the car, by using the newest automatic machinery. The Overland—like a watch—is built by machines which make no mistakes and permit no variation.

And we have cut the cost by multiplied production. Also by making the parts which other makers buy. The reduction in cost has been 20 per cent within the past year alone. Now our output is so large that none can compete with us.

25 Horsepower—$1,000

The 25 horsepower Overland this year sells for $1,000. It has a 102-inch wheel base—a possible speed of 50 miles an hour. It has carried four passengers up a 50 per cent grade a hundred times a day.

A 40 horsepower Overland, with single rumble seat, sells for $1,250. The wheel base is 112 inches. The $1,500 Overland offers all the power, style and appearance that any man can want. The prices include five lamps and magneto.

If you are interested in motor cars you should know all the facts about the leading car on the market. We will mail them to you if you will send us this coupon.

Overland cars are on show now in something more than 800 towns. Wherever you are there is a dealer close by you.

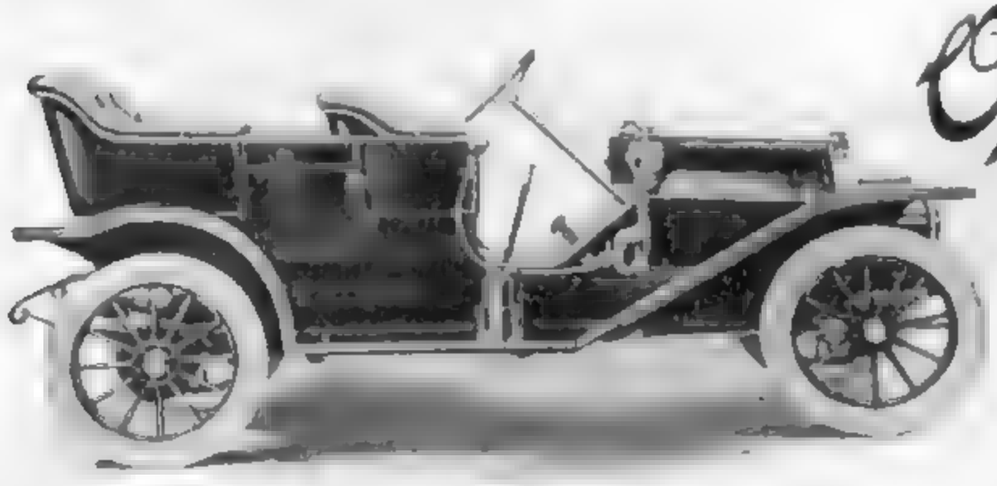
Go there and judge the cars for yourself. If you find that the Overland is the car you want, see how soon you can get a delivery. It depends on how your dealer has looked ahead.

The Willys-Overland Company
Toledo, Ohio

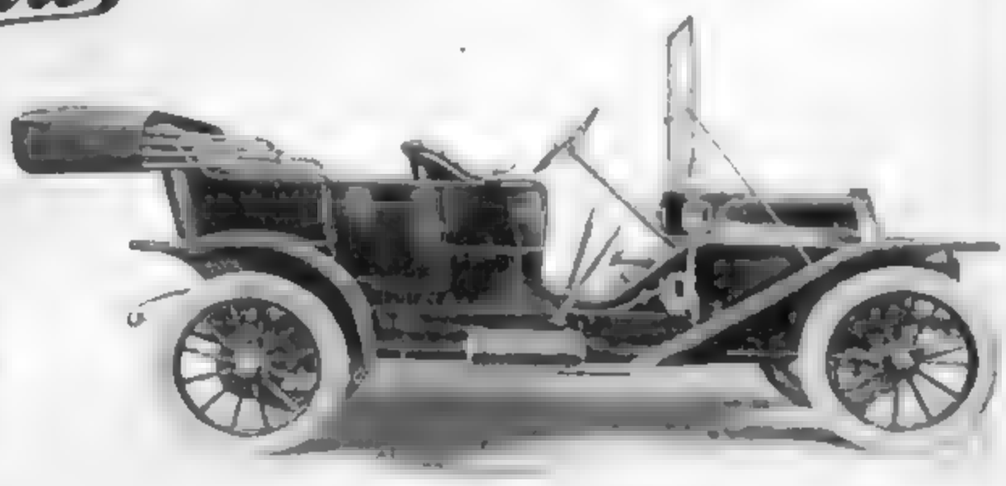
Licensed Under Selden Patent.

Please send me the two books free.

The Overland



All prices include Magneto and full lamp equipment



Overland Model 41—Price, $1,400
40 h. p.—112-inch wheel base. Either 5-passenger Touring or Close-Coupled body

Overland Model 42—Price, $1,500
Either Touring or Close-Coupled body. The folding glass front, the top and gas tank are extras

(55)

The Senator's Secretary

IT IS possible to get an idea into almost any kind of a head if persistent application is made to that head with a club. Inasmuch as we have some of the very best heads in the business in the present Administration, it is not surprising that a certain idea has finally seeped into those associated and aggregated domes of thought owned by our Legal Luminary Cabinet. The wonder is that said idea did not find lodgment there months ago, but that isn't due to any discrepancies in the heads. It is due to the fact that those heads were not accustomed to politics in a big national way, and this political idea had to fight valiantly to get in.

It is there now, revolving rapidly, with such tremendous centrifugal force that the Legal Luminaries are revolving themselves, and out of it all has come the determination to do some explaining and arguing and protesting to the American people to the effect that Mr. Taft and his associates are not total losses, with no insurance, but that really there has been a considerable salvage—the popular idea of the country to the contrary notwithstanding—and that much has been accomplished.

The idea that finally percolated is that the American people are miffed at what has been going on in Washington and sore because some things they think should have gone on there haven't gone on to any appreciable extent. For a good many months the President and his Cabinet have had the delusion that this protest that is abroad in the land was superficial and ephemeral, produced by unfriendly newspapers, and that all would be well in due time.

Lately they have discovered that this revolt is very real, that it has every aspect of a continuous performance, and they have come to the conclusion that it might be well to see if something cut not be done to help squelch it—something in the way of explanation and justification. Hence the recent demonstration in oratory by the President and the Cabinet.

It is rather hard lines on a President and his Cabinet to be put on the defensive by the people within six months of inauguration, and it is harder lines that, having been put there, there is no apparent disposition on the part of the people to ease up and call a truce. Evidently the people want a fight. They are not desirous of hurting the President if they can avoid it, but they are going after various things for which the President stands, and if the President gets hurt that will be his great political misfortune. At first the Administration was rather smug about it. Then came a period of standing on dignity. Then came a time of annoyance, and then one of fear. It was nearly panic when it was decided that something must be done to stop it, and the Old Guard and the New Guard were summoned to lay out a plan for a fight.

A Case of Dog Eat Dog

That fight has begun. The Administration, hustled into it by the almost certain knowledge that if things were allowed to go along without its making any defense it would result next fall in the worst mauling any Administration ever got, is attempting to defend itself. The President has talked several times, but always with a view to justification. Cabinet members have told what has been accomplished and how worthy the Administration is of the country's support, and the regulars in Congress have planned a campaign that will partake of the nature of a last stand.

They are going out before the country as soon as they can get away from Washington, and cry: "Lay on, you insurgent Macduffs, lay on! These rocks shall fly"—and that is the truth, for the rocks will fly, inasmuch as the Old Guard in Congress still have unparalleled rock-collecting facilities, and they will collect said rocks and spend them lavishly.

There is one good thing about the old-line, regular politician in a case of this kind, and that is that he will fight. Thus as Mr. Taft allied himself with the old-line leaders in Congress, the old-line leaders will do the best they can for him. The best they can may help more than it will hurt, but that doesn't matter. The whole crowd of them are hard-pressed, for their political lives, and they've got to fight with Taft for him and desperately, or else the entire outfit will come to eternal smash.

Every bit of Mr. Taft's political future is bound up in this election that is coming next fall. Here is the first chance the people will have for a concrete expression of what they think of him, his policies and his practices. If the next House is Democratic it will be Democratic because the people want to rebuke Taft for his alliance with Cannon and Aldrich, and for the tariff bill he signed. President Taft does not want to be rebuked, and the word has been passed that it must be a case of dog eat dog from now on.

In the old days it was fairly easy to hold the Republicans throughout the country by appealing to their sense of party loyalty, by begging them to stand by the organization. A plea like this had great weight: "Now, boys, rally! That tariff bill may not have been perfect, but it was the best we could do in the circumstances, and, anyhow, it's our tariff bill. It was made by a Republican Congress and signed by a Republican President, and it's a party affair, and we must stand loyally by the President and the dear old party. Come on, boys! Rally!"

That sort of talk was effective fifteen years ago, but it doesn't amount to much now, although the regulars will have men on every stump in every contested district who will split their throats yelling for loyalty to the G. O. P. They will find, however, that clean-cut young fellows will abound who will ask: "If that was the best tariff bill that could have been passed in the circumstances, as you say, what were those circumstances? Who made them? Why didn't you unmake them and fulfill party pledges?"

The Legal Luminary Cabinet

Still, this is a digression, in a way, from what I started out to say, and that is that, finally, this Administration has awakened to the perilous position it is in and has decided to do what can be done in the way of explaining and justifying and attacking, if necessary, in the hope of reestablishing itself. The Republican Congressional Campaign Committee has sounded a wild alarm and has demanded funds with more insistence than in many years. The whole crowd, scared blue, have taken off their coats and are hard at work. From this time on you will find the President dipping into politics in his speeches. He has already announced that he will not make his proposed trip to Alaska next summer, but will stay around, within call, to do what he can to help get a favorable verdict in the elections. Somebody has given it out cold to this Administration that the rapids are below, and it would be a good plan to row ashore instead of floating with the stream and admiring themselves over the side of the boat in the glassy water. So they are tugging at the oars and working very hard.

Undoubtedly, President Taft took a great deal of pride in his Cabinet as he completed it. He wanted big men for his associates and advisers, and he got them. He chose several great lawyers and likely as not, did not consult political expediency except in the cases of Secretary Meyer, of the Navy Department, and Postmaster-General Hitchcock. Now, admirable as the Taft Cabinet is from the viewpoint of ability and high character, if President Taft had had more political sagacity than he has—that is, if he had had any—he would have dispensed with a leading lawyer or two and would have picked a few politicians for helpers. By politicians I do not mean the ordinary congressional or state leaders, but men who have political sense and political experience. Also, he would have selected a man or two who had had experience in Congress.

Hitchcock is the only man in Taft's Cabinet who can be considered a politician, and he is not a master of the game by any means. Knox had some Cabinet experience under Roosevelt and served a short time in the Senate. He has an ambitious diplomatic program, but about all it has amounted to thus far is, finally, to get off a Minister to China. His Nicaragua adventure was a flareback, and his Chilean ultimatum was a joke. This didn't help Taft any, nor did it hurt him much; but a man who had more political experience than Knox would have gone at these questions the other way around.

Judge Dickinson is a great lawyer, and so are Secretary Nagel and Attorney-General Wickersham. Still, these are not men to whom leaders in Congress can go and discuss the politics of any situation that may arise. They are great lawyers. Hence, they look at things as lawyers instead of as public men, and Taft has not had the advice he should have had in various contingencies, for Taft has not much of a political viewpoint himself.

Wilson is old. Meyer is a business man of parts, but without political experience, and MacVeagh is a source of strength. Many difficulties have arisen because the men in Congress have had no person in the Cabinet to whom they could talk the practical politics of any proposition. It reads well in the advance notices to say that a Cabinet was chosen regardless of politics, but the scheme doesn't work out very well, and never will so long as this Government of ours is a party Government.

Nor are some of the Cabinet any too competent when it comes to the dispatch of public business. There are some fine young chaps in the Treasury Department, for example, as assistant secretaries, but it takes from eighteen days to a month to get a decision on the simplest kind of a proposition. They worked for months upon their efficiency test system and, when it was completed, did nothing with it that I can discover—and it is useless now.

The trouble with the Taft Administration is that it lacks decision. It fusses with details. It is clerical instead of managerial in its aspect to public business. Also, it lacks political sagacity; but it will probably learn some politics before the snow flies.

Meantime, the loud cry has been raised, and the Administration and the Republican regulars in Congress are doing what they can do to save themselves. If you can get any one of the Republican leaders in Congress to express his real, personal, not-for-publication opinion on the matter he will tell you that it is about as certain as anything can be, politically, that the next House of Representatives will be Democratic. Of course, many shifts may come between this and election time, but at present the chances are that the Democrats will control the House.

From this you can see the reason for the foray by the regulars and by the Administration. They have got to fight if they want to save anything. They must keep constantly before the people, explaining, justifying, pleading, defending. They let themselves get into this mess by listening to Aldrich and Cannon and accepting what those worthies advocated as a proper revision of the tariff and a proper carrying out of party pledges. They have found that the people did not and do not take the Aldrich and Cannon view of the way to redeem a party pledge and they are discovering that, as allies, Aldrich and Cannon and their followers are one-sided propositions. They are great takers, but poor givers. They cannot help with the people, for the people are in revolt against them. And the ultimate consumer, standing by—who, though he cannot hope to get anything, certainly cannot lose anything more, for he has lost all he has—will see a very pretty fight.

Speaker Reed's Reply

WHEN Thomas B. Reed was Speaker he became vastly concerned, at one time, over the increased expenses of running the House of Representatives.

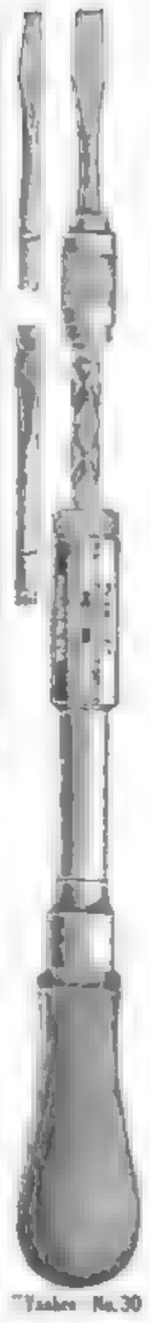
He came into Clerk McDowell's office one morning and said: "Mac, we've got to do something to cut down the expenses of the House. It is getting to cost too much. We're hiring too many men. You've simply got to cut down expenses."

"All right, Mr. Speaker," said McDowell, "I can do it. For example, you have got three men on my payroll. I'll start by cutting them off."

Reed looked at McDowell for a moment. Then he commented: "There is only one thing I can think of to say, Mac."

"What is it, Mr. Speaker?"

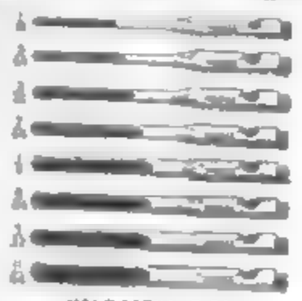
"Good-morning," replied Reed; and he turned and walked out.


"Yankee" No. 30

Countersink

Screw-eye Bit

Screwholder


HALF ACTUAL SIZE

Drills and Chuck

Here's a "Yankee" Screw-driver that drills holes,

countersinks the holes for the screw heads, and drives in the screws—all by simply *pressing* on the handle; and at express speed! Takes out screws in the same way; or it drills holes, drives or draws screws, by ratchet movement.

It is a Spiral Screw-driver, a Ratchet Screw-driver, either right or left hand, or a Rigid Screw-driver, at will. With the *spiral movement*, the bit or drill is revolved by a spiral in the tool, when you press on the handle. With the *ratchet movement*, you turn the bit or drill by moving the hand forward and back without releasing the handle. Both of these movements are instantly available. They may be used successively; as, for example, you can send the screw in by spiral movement and drive it home by ratcheting.

By a simple adjustment you can make it a 13½-inch screw-driver, or, for long overhead reaches, a 19¼-inch screw-driver.

With a bit for little screws, another for medium screws, and a third for big screws, it is *three different size* screw-drivers in one.

A *fourth* bit, with the "Yankee" Screw-holder Attachment, places and drives screws with one hand, in close quarters and hard-to-get-at places.

A *fifth* bit holds and drives screw-eyes.

Eight drill-points for boring holes from to¼ in., and a special chuck for holding the drills, are provided with this tool. Also a countersink fitting into the tool the same as the screw-bits.

This tool makes a brace unnecessary.

For drilling and for screw-driving, this is the tool that will work in any place and under all requirements. Every householder as well as every mechanic needs the

"Yankee" Spiral-Ratchet Screw-driver No. 30

with these attachments:

3 Screw-driver bits, 1 Bit with Screw-holder, 1 Bit with Screw-eye Holder, 1 Chuck (for holding drills), 8 Drill-points, 1 Countersink. **Price, $3.00**

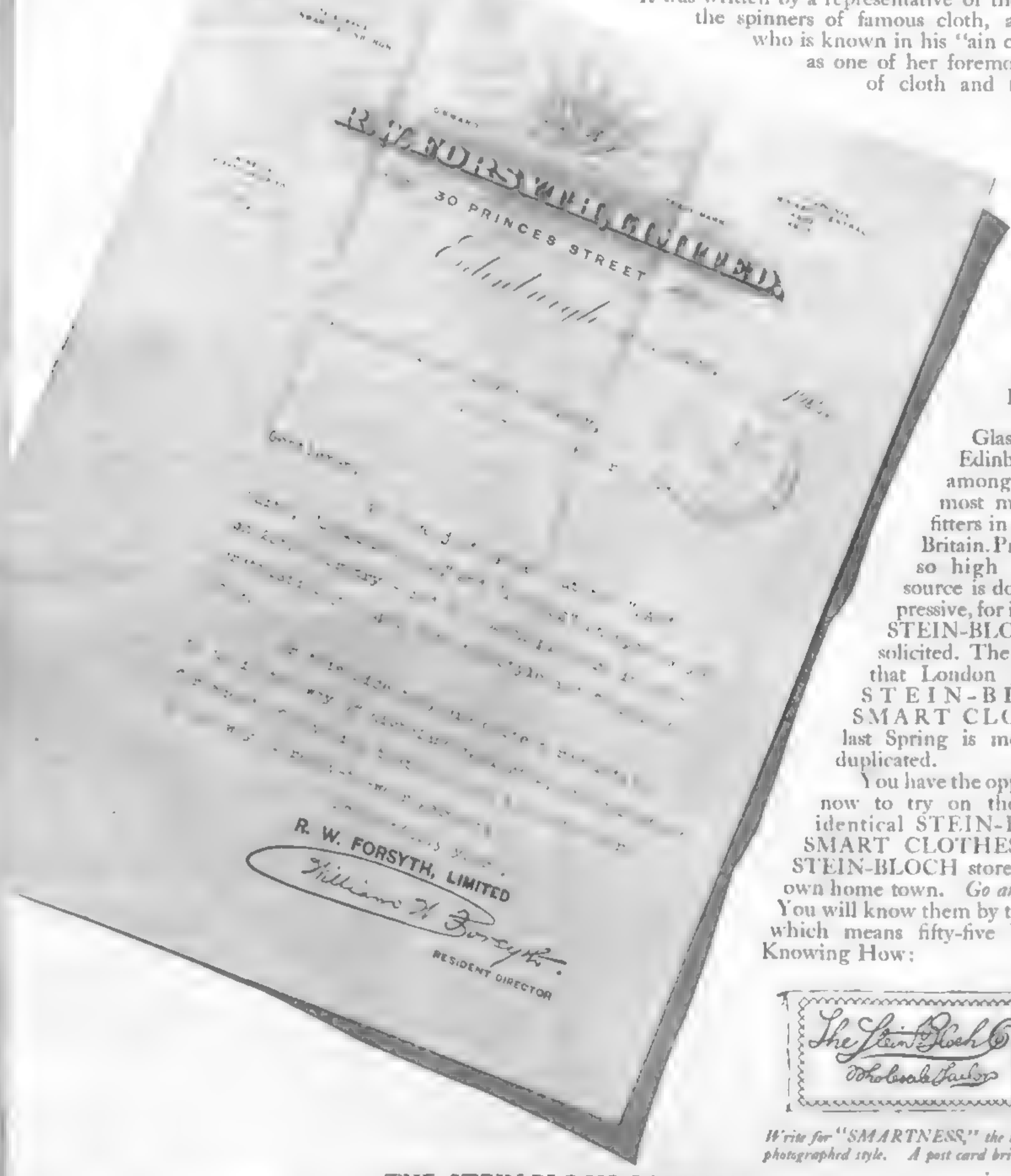
Your dealer can supply you with the complete outfit or any part of it.

Write for "Yankee" Tool Book showing 66 different kinds and sizes of "Yankee" Tools.

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia

Scotland Sends Her Compliments to Stein-Bloch in America

As Americans proud of your country's advance upon the markets of the world, you will read this letter with satisfaction. It was written by a representative of the land of the spinners of famous cloth, an expert who is known in his "ain countree" as one of her foremost judges of cloth and tailoring:



Messrs. R. W. Forsyth, Limited, Glasgow and Edinburgh, are among the foremost men's outfitters in all Great Britain. Praise from so high a native source is doubly impressive, for it came to STEIN-BLOCH unsolicited. The welcome that London gave the STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES last Spring is more than duplicated.

You have the opportunity now to try on these same identical STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES in the STEIN-BLOCH store in your own home town. *Go and try on.* You will know them by this label, which means fifty-five Years of Knowing How:

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors

Write for "SMARTNESS," the book of photographed style. A post card brings it.

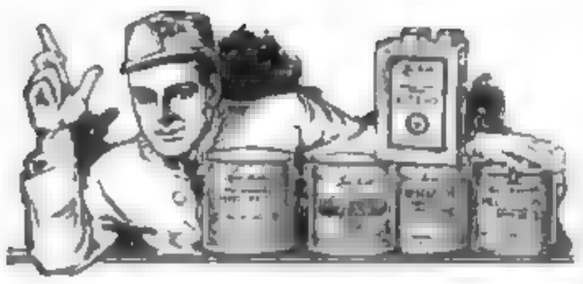
THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Tailors for Men

OFFICES AND SHOPS: Rochester, N. Y.

NEW YORK: Fifth Avenue Building

CHICAGO: 1422 Republic Building



Now Is the Time to Re-Decorate

Take advantage of house-cleaning to re-varnish your interior woodwork. Your rooms will look brighter, pleasanter, more orderly.

The small expense will prove a big economy before the year is over provided the varnish is of high quality and properly applied. You can assure yourself of the quality by using

"Little Blue Flag" Varnishes

When intelligently handled, they go farthest, give best results and are cheapest for the job.

There is one for every need, all extra elastic, pale and uniform—due to thorough preparation, skillful cooking, long aging.

For a charming contrast with the high lustre of varnished wood, finish walls and ceiling with

Mellotone

flat finish tints, "soft as the rainbow," of any color or combination.

The soft, water color beauty of Mellotone is backed up with washable, fadeless, enduring qualities of oil paint, making it practical for home, office and public building.

Let us send the Mellotone Color Card and one or all the following books:

"Paint and Painting"—all about painting exteriors. Free.

"Common Sense About Interiors"—a total of [illegible] decorative hints.

"Good Homes by Good Architects"—a portfolio of house plans with color schemes suggested for interiors and exteriors. Enclose 25c.

The Little Blue Flag Your Protection

The Lowe Brothers Co.
460 E. Third St. Dayton, O.
Boston New York Chicago Kansas City

This summer enjoy the charm of

Canoeing

You can learn all about this pleasureful sport and see pictures of real canoe life in our beautiful free booklet depicting in use the

"Old Town Canoe"

The booklet shows pictures of canoeing scenes from Maine to California—actual instances of the healthful, happy pleasure in this sport and pastime—as *enjoyable* and as *safe* as gondoliering in Venice.

Send your address today with request for this free booklet and let us show you the Indian origin, the history and manufacture of

"Old Town Canoes"

Guaranteed satisfactory. 2,000 canoes already built to choose from, assuring prompt deliveries. Agents all cities

Also canvas covered Boats and Yacht Tenders

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
495 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c. 30 Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free.
Consolidated Portrait, Dept. 4014, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

SAFETY RAZOR BLADES, 2½c EACH
Send dull Double or Single edge blades for our keen-edging process. We make them sharper than new. 50c per dozen.
CHEMICAL STEEL CO., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

ON THE SELLING LINE

(Continued from Page 13)

upon size of town, circulation, and so on. Printing prices for circulars and the like vary greatly, but are apt to be lowest in the smallest places, where union scales and high rents are unknown.

But the most important problem is encountered when the merchant sets about the computation of his profits. This is a rock on which many mercantile ships are wrecked. One careless merchant who was doing business under heavy expense—he estimated it to be twenty-five per cent—thought he was breaking even on some of his advertised lines when he sold them at a profit of twenty-five per cent above delivered cost—that is, actual cost plus freight. One day the sheriff took possession of his store, and it took an expert accountant three whole hours to demonstrate to Mr. Merchant that he had actually lost five per cent on these lines—because he didn't know how to figure profits. And the surprising fact has now developed that many merchants have been for many years figuring their profits upon the wrong basis. If one were to figure his cost of doing business on his gross sales, and his percentage of profit on the price paid for merchandise—as many merchants are now doing—he would be dead wrong.

Some Business Arithmetic

If an article costs $1 and is sold for twenty-five per cent more than it costs, or $1.25, and the cost for doing business is twenty-five per cent, the dealer has actually lost five per cent on the transaction.

If an article costs $1 and the dealer adds forty-three per cent to its cost and sells it for $1.43, and the cost of doing business is eighteen per cent, he has not made the difference between eighteen and forty-three—or twenty-five per cent—not by any means. He has made just twelve per cent—no more, no less.

Here is the problem:

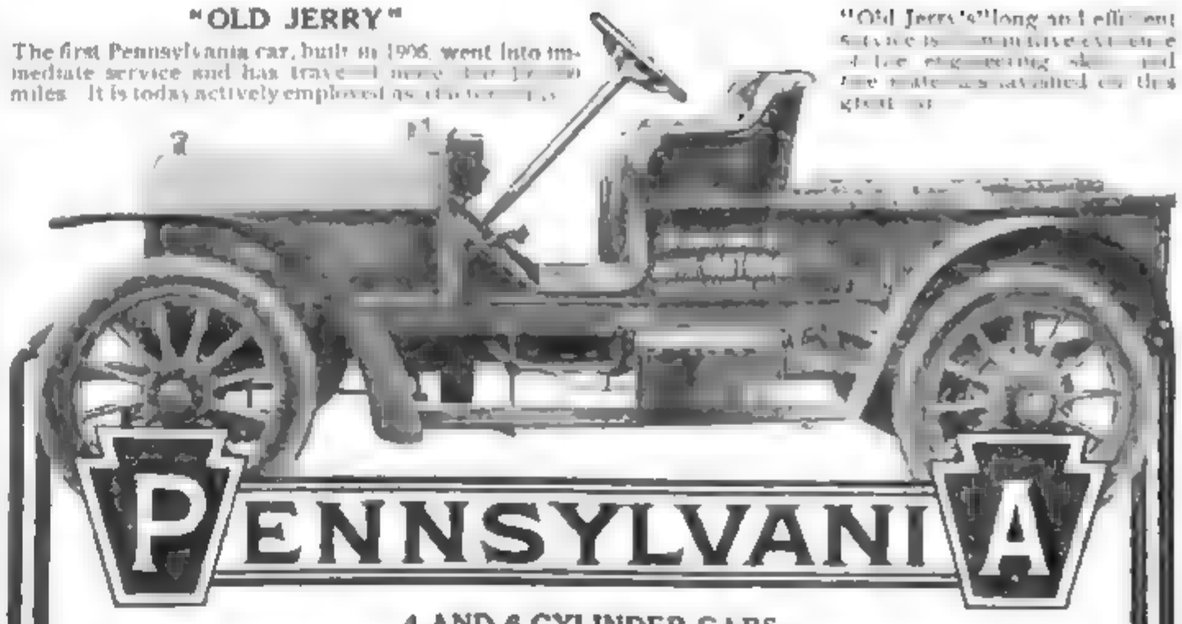
The dealer pays 96 cents for an article and adds 4 cents for freight, making a real cost of $1. As he has decided to make forty-three per cent his average gross profit, he will sell the article for $1.43, or perhaps $1.50. Now, his cost of doing business is eighteen per cent; therefore he must charge eighteen per cent of his selling price against the cost of the article. He would not take eighteen per cent of $1—for then he would be figuring his expenses from cost—and as already stated his original eighteen per cent is derived from the total sales, which is the sum of the selling prices. All percentages must be figured from the same data. The percentages of gross and net profit and the percentage of expense must be figured from the selling price. Eighteen per cent of $1.43 is 26 cents. It therefore costs 26 cents to sell this article. The actual cost then to the dealer is $1.26. As the articles are sold for $1.43, there is made the difference between $1.43 and $1.26, which is 17 cents. This represents the actual profit in cents. Right here is where one is apt to go wrong, where many experienced merchants do go wrong. They assume, because they have made 17 cents on an investment of $1, that they have made seventeen per cent. But they are wrong. If the cost of doing business is figured from the selling price—which it must be—the profit, both gross and net, must be derived from the same figure, the selling price, else the cash on hand and books won't tally. The actual investment, so far as profits are concerned, is not what has been paid for the goods, but what the goods can be sold for. Therefore profits must be figured from the selling price. Since 17 cents will be netted on this sale of $1.43, there will actually be made twelve per cent net—no more, no less. Forty-three per cent on delivered cost or thirty per cent on sales mean exactly the same thing. Forty-three per cent of $1 is 43 cents. Thirty per cent of $1.43 is 43 cents. But as the dealer must start from his delivered cost to figure, he must add forty-three per cent to this cost to make twelve per cent—providing his expense is eighteen per cent.

Many merchants figure that if they want to make twelve per cent net and their expense is eighteen per cent, all they have to do is to add the twelve per cent plus the eighteen per cent or thirty per cent

"OLD JERRY"

The first Pennsylvania car, built in 1906, went into immediate service and has traveled [illegible] miles. It is today actively employed as [illegible]

"Old Jerry's" long and efficient service is [illegible] and the experience gained on this great car



PENNSYLVANIA

4 AND 6 CYLINDER CARS

Don't Experiment: Pennsylvania cars are now in their fourth year of unqualified success, a custom-made product throughout. They are not built in great quantities, but with great thoroughness.

High Grade Cars: There are only about twelve really high grade cars in America, and about one hundred and twelve others, of varying degrees of goodness or badness, as you choose. Some of them will not give even a week's satisfactory service, the great majority not more than a season's at most.

Our Policy: Is to build the best car that it is possible to build, and sell it for the lowest price consistent with such quality.

Does it Pay? From the user's standpoint there can be but one answer. The investment will earn the largest possible dividends in the form of assured safety, and the joy of a car that is always ready for the hardest usage.

Chasses of Quality: Pennsylvania chasses are built throughout of the finest materials the world's markets afford; the bodies are by J. M. Quinby & Co.

As to Design: They are unequalled by any American car. The motors are fitted with the largest bearings of any motor of equal size in the world.

We Ask Comparison: Compare them with the finest cars you know, in detail and on the road, and you will find that they excel at every point, and you will be amazed by their great power and superb riding qualities. Pennsylvania's are used by some of the world's foremost mechanical experts. Let us send you replicas of what they have to say.

Price $2500 to $4700: If there is no "Pennsylvania" distributer in your territory, write to us. We want a Pennsylvania in every city and town in the United States. Our proposition will interest you. Pennsylvania cars stay sold. They will make friends for you, not make you lose them

Pennsylvania Auto Motor Co., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

NO HONING—NO GRINDING

Carbo Magnetic
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Griffon

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK

THE RAZOR YOU SHOULD USE

NO HONING—NO GRINDING—NO SCRAPING—NO PULLING—NO SMARTING AFTER SHAVING. FULL HOLLOW GROUND, PRICE $2.50.

DAY AFTER DAY—MONTH AFTER MONTH—YEAR AFTER YEAR—it is always ready to do its work with that consistent delicate stroke, characteristic only of the "CARBO MAGNETIC."

Draw a piece of smooth cardboard over your face—that is JUST HOW YOUR FACE WILL FEEL AFTER SHAVING WITH A "CARBO MAGNETIC." Packed with each "CARBO MAGNETIC" is a guarantee as follows:—

PERPETUAL GUARANTEE

Should this Razor lose its edge AT ANY TIME, through misuse or otherwise—return it to us with twelve cents to cover registered postage, etc., and it will be returned in perfect condition.

In buying a "CARBO MAGNETIC," you are insured against further Razor expense. Get a "CARBO MAGNETIC" from your Dealer today. Enjoy 30 delightful shaves—the COOLEST AND SMOOTHEST YOU HAVE EVER EXPERIENCED. Use it every morning for a month; then if it does not bear out every claim we make, return it and the Dealer will refund your money. Send for free booklet, "HINTS ON SHAVING."

Ask your own Dealer first. If he has not Carbo Magnetic Razors we will send one to you—delivery charges prepaid—on receipt of price. If you are not pleased with it, you can return it within 30 days and we will refund your money.

41 Common Street, Montreal, Canada **GRIFFON CUTLERY WORKS** 477 Broadway, New York City

NOT in any MILK TRUST

HORLICK'S

Rich milk and malted grain extract in powder
A quick lunch

Original and Genuine

MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.
Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Others are Imitations—Ask for Horlick's *—Everywhere*

THE BEST
FOR YOUR TIRES
"STAPLEY" TIRE PUMP

Made by Bridgeport Brass Co.

The "Stapley" is a strong, powerful compound tire pump. It is a pleasure to use it. Inflates a tire quickly — easily. It is absolutely dependable, and we guarantee it. It's always ready and always works. The "Stapley" is used by all discriminating motorists.

The "Stapley" is made of excellent material. Heavy seamless brass tube cylinders; absolutely non-leakable joints; automatic valve opener; pressure gauge quickly and easily read; durable, well-constructed, perfectly designed. You've got to have a good pump to enjoy motoring — get a "Stapley."

Write your dealer. If he doesn't carry it we send the "Stapley" prepaid in U. S. on receipt of price.

Price without gauge $5.00

Price with gauge $7.00

BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.

114 Crescent Ave. Bridgeport, Conn.

Secret of the Hartz. Is the Joy of Birds

BIRD MANNA

Makes Canaries Sing. Makes Home Happy.

Restores Cage Birds to health and song

Valuable 32 page Bird Book mailed free.

Sold by Druggists. The Canaries Delight.

Restores the feathers. Mailed for 15 cents.

BIRD FOOD COMPANY

No. 400 N. 3rd Street Philadelphia, Pa.

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

I am the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By [illegible] Favorite Pens [illegible]

C. W. RANSOM,

348 Ridgeley Building Kansas City, Missouri

Kennebec

CANVAS COVERED CANOES

suit all tastes. For those who make a living in the woods and for those who paddle for pleasure everywhere. Made in the best equipped factory in a community famous for canoe making. GET OUR CATALOG AND PRICES

Paddling, sailing and motor canoes (with air chambers for safety). All kinds of row and motor boats up to 25 ft. long

Address Dept. A. KENNEBEC BOAT & CANOE CO., [illegible]

The "Individual Key Ring"

Silver Plated. The only [illegible] key ring which [illegible] separate from the rest. [illegible] New York Model [illegible] Saves hunting in the dark. Keeps [illegible] pockets. will not pull apart. Silver Plate 10c. Nickel Plated 10c.

MODEL PRODUCTS CO

17 Milk Street Boston, Mass.

Agents wanted everywhere. Hustlers make big money. Send stamps for sample

Spencerian

STEEL PENS

are made of accurately tempered steel. Smooth, non-scratching, elastic, easy writers. There's one to suit you. Sample card, 12 different, for 6 cts. postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, N.Y.

Garden Pay? No! We can make it. With great care we have organized a Department under AGRICULTURAL EXPERTS who personally [illegible] CARE [illegible] at Small Expense. Write for [illegible]

STANDARD NITROGEN COMPANY

Dept 131 Singer Building New York

TYPEWRITERS All Makes

"Visible" Typewriters factory rebuilt and all other makes sold or rented anywhere at ½ to ⅓ mfrs. prices allowing rent to apply on purchase. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for [illegible]

Typewriter Emporium 91-93 Lake St. Chicago

Towers Aromatic Antiseptic Aseptic Tooth Picks

save dentist's bills. If your dealer has'n't them, send his name and 15 cts. and we will send you a box of 300.

CUTTER-TOWER CO., 484 Hathaway Bldg., Boston, Mass.

to the cost and sell the article for $1.30. This is where the mistake arises. The merchant who buys an article for $1 and sells it for $1.30 and whose expenses run eighteen per cent, makes only five per cent — not twelve per cent.

Eighteen per cent of $1.30 is 23½ cents. Therefore the total cost is $1.23½ and the actual profit is 6½ cents.

There are various other methods of computing profits. Some stores try to sell goods at exactly invoice price, plus the cost of selling, depending for their profit on their discounts, the five, six or seven per cent allowed for cash payment. The policy in such stores is, of course, as with the Brooklyn store referred to, to keep stocks always in motion, so that these discounts may be secured as often as possible during the year. Most stores, however, require profit above the cost and operating expenses, irrespective of any discounts.

THE NEW ENGLAND OLIGARCHY

(Concluded from Page 4)

The plan, when this was written, was to put up a Republican opponent to Mr. Aldrich. The man most discussed when I was in the state was Rathbone Gardner, a banker who has for some time been the State Senator from Providence. Gardner is active in the anti-Aldrich organization, the Lincoln Republicans, who fought against the nomination of Colt for the Senate when he tried to defeat Wetmore. Gardner may or may not run. If he does, insurgents like Senator Dolliver and Senator Cummins and others from the United States Senate, and some from the House, will be brought into Rhode Island to speak against Aldrich.

Boss Brayton, who controls the country districts, is with Aldrich, and the word has gone out already that Aldrich must be returned. Everything else is subordinated to that. If the two Republican candidates for the House of Representatives can win, all well and good. If they can be sacrificed to help Aldrich, all well and better. Every energy of the machine will be devoted to saving Aldrich, and the probabilities are that he will be sent back, although it is entirely too early for predictions.

Railroads in Politics

The Grand Trunk Railroad applied to the legislature for a charter to build into Providence. The New York, New Haven and Hartford road opposed, and with justice, considering the original demands. Now the Aldrich people are New York, New Haven and Hartford people, naturally. That giant corporation runs its road through the state and lands its boats at the docks. However, the people of Rhode Island, and especially of Providence, thought it would be a good thing for the state to have the Grand Trunk come in. If the Aldrich people had opposed the Grand Trunk charter and defeated it Aldrich would have been beaten.

What was done was to get the charter in such shape that the New Haven road did not have so much objection, and then give the word to the boys in the legislature to be for the charter. Mr. Aldrich was trading, and he knows how.

The anti-Aldrich people promise to make a hard fight. It has begun already in some of the newspapers. If those who are opposed to Aldrich carry out their present intentions the fight will be bitter and personal. Disappointment over Taft's failure to make good will enter into it to some extent. They like Taft in Rhode Island, but they think, in one wing of the party, that he has been dominated by Aldrich; and while they are glad a Rhode Island man has been the dominator, as a matter of local pride, they are sorry there has been any dominator at all.

The word has gone out that Aldrich must win. The entire election will be subordinated to that. Hence, there promises to be a lively campaign in Little Rhody, and Nelson W. Aldrich may wish, before November, that he had adhered to his original resolution and retired to private life with that Currency Reform crown and the halo of having been the Boss of the United States for many years.

Editor's Note — This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Samuel G. Blythe on the New England group of powerful senators. The second will appear in an early number.

Young Men, if you haven't your Spring clothes yet, let us point the way to the most satisfactory purchase you can make.

We have the same standard as all best makers in the way of tailoring, fit, materials and value. But we have more. We know how you live, what you like. We make clothes to correspond. There's tone, style, smartness, exclusiveness that come only through specializing in clothes for Young Men.

Write for our booklet, "Young Men's Clothes," and insist on your clothier showing you our goods.

Ederheimer, Stein & Co.

Young Men's Clothes **Chicago**

TRADE MARK FACE

Ever-Ready Safety Razor

We claim without exception—emphatically—that the *Ever-Ready* is the greatest safety shaver money can buy. 2,000,000 satisfied users prove it.

Think of what it means to be able to buy this newest outfit with a safety frame that will last a lifetime—12 of the best razor blades ever produced—a patented folding stropper device—black ebonized handle—all in a fine, compact, little button-locking case—the entire outfit for $1.00.

Note. Each Ever-Ready blade is protected in a patented package—clean, keen sanitary blades.

Extra Blades 10 for 50c

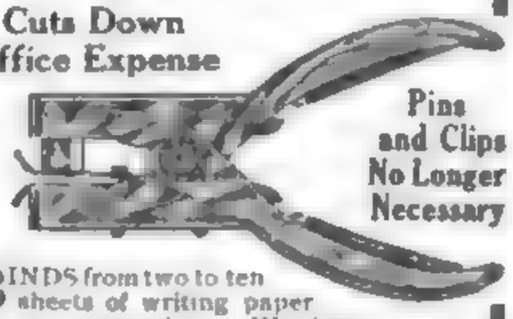
At dealers everywhere. If not in yours, send to us direct.

American Safety Razor Co., 35th St. and 6th Ave., N. Y.

With 12 Blades $1

Bump's Fastener

Cuts Down Office Expense



Pins and Clips No Longer Necessary

BINDS from two to ten sheets of writing paper at one operation. Works equally well on light or heavy paper—saving time and money by doing away with the necessity of pins, clips and like fasteners—increases the capacity of your files 25%.

As a means for fastening letters to carbon copies of replies, binding pages of a contract, or brief, bunching up checks at the end of a day's banking business, fastening together folders, etc., it is superior to any other method.

Bump's Perfected Paper Fastener Will Last a Lifetime

Think what it would mean to you to save, year after year, the expense of pins and clips, many of which are wasted. We will send a fastener on trial to any responsible concern.

Get all the facts about this wonderful little device. Send for booklet and free trial offer.

Continental Art Co., 1167 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
For sale by all stationers.

The Business of Town Building

(Concluded from Page 5)

himself on to its payroll. If so, history has neglected to preserve the name of this pioneer. At any rate, the profession is here and here to stay. The demand for the services of its members is so great that it cannot be filled, and towns are always bidding against one another for the services of experienced men. The salary in almost every instance is more than that paid to the mayor or any other city officer. Many newspaper men have stepped into the work at a salary double that which they had been receiving.

Young as the profession is, it has its magazines, its schools of instruction and its code of ethics. According to the code a Secretary shall not aid in the sale of real estate, nor will he attempt to secure the removal of a factory from the town where a fellow-Secretary holds office. But if the town is without a Commercial Club it is outside the pale. He may then solicit its removal with the same dignity and professional ethics that medical practitioners use when talking about one another. The Secretary is never fired. He may sometimes be asked to resign, but the proceeding is fraught with much dignity and there are few of them on record. He usually stays on the job until a larger town calls him at a better salary.

The schools of instruction are held at regular intervals in some centrally-located city, where all the Secretaries meet to exchange experiences and listen to lectures by experienced city builders. At these meetings such technical subjects as The Value of the Small Factory or Inducing New Farmers to Move Into the County are discussed.

In the early days of the work every Secretary worked for his town and advertised it in his own way. This involved a great loss of energy and the scattering of forces, before the American mania for associations hit the new profession. District organizations were first formed, each club paying a small sum toward the support of this organization. Then the state association followed with salaried officers and an extensive publicity organization. Now general advertising is done through the state organizations, and the prospects are turned over to the local clubs for disposition as the Secretaries see fit.

Not long ago a Michigan man wanted to establish a cigar factory in some Texas town. He sent an inquiry to the Secretary of the Texas Commercial Secretaries' Association, and in due time a bulletin giving the name of the man and his address went out to the various local clubs. Within a few weeks the Michigan man learned of more than a hundred Texas towns where a cigar factory would undoubtedly prove a paying proposition. He selected one from the list, and moved there.

Where Mars Could be Spotted

The advertising campaign is made complete by the local Secretary, who tells of his own town in his own way.

Every time the country merchant goes to the big city to buy goods he meets some one who tells him he never heard of his town. The merchant comes back and tells about it with much circumstantial detail at the next meeting of the Commercial Club. Naturally, it is annoying to live in a good, prosperous town and then not be able to leave home without some rude person asking you if it is on a railroad. "What we need is more advertising," he observes at the end of his narrative, and the Commercial Secretary sets out to get it.

You probably never heard of Spur, Texas, yet the town is larger and more prosperous than Harper's Ferry, and the man who could make it as well known as the latter place would get ten thousand dollars for the job and a statue of himself in the new city hall. It would be worth that much to Spur, for it has been on the map for only a few months and has plenty of room to grow over a whole county of undeveloped land. Many other towns in the West have grown up so fast that their names do not appear in the commercial directories. Old traveling men going through this territory allow themselves extra time on their schedules to make these new towns.

When a Western town with a live Commercial Club does not appear in the news columns of the city papers for a week a delegation of citizens headed by the Commercial Secretary calls on the local correspondent to ask if he is taking a vacation or wants to resign. If it develops that he has sent in stories which a heartless editor has thrown into the waste basket a letter of protest goes forward to the editor. No prima donna is more thoroughly press-agented than are some of these hustling young towns with good Commercial Secretaries.

When an Eastern astronomer, a year or so ago, announced new proof that Mars was inhabited and said that with the proper amount of financial encouragement he could establish communication with the Martians, several Western towns wired to urge the clear atmosphere of their locality as a reason for the location of the observatory. Stamford, Texas—its post-office is ten years old—supplemented the invitation with an offer of a bonus of ten thousand dollars. In the transmission of the telegram three ciphers were added to the figures, and the astronomer accepted the proposition. Of course, the mistake was explained before he started Texasward. In the mean time the story crept into the newspapers, and for many weeks Stamford was famous for its ten-million-dollar offer.

Baiting for Newly-Weds

The Commercial Secretary supplements this kind of general publicity with many special advertising campaigns. One Secretary in a new town decided he could best build up the town by filling the county full of farmers. There was room for plenty of them, as only one-fourth of the county had ever been placed under cultivation. He left the beaten track of advertising methods and subscribed for a number of county papers published in thickly-settled portions of the East. From these papers he clipped such items as the following:

"Mr. James Hazleton and Miss Jennie Snyder were married last Sunday at the home of the bride's parents. The happy young couple will make their home on the Hazleton homestead."

One of the first letters the happy young couple received was from this energetic Secretary, who wrote as follows:

"*My dear Mr. Hazleton:* Now that you are married you are more than ever interested in securing a home, and I write to suggest that you move here. It would undoubtedly be of great advantage to you to buy a farm here where land values have not been fixed at one high level for years. Farm land here sells for one-fourth of the price you would have to pay where you are now living, and in the course of a few years it will undoubtedly advance to the prices now being paid in the older states. A small investment here now will give you a valuable piece of property which will continue to increase in value.

"This is a great agricultural country. You will find our climate ideal."

This Secretary doesn't stop at that one letter, but follows it up with many others, alternating with postcards showing local farm scenes.

Publicity is only one of the phases of the work of the Secretary, and he readily turns from his work as press agent to promote a new railway or to force better service from an old one.

In portions of the West where railroad building is active every Commercial Secretary has tucked away in some corner of his desk a notebook full of figures which will prove to the most skeptical that a new railway could be built through his town to the immediate enrichment of the stockholders. He knows the cost of operation, the possibility of tonnage and the engineering difficulties to be encountered. In an hour, with a map and a lead-pencil, he can show you half a dozen new systems of railway, all of which might be built profitably and every one of which would make his town a division point. If you care for an argument he can prove the possibilities to you so definitely that you wish immediately for enough money to build the roads.

These paper roads do not always remain on paper, for occasionally the Commercial Secretary finds a builder who has money and conviction, and the line is constructed. This is his favorite occupation, for factories and prosperity follow the railroads.

The Lather's The Thing

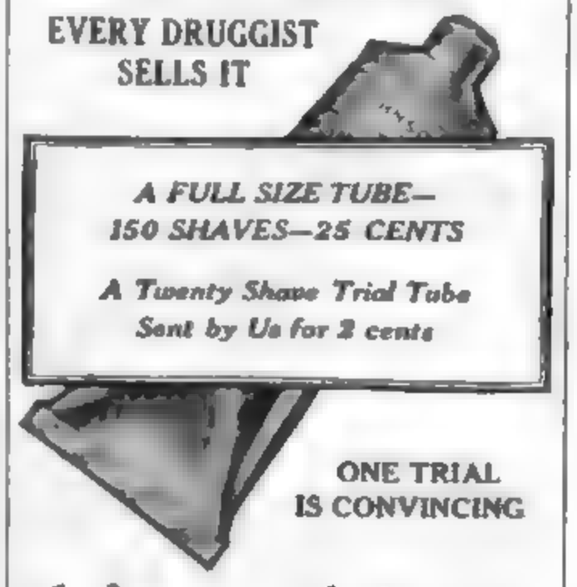
The Lather That's Lasting

Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap

Is not to be compared with alkali shaving soaps in either cake, stick or powdered forms. It is made of pure ingredients from nature's own unadulterated lather-making products, and is a condensed property that instantly brushes into a rich, creamy, lasting lather.

Softens the Hardest Beard
Soothes the Tenderest Skin

EVERY DRUGGIST SELLS IT



A FULL SIZE TUBE—
150 SHAVES—25 CENTS

A Twenty Shave Trial Tube Sent by Us for 2 cents

ONE TRIAL IS CONVINCING

Johnson & Johnson

Dept. 2C, New Brunswick, N. J.

¶ The season's product from eleven peach trees on an irrigated farm in the Northwest paid all the expenses of a thirty-day vacation tour for a family of three!

There's big money in the fruit industry along the Northern Pacific Railway in Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Fruit raisers are proving it yearly.

The Scenic Highway NORTHERN PACIFIC *Through the Land of Fortune*

For information about fruit growing, farming, dairying or poultry-raising in the Northwest, with particulars [illegible] the very low monthly round trip Homeseekers' fares, and the remarkably liberal Tourist fares effective daily June 1 to September 30, [illegible] write to

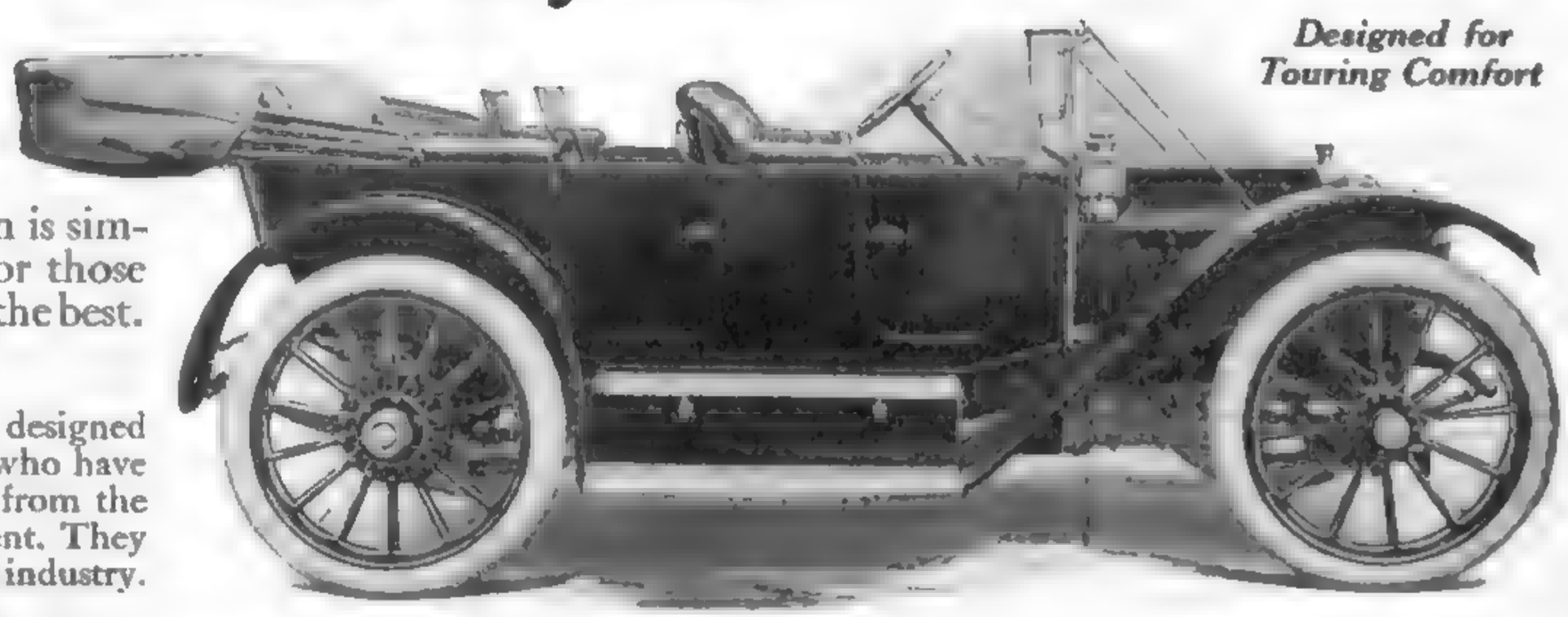
A. M. CLELAND, Gen'l Pass'r Agent
Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

Bicycles—Motorcycles the outdoor sports. Get all the Spring Number of the Bicycling World and Motorcycle Review (154 Nassau St., New York) 100 pages, profusely illustrated. Ten cents a copy

Stamp Album with 150 Genuine Stamps, only 10c. Big list coupons with Proof We Buy Stamps. SUDEMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

(1911 MODEL) OWEN (FULLY EQUIPPED)

Delivery Now



Designed for Touring Comfort

The Owen is a "pleasure" car in every sense of the word. It was built not to fit a price, but to satisfy an ideal. The Owen is simply and exclusively a car for those who recognize and demand the best.

The Makers

Its makers are men who have designed and built successful cars—men who have seen every phase of the business from the "single cylinder days" to the present. They are men who "grew up" with the industry.

Two Years Ahead

Forty-two inch wheels, long stroke motor, left hand drive with right hand gear control, high front door body and full touring equipment are some of the features which place the 1911 Owen easily two years ahead of other cars. Old fashioned methods and machinery have been eliminated from the Owen factory.

Every part of the Owen is made by brand new machinery—the latest and best to be had.

Machines that were good ten years ago can't make a modern car. The Owen is not an "assembled car" but is built complete in the Owen factory.

42-Inch Wheels Triple Life of Tires

The 1911 Owen is fitted with 42-inch wheels instead of the ordinary 34 or 36 inch.

All cars of the Owen's power will some day come to large wheels.

They make easy riding that no other cars possess and reduce tire wear fully 75 per cent. A 36 x 4 tire would last but one-quarter as long as an Owen 42 x 4.

This means where the life of a 36 x 4 tire is about five thousand miles—the life of the Owen 42 x 4 inch tires is between fifteen and twenty thousand miles.

Easiest Riding Car

The easy riding of the 1911 Owen is a marvel. The sensation is that of floating. Even the roughest roads have little effect. You can travel rough roads in the Owen at speeds that would be impossible with common cars.

Ordinary jolts are entirely eliminated; one cannot possibly gain any conception of what this car is like until he rides in it. If the 1911 Owen were mediocre in all other respects its easy riding qualities would commend it.

Long Stroke Motor

The Owen Motor is far in advance of others. There are four cylinders cast in pairs—4¾-inch bore, 6-inch stroke, 50 H. P.

It will drive the car up to 60 miles per hour. It will throttle down to two miles per hour on the high gear and pick up speed again in a "jiffy."

The long stroke gives great torque or pulling power at slow speed; makes a wonderful hill climber; reduces wear on working parts; eliminates vibration and adds life to the whole mechanism. The long stroke motor is thoroughly established abroad and is gaining headway rapidly in this country.

Left Hand Drive

The advantages of having the steering column on the left side are numerous.

It affords the driver a better view of his "right of way," it allows the front seat passenger to dismount on the right side, and with the gear shifting lever in the center of the floor boards gives the combination of left hand drive and right hand gear control.

This is the only proper arrangement and one which it is recognized will be accepted practice within two or three years.

High Front Door Body

This type of body will be much in vogue even in 1911. The high doors offer protection and add class and style.

The Owen body is of the straight line design, with roomy tonneau and folding auxiliary seats, handsomely upholstered, every detail of finish and equipment having had attention.

Underslung rear springs, and a double drop frame brings the body close to the ground—gives it a low center of gravity—which, with the greater traction afforded by the large wheels, prevents skidding.

Full Touring Equipment

The price of the 1911 Owen—$4,000 F. O. B. Detroit—includes the following touring necessities: Finest quality mohair top with side curtains and top slip cover; folding wind shield; clock; speedometer; electric horn; combination gas and electric head lights; combination oil and electric side and tail lights; Prest-O-Lite tank; foot accelerator; muffler cut out; tire carrier irons; robe rail; baggage rack; foot rest; gasoline and oil gauges; tire chains; one extra inner tube and a full set of tools.

Write for Complete Facts

Get all the facts about this 1911 car before you pay more or less for some other. They are contained in the Owen Catalog sent on request. Then see the nearest Owen dealer and take a demonstration over the roughest streets, the sandiest and hilliest roads.

The 1911 OWEN "Two Years Ahead"

Snip this out for Memo.

This is to remind me to write for full information about the Owen Car.

Owen Motor Car Co.

1608 E. Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

(7)

One Varnish For All Purposes

and the right Brush FREE

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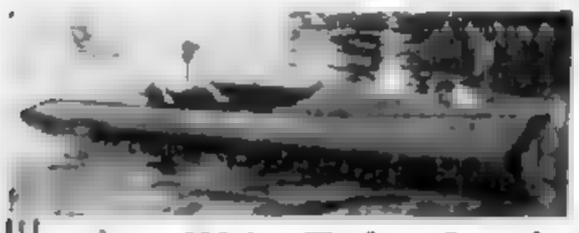

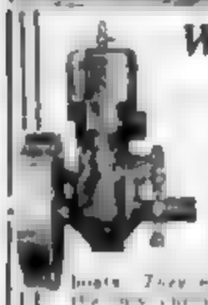

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CLASS PINS

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COLUMBUS, OHIO, U.S.A.

THE MISSIONS OF SYLVIA

(Continued from Page 11)

"'Pon my word!" murmured his distinguished guest.

The Earl of Harpenden was, like most other members of the peerage with any pretensions to gentility, related to Lord Raymes. By marriage they were mutual nephews-in-law of the same Duchess; by blood they were entitled to style each other, according to the warmth or coolness of their mutual regard, either third, fifth or thirteenth cousins. The Earl was fifteen years his kinsman's junior and still evinced a marked respect for his opinions. He was inclined to what used to be so elegantly termed *embonpoint*, his throat was thick, his hair sandy, and his eyes as previously indicated. Since no exclusive superiority of mind or body divided him from the meanest of his fellowmen, and since, like all other members of the House of Lords, he was easily to be distinguished from the nobleman of fiction and pamphlet by his abnormal conscientiousness and studious politeness, he enjoyed considerable popularity among the limited number of people who were aware of his existence. Like Lord Raymes, he had been for many years a widower. He now drank half a glass of port at a draught.

"Doocid fine-lookin' girl," he remarked.

"And she grows on acquaintance!" his host exclaimed with unusual ardor. "The longer I know Sylvia the more I am struck with her capacity for making some younger man happy."

"I ain't exactly young, you know," said Lord Harpenden absently, and then paused with open mouth, while a distinct flush mantled his wide countenance.

An eager twinkle gleamed in his relative's eye.

"You're in the prime of life, my dear fellow!"

"Yes, but—er—I—ah—I didn't mean to bring in myself."

"Your heart spoke for you, Harpenden!" smiled Lord Raymes benignantly. "You love my little girl, eh?"

"Love? Oh, hang it, that's rather hurryin' things on. I've only known her inside a week."

Lord Raymes sighed with reminiscent and—he trusted—infectious sentiment.

"It's wonderful how suddenly it seems to come upon one, isn't it?"

Lord Harpenden seemed a little infected, but not quite enough. In fact, there was at least as much suspicion as romance in his eye.

"One would almost think you were a bit keen on her yourself."

"Paternally only. In that sense I am devoted."

"Oh! Then I should think you would miss her dreadful bad if she left you."

"My house would be a very different place, Harpenden."

Lord Harpenden was by temperament a cautious man. Somewhere beneath his convex waistcoat Providence had hidden a little counselor; a counselor who had done him a good turn, on an average, three hundred and sixty-five times a year. This guardian spirit was an instinct which, perceiving that his lordship's mind was much averse to forming firm decisions, simply whispered "Back out!" whenever it saw so much as the tip of his nose entering an adventure. In spite of his four glasses of port he heard it quite distinctly now.

"I couldn't dream of deprivin' you of such a treasure, my dear fellow. You need her more than me," he said, and shook his head with as much solemnity as if he had come to this decision by dint of anxious thought.

The light of affectionate friendship burned in Lord Raymes' intelligent eyes

"I can spare her," he said firmly. "Of course, we shall be very dull for a time, but we'll grow used to it. No, no, I should never dream of standing in the way of her happiness. Fill your glass."

Lord Harpenden glanced at the decanter, and again heard the warning whisper But the wine was of an ancient vintage, and those who have tried tell us it is appreciably harder to resist the fifth glass than the second. He filled his glass, and the whisper began to sound far away.

"It's her eyes," he permitted himself to confess

"Ah, aren't they dazzling? Full of poetry, eh?"

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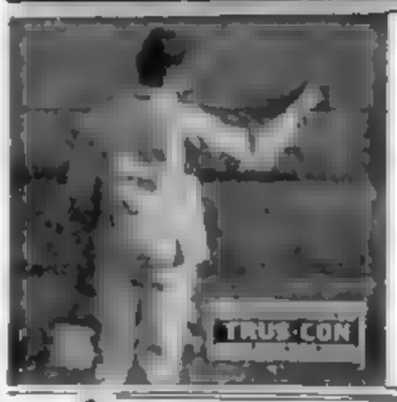

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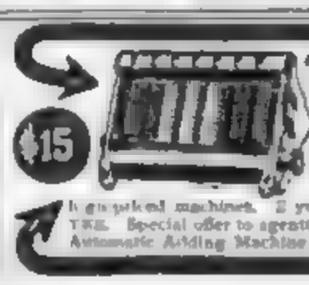

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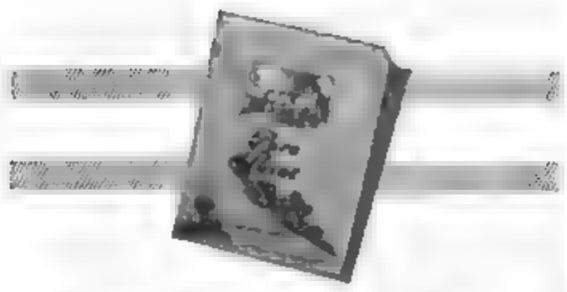

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The **Eastwood** sandals are made by an entirely new method of shoe construction. Stitching in all outside or wrinkling lines, waxed thread or tacks—feet clean, smooth, oak tanned leather next to the feet.

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"You don't think they're a little too full?" said Lord Harpenden cautiously.

"Not a bit, I assure you. If you feel romantic—as all of us do occasionally, Harpenden, in the less lucid intervals of our well-regulated lives—well, there you have romance in Sylvia. And let me tell you, if you will pardon the vulgarity of the phrase, that there are no flies on Sylvia's sentiment. It's the genuine thing."

"She'd never fancy me, I'm afraid," Harpenden returned pessimistically.

"She would; she would! You're the very fellow for her."

Lord Harpenden somberly shook his head.

"I'd never have the audacity to ask her."

"My dear fellow, I'll ask her for you—I'll put it so that she can't have the face to refuse—trust me, Harpenden, trust me! I've everything to gain by—er—securing her happiness. A guardian feels like that."

There was a vehemence in Lord Raymes' aged voice that bore eloquent testimony to his affection for his ward. His fellow-peer seemed at last infected by his emotion. The old gentleman looked exceedingly determined. Instinctively his relative yielded to the pressure of a stronger mind.

"She—er—she does take an interest in me," he confessed.

"You don't mean to say so!" exclaimed Lord Raymes, his joy almost imperceptibly blended with a trace of incredulity. "If you're right, by Gad, it won't be half as stiff a job working her up as I feared. What kind of an interest, eh?"

Lord Harpenden looked a little self-conscious.

"She's tryin' to make me a suffragist."

"It's the chance of your life," his kinsman pronounced. "Let me strongly advise you to sign the pledge tonight."

The Earl gazed at him in surprise.

"But, hang it—a suffragist; what?"

"It might have been a radical."

"But I hate the beastly people."

"So do I—loathe 'em; but all's fair in love and suffrajiggery, eh?"

"Dash it, Raymes, it's against my principles."

It was Lord Raymes' turn to look surprised.

"What! you are over fifty and still keep principles?"

"Don't you?"

"They are a luxury of the rich." He leaned confidentially over the table. "You needn't worry, Harpenden. She'll have forgotten all about the vote in a month. I know the dear girl."

Lord Harpenden grew cautious again.

"Sounds a bit fickle," he observed.

"Not fickle, my dear fellow; it's merely that bewitching inconsistency which gives woman her charm. A lady who stuck to her vices would be the very devil. Sylvia may have her faults, but, thank Heaven, she varies them."

"One wouldn't mind so much playin' up to her for a month or two," said Lord Harpenden slowly.

Lord Raymes shed him an appreciative smile.

"Shall we join the ladies?" he suggested.

By a happy chance they found Miss Braybrooke seated alone before the hall fire, surrounded by an assortment of inflammatory pamphlets. Her present mission had been described by Lady Custerd—who was not usually remarkable for emphasis—as the severest ordeal her friends had yet endured. It shook her like a gale; such phrases as "forcible feeding," "constable's helmet" and "cabinet minister" roused her to an inconceivable pitch of excitement; she regarded with murderous hatred elderly gentlemen she had never seen, and worshiped as saints and martyrs females whose uneuphonious names she had only heard of half an hour before. All else was forgotten—the hours of meals and bed, her favorite dog, her resolution to practice the fiddle, and sometimes even her prayers at night.

"I have brought you your convert," said her guardian pleasantly.

She looked up at Lord Harpenden quickly with a warm flash of her eyes that scattered his caution to the winds. If the voice still whispered "Back out!" it was too low for him to hear.

"Are you really converted?" she asked in a thrilling voice.

"I'm comin' round," he answered with a suggestion of what might almost have been enthusiasm.

Lord Raymes laughed genially.

"He has been tryin' to convert me! So you see what you have done, Sylvia."

She gave her guardian a serious smile.

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YOU can have the *daylight*—in all its fullness—*flood* your plant, by the use of Detroit-Fenestra Solid Steel Window Sash

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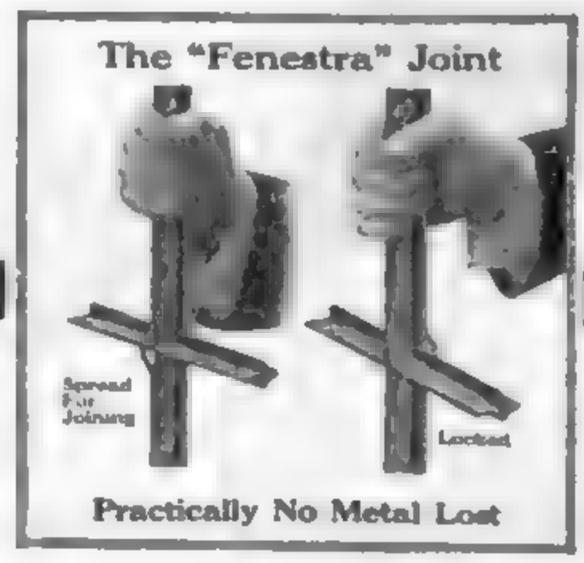

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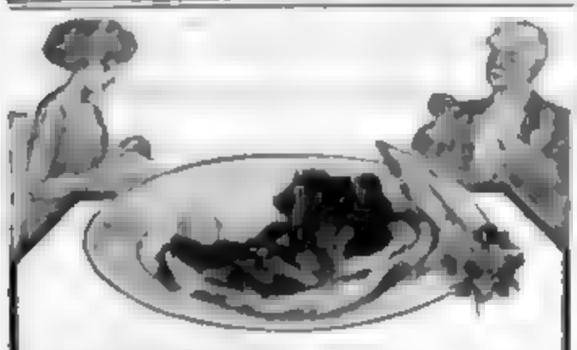

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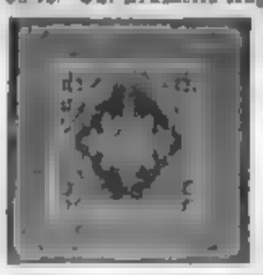

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"We don't need you, Uncle Raymes. I'm afraid you haven't quite the soul. But Lord Harpenden could do splendid work for the cause!"

Any disappointment Lord Raymes may have felt at this frank statement of his limitations was more than compensated by the evident pleasure of his noble kinsman. When Sylvia moved her pamphlets to make room for him by her side he did not hesitate an instant, but intrepidly seated himself within a few inches of his charmer In this situation his host tactfully left him.

"If this doesn't lead to matrimony," he said to himself as he took his cigar to the library, "what the deuce is the use in agitating for a vote?"

. . . . . .

"Do you see her name?" asked Lady Custerd breathlessly.

Lord Raymes read aloud from the list of martyrs in the morning paper.

"Susan Anne Shanks—Petronella Himbeater—Jane Scratch—Jacobina Chain—Harriet Yellings—Florence Knailes—Aramatilda Bullyman—no, poor Sylvia hasn't managed to get arrested."

It was only five days later, but much glorious life can be crowded into five days. The infatuated Harpenden and the mistress of his principles had departed together for London—still unaffianced, it is true, but mutually embarked upon an enterprise that promised excellently for her guardian's hopes. "Crowded together in Parliament Square, yelling 'Votes for Women!' down each other's necks, and very likely sharing the same cell afterward hang it, they must bring it off!" he had argued. And certainly the morning's paper confirmed his forecast that "something would happen," only, it seemed to have happened merely to the gentleman.

"What a dreadful thing for his relations!" said Lady Custerd

"They've most of 'em been through the bankruptcy court," he replied in a sedative voice. "Dash it, they surely can't grumble at his having his fling"

"But, Raymes, just think—bankruptcy is so respectable compared with kicking a policeman. At his age, too! It sounds so dreadful!"

"It probably sounds much worse than it was. He's too fat to kick hard."

"But I mean the scandal!"

"Pooh!" he replied easily, "by the time he comes out people will have forgotten all about it."

"Then you think they will imprison him?"

"I hope so. Fourteen days would just give Sylvia time to work him a halo."

"Expressed a little more reverently," said Lady Custerd gently, "that is certainly a consoling way of looking at it."

That afternoon Sylvia returned in a singularly quiet humor. Finding that his congratulations were coldly received, her guardian tactfully attuned himself to her mood.

"I fear these policemen are rough fellows," he said sympathetically.

"Not a bit too rough," she answered warmly. "Oh, Uncle Raymes, if you had seen those dreadful women biting!"

"Ah! you think they overdid it?"

"I imagined they were ladies," she replied with dignity. "I see I was mistaken."

She paused and then added with increased displeasure.

"I also thought Lord Harpenden was a gentleman"

Her guardian ceased to smile

"But, my dear Sylvia, he did it for your sake."

"In that case it was an insult to my intelligence!"

"Then you have no sympathy, no pity, no womanly compassion to spare for the poor fellow who followed you so loyally and now languishes in a martyr's cell? Remember, Sylvia, it was you who led him into it."

She looked at him reproachfully.

"You seem to take a pleasure in blaming me for everything, Uncle Raymes!"

For a moment even he could hardly contain his feelings.

"You are a woman in a thousand, Sylvia," he replied ironically; but perceiving her wounded look, he added with a kindly sigh: "But so are the other nine hundred and ninety-nine, I suppose."

Lord Harpenden has never paid another visit to his kinsman. He obeys the still, small voice implicitly now.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two short stories, with the same characters, by Mr Clouston

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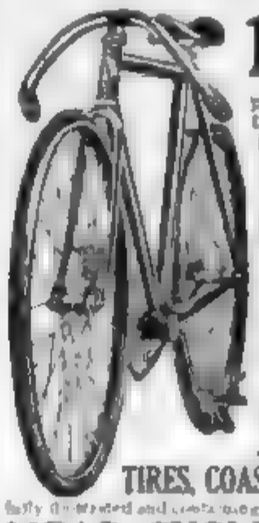

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Coöperation—The Raisin Baron

(Continued from Page 15)

"M. T. (not Mike) Kearney." Whereupon Mr. Kearney immediately resigned the presidency of the Raisin Growers' Association, declaring that he would not hold the office again unless he could be guaranteed respectful treatment by the press.

Dismay reigned in raisin circles. Mr. Kearney was the mainspring of the association. Moreover, he was individually so large a grower of raisins that his hostility would be exceedingly inconvenient to any coöperative plan. In the interests of the common weal Editor Rowell and Mr. Kearney were induced to meet and negotiate a truce. Unfortunately, Editor Rowell, who was not without a slight trace of belligerency himself, remarked to Mr. Kearney that the only person who enjoyed immunity from newspaper joshing was the Emperor of Germany.

"When you say that, you're trying to josh me! I'll not stand it!" cried Mr. Kearney in wrath, and stalked from the room

However, in the interests of the common weal a truce was arranged and Mr. Kearney resumed the presidency of the association. That a man of his temper would get on peaceably was improbable.

"For the last five years of the association's existence," says an experienced resident, "this community was divided into Kearneyites and anti-Kearneyites. Raisin politics overshadowed political politics. The annual election of directors of the Raisin Growers' Association caused more excitement and aroused deeper interest than the election of a President of the United States."

Every alternate year, in fact, the anti-Kearneyites outvoted the Kearneyites. Each time, after one year of an anti-Kearney administration, Kearney came back to power. His use of this power was characteristic of the man. He kept insisting upon the "New Jersey lease" and the "yellow slip." His ideal was one all-powerful association which should absolutely control the crop, do the packing and the Eastern marketing.

The End of the Association

All this while, it should be understood, Mr. Kearney's manner of living was about half-way between that of a baron and a hermit, if you can imagine the combination. His spacious house stood in a beautiful private park amid his thousands of acres. But the master of this baronial environment had neither guests nor friends. Every summer he spent in Europe, at German watering-places—where, according to local tradition, he hobnobbed with the nobility. As nobility is tolerably plentiful and frequently impecunious at German watering-places, probably hobnobbing was not very difficult for any man possessing the price.

Returning from Europe one year, Mr. Kearney paused in New York and then gave out an interview to the effect that he was going back to California to smash the raisin market. This statement, coming from the representative of seventy-five per cent of the growers, naturally caused excitement in Fresno. But Mr. Kearney repeated it with emphasis. He proposed, in short, to drive the growers into an all-powerful association by sacrificing their raisins until they did come in.

He returned to California, and he smashed the raisin market. He sold the crop of the association members to the packers at two and a half cents a pound when there is no question that the packers would willingly have paid more. This is still known in local history as "the year of Kearney's punishment prices."

This was very strong medicine. The ethics of the dose is still debated. Every one agrees that Mr. Kearney did it quite openly and that his purpose was merely purgatorial—inflicting a present suffering for the sake of future happiness. However, it was the beginning of the end.

The meeting of 1904 was stormy and bitter to an unusual degree. Mr. Kearney, then of advanced age, was not in good health. He was taunted and baited in the meeting until he arose and marched to the door, accompanied by hisses. At the door he turned, cried "Children! Children!" scornfully, and so stalked out of the meeting and out of raisin history.

He was in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake, but escaped in his automobile, went to New York and sailed for Europe, in failing health. He died at sea. So far as known he had not a single relative. His will left his entire estate to the University of California. A fine avenue, lined with eucalyptus and other trees, runs through the estate for twelve miles. The park in which the residence stands is extensive and really beautiful, containing trees and shrubs from many parts of the world. The house is ample and pleasing to the eye. Mr. Kearney himself regarded this house as merely suitable for the superintendent. Some distance from it is a large excavation—the cellar of the château which he was engaged in building when he died. Many thousand dollars' worth of building material was already on the ground at the time of his demise, but it has since been hauled away. The state university, which now owns the great ranch, has no use for a château.

The Hospitality of M. Theo

There was much speculation in Fresno as to what use Mr. Kearney had for a château, as he never entertained company. It is said that only two or three times, during the entire period of his residence there, was a guest ever under his roof, and then it was by accident. One of the accidents happened in this way: A fruit packer drove over one day to look at the beautiful park—as people frequently did. Near the house, about noon, he encountered Mr. Kearney and, to his surprise, was invited to come in and have luncheon. He accepted with alacrity, was entertained with the utmost hospitality and with interesting conversation for the space of two hours. This almost solitary guest relates that at the end of the entertainment he was moved to arise and express himself as follows:

"M. Theo, I've surely had a bully time! I can hardly reciprocate in kind, but I'll be jiggered if, the next time I catch you in town, I don't buy you a highball!"

"I'll drink one with you!" replied M. Theo heartily.

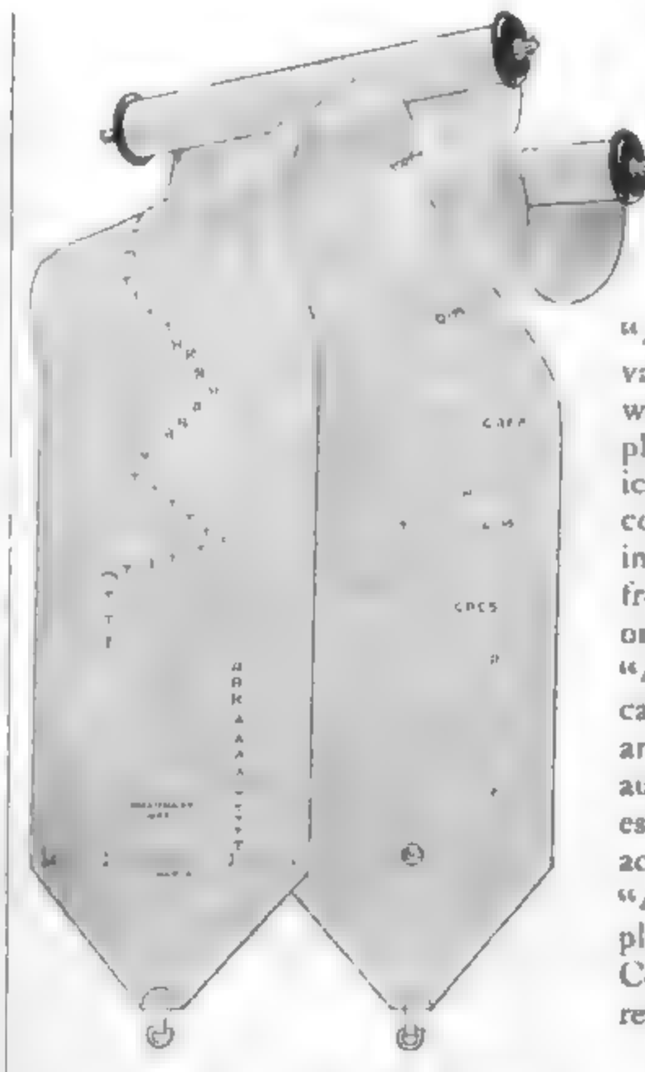
I am glad to put this in, as the only genial touch I was able to discover in the local portraiture of Mr. Kearney. Yet, on the whole, he is spoken of with respect and regret. For one thing, his estate is said to yield the university an income of seventy-five thousand dollars a year; so he made good on the main chance. And his extraordinary personality left a deep impression.

Like most aliens, the Armenians are rather sensitive to criticism. Upon one occasion, at least—when they seemed rather backward about signing the yellow slips—Mr. Kearney issued a public letter criticising them very severely. Yet it was an Armenian farmer who said to me with the utmost earnestness:

"He was a great man. He was the only man big enough to get all together. Say what you please, he had the true interest of the grower at heart. The others either look for something for themselves or else they ain't big enough for the job. It's true, one year he sold our raisins to the packers for only two and a half cents a pound when the packers would have paid, maybe, four cents. But he gave us fair warning for three months. For three months he said he would do it, and he did it. He was a big man."

At the last meeting Mr. Kearney was overthrown, but the victorious opposition, not possessing his personal power over the growers, resorted to other means of winning their allegiance. They proposed, in short, to get the growers a very good price for their raisins. Now, in the association, prices were pooled. A certain advance was paid to the growers upon delivery of the raisins and final settlement was made at the close of the season. The new management, in its anxiety to please the growers, made such heavy advances to those who delivered raisins early in the season that, prices having fallen, it had no money left with which to pay those who delivered raisins late in the season. Thus the association was thrown into the hands of a receiver and a great many lawsuits started whereby the late shippers sought to recover from the early shippers. Some of these lawsuits, I believe, are still pending.

Such was the unfortunate end of the association, and it created a good deal



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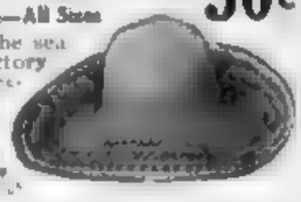

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of prejudice against coöperation. Fortunately, however, the crop of 1904 had been rather light, leaving no old stock to carry over, and the crop of 1905, also, was of moderate proportions—only eighty-eight million pounds. Thus, in the first non-coöperative year, 1905, very good prices were obtained—that is, from three to four cents a pound in the sweat-box—and again the crop was cleaned up.

It should be said that, while the grapes ripen in August, the curing and packing take three or four weeks, and to reach the important markets takes three weeks or so longer. Thus, it is October before deliveries of the new raisins are made. The great raisin-eating seasons are Thanksgiving and the holidays. Then is the time of heaviest demand and, normally, sixty per cent of the new crop ought to be marketed by January 1. But if there is a large carry-over from the old crop to be disposed of first, the marketing of the new crop is more or less demoralized.

In 1906, then, while there was a larger crop—ninety-five million pounds—there was no old stock to get in the way of its marketing. Also, in 1906, you remember, times were very good indeed all over the country. People were eating raisins liberally. Prices generally were advancing, and raisin prices were no exception. Early the next summer the whole crop had been marketed. In June, 1907, practically the last remnant of it—one block of forty tons—was bought by a Fresno packer, who paid the fortunate grower six and seven-eighths cents a pound in the sweat-box. Now, it is admitted that three cents a pound in the sweat-box is a living price for the grower. Six and seven-eighths cents a pound would look to him about as two dollars a bushel for wheat would to the grain farmer.

Raisin Prices at Panic Levels

Naturally, then, the raisin grower was exceedingly bullish in the summer and autumn of 1907. The vines seem to have been infected with the prevailing enthusiasm, for they produced the unprecedented crop of one hundred and thirty million pounds of raisins. Notwithstanding the heavy yield, the new crop started off briskly, packers paying four and a half cents a pound—for the prosperous East was raisin-hungry and the market was bare. The price advanced to five cents, then to five and a half cents. But packers found it difficult to get what raisins they wanted. Growers, expecting still higher prices, were not much disposed to sell. The marketing of the new crop proceeded slowly during October. Then it stopped abruptly.

The last of that month, in Wall Street, Banker Morse's institution failed: there were runs on trust companies; stocks went to pot; Mr. Morgan sat up of nights. In short, there was a panic. Banks nearly everywhere locked up their money. There was no marketing of raisins. Railroads stopped buying steel and housewives ordered dried apples for the pudding.

From five and a half cents in October the price of raisins at Fresno dropped to two and a half cents and two cents. The latter figure—below cost of production—obtained in May, June and July, 1908. Meanwhile, the thoughtless grapevines were producing another crop of ample size. About two-thirds of this new crop (of 1908) ought to have been marketed by January, 1909; but in February, 1909, there were seventy million pounds of the crop of 1907 still on hand. Result, raisins stayed at two cents a pound in the sweat-box—about two-thirds of a "living" price to the grower—and they have been near that price ever since.

Two somewhat comforting things, however, happened. In the first place, times became good again, and the consumption of raisins at this low price increased greatly. "From June, 1909, to January 1, 1910, more raisins were sold than ever before," says a packer. Then the crop of 1909 was only of moderate size, so, with increased consumption, the supply of old stock which prevented prices from rising is gradually diminishing.

Nevertheless, the growers have sold practically three crops at less than a living price. Naturally, talk of coöperation has again come to the fore. Last year the California Farmers' Union took up the work. While affiliated, in sympathy at least, with Farmers' Unions in the Northwestern States and in the South, this company is legally and financially distinct.

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hundred and fifty thousand dollars in ten-dollar shares. Its plan is to sell the stock to growers in proportion to acreage, and take three-year contracts from the growers to handle their crop. It operates a packing-house at Fresno and proposes to extend its packing facilities. It handles dried fruit—peaches, apricots—on the same plan.

The Union started last year very promisingly. Certainly, growers were tired enough of selling raisins at two cents a pound. Over ten per cent of the coming crop was pledged to the Union. In this initial year, however, the Union undertook to handle green fruit—that is, uncured peaches, grapes, apricots—as well as dried fruit and raisins. It did, in fact, handle one hundred and sixty cars of green fruit and thirteen hundred cars of watermelons. The green fruit came to market first, and results with it were admittedly unsatisfactory. This discouraged some of those who had pledged raisins and dried fruit, and they withdrew. The Union has now abandoned the green-fruit end of the business and is pushing vigorously for dried fruit and raisins. The management is full of enthusiasm and expects to get a third or more of this year's crop signed up.

There is at Fresno a local or sub-exchange of the California Fruit Exchange, which is a coöperative organization handling green deciduous fruit, with new quarters at Sacramento—not to be confounded with the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, the citrus coöperative organization, having headquarters at Los Angeles, which I described in a former article. H. V. Rudy is president of the sub-exchange at Fresno. Last year Mr. Rudy organized the California Dried Fruit Agency to handle dried fruit and raisins coöperatively.

Other Fruit Associations

The Agency has an authorized capital of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and owns a large, up-to-date packing plant at Fresno under the experienced management of Willis Pike. Its plan is to take three-year contracts from the growers, who may subscribe to the capital stock or not, as they please. Profits on the capital stock are strictly limited, remaining profits being distributed among the growers in proportion to the amount of fruit delivered. The Agency has its own brokers in the East through whom it sells f. o. b. in car lots. It is working vigorously to extend coöperative marketing.

Both the Farmers' Union and the California Dried Fruit Agency are only a year old and, more or less, in the experimental stage. At least, they cannot yet be spoken of as actually powerful factors in marketing. Though both are coöperative, they are, of course, rivals. There are two or three small local coöperative associations of longer standing, but they cut only an insignificant figure in the general situation.

Admittedly, it is a difficult thing to get these many twenty, thirty and forty acre growers, of different nationalities and little general business experience, into an effective association. If the association is to do its own packing and marketing a good deal of capital must be raised. The coöperative plans involve raising the capital by withholding a part of the price of the raisins—say, ten dollars a ton. Many of the growers, having sold their crops at about two cents a pound, are pretty hard up. They need that ten dollars a ton.

Another coöperative association was launched last fall with greater flourish. This was the Central California Raisin Company, or "million-dollar" company, as it was commonly called from the proposed size of its capital. It undertook to include at least sixty-five per cent of the growers, then reduced the figure to forty per cent. But as it seemed evident in January last that not nearly that many could be induced to sign, the project was abandoned.

Another difficulty in the way of coöperative packing remains to be explained. A good many years ago Colonel Forsythe, a prominent raisin grower, being in New York, heard of an ingenious tinsmith who had invented a machine for seeding raisins. He looked up the inventor, examined the machine and induced the ingenious tinsmith to go to California, offering to form a partnership with him for handling the raisin seeder. The partnership was formed and the machine introduced. Presently the partners fell out and the inventor withdrew.

As usual, rival patents appeared and patents on improvements to the machine. Much litigation ensued. There was then a

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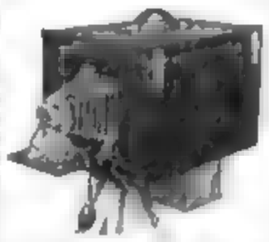

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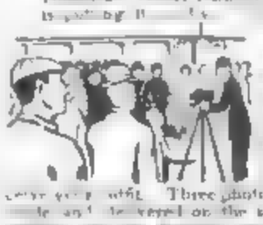

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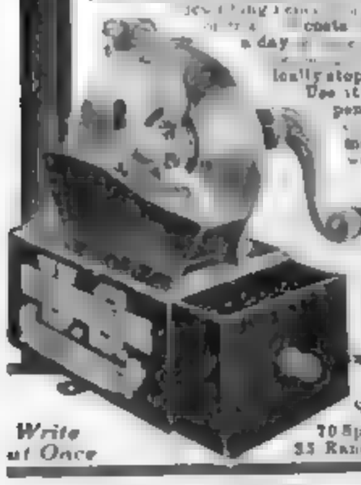

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raisin packer in Fresno named Gartenlaub, who from humble beginnings had achieved an enviable place in the industry. Mr. Gartenlaub and his associates bought the original patent from Colonel Forsythe and formed the Pacific Coast Seeded Raisin and Packing Company. Then, either by buying the other patents or by taking the owners of them into consolidation, they formed the Consolidated Seeded Raisin Company—which is now so well fortified with patents that it is rather difficult to seed and pack a raisin mechanically without bumping into the Consolidated at some point. Both the Farmers' Union and the California Dried Fruit Agency have their own patents and believe the courts will sustain them. Still, the Consolidated occupies a strong strategic position. It will, of course, permit the coöperators to use its patents—at a royalty of ten dollars a ton, which would promptly put said coöperators out of business. Meanwhile, the original inventor is walking the streets of Fresno in very modest circumstances.

Probably quite eighty-five per cent of the marketing of the raisin crop of 1909 has been done by the commercial packers, who buy the raisins from the growers in the sweat-box, seed, pack and sell them.

So far I have mentioned only raisins, which probably constitutes a great injustice to Fresno and the imperial San Joaquin Valley. To be sure, there are about three thousand raisin growers in the district, and a hundred thousand acres in raisin grapes. The average raisin vineyard is, therefore, between twenty and forty acres. The normal crop is about one hundred and twenty-five million pounds of raisins—which means about four times that many pounds of grapes, owing to shrinkage as they dry in the sun. It is admitted that the grower must receive three cents a pound for his raisins in the sweat-box—that is, as he brings them to the packing plant—in order to make a living. Thus the nominal value of the crop would be about four million dollars before seeding and packing, or six and a quarter million dollars when ready for shipment.

Yet this is, so to speak, only one bite in the cherry. According to the report of the State Agricultural Society three valley counties produced, in 1908, two hundred million pounds of wine and table grapes, forty-five million pounds of peaches marketed green, fifty million pounds of various dried fruits, much alfalfa, butter, mutton and what-not. In short, to present a picture of general gloom and depression would be far from the truth. Everybody is still cheering for San Joaquin, but the raisin grower is doing it in a somewhat mechanical sort of way.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Payne. The fifth will appear in an early number.

ENTERTAINING MR. SCHEVRIEN

(Continued from Page 18)

said, "all them ladies what you seen it on the stage is coming from Paris, just a few weeks ago already. They're a lot of up-to-date ladies, I bet yer."

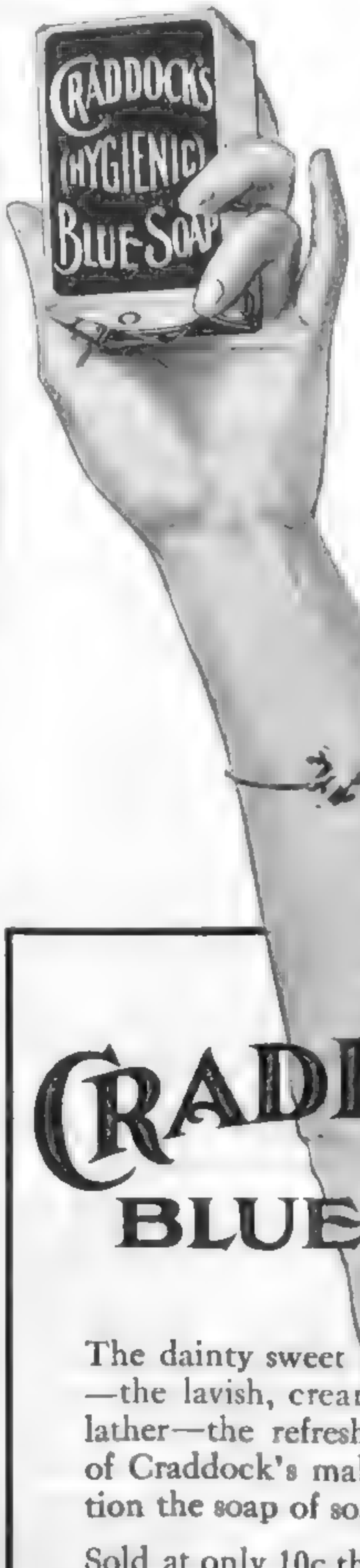
"You got to excuse me, gentlemen," Schevrien replied. "I must admit I ain't noticed what them ladies was wearing on the stage, y'understand. All I am looking for is the ladies which is sitting around me in the seats."

"Well, that ain't no fair test, Mr. Schevrien," Griesman insisted. "You got to remember that in New York *this* season is now *last* season not *next* season. All these here ladies which you see around here is wearing *last* season's clothes, not *next* season's, and I admit you are right. They are not wearing draped skirts, but you take them people which is on the stage, and you would see that all of them is wearing draped skirts because they are coming from Paris, where the season is now *next* season not *this* season."

"You get me all mixed up with them seasons, Griesman," Schevrien said. "But, anyhow, Griesman, I will take your word for it that them ladies comes from Paris. Show me when the curtain goes up. I will stand here with you."

"Come down where we are standing, Mr. Schevrien," Griesman replied. "There you could see it much better."

They had barely reached Griesman's place next to a post on the left side of the



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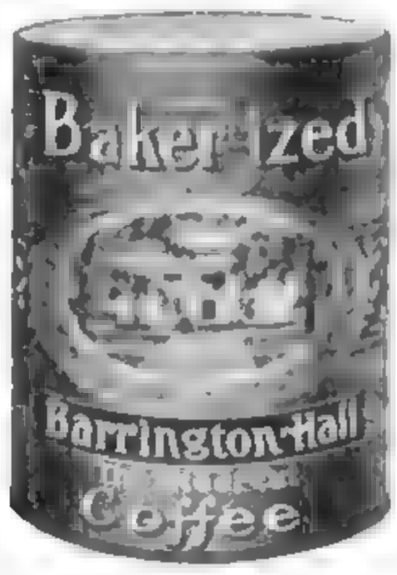

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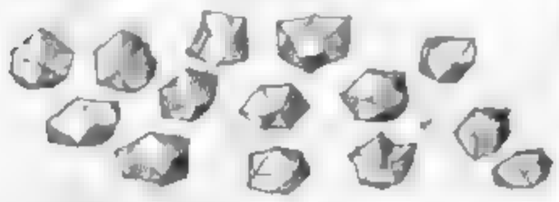

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house when the curtain rose, and as the female characters were disclosed on the stage, Griesman gasped. They were all wearing draped skirts of an elaborate design, for by some whim of operatic stage management, although the opera is of the period of Louis Philippe, the characters in the opera of La Traviata are usually garbed in the costumes of the Second Empire

The Court of Napoleon III never boasted half the elaborate gowns that swept the boards of the opera house that evening, and so strongly did they appeal to Griesman's sense of decoration that his running comment kept his vicinity in a turmoil of protesting hisses during the entire third act. Indeed, it was only when an usher threatened them with incontinent ejectment that Schevrien and Griesman ceased to discuss skirts and turned their attention to the music.

"Say, lookyhere, Griesman," Schevrien said, after the final curtain had fallen, "I seen that them skirts was draped all right, and in fact, Griesman, I also seen it that not one of them skirts was quite so plain as the fanciest of them skirts which you designed it."

"That's where you got to trust to me, Mr. Schevrien," Griesman replied. "I admit I don't make 'em quite so fancy, y'understand, but you couldn't sell such extreme styles in Bridgetown like you could in Paris. Eef you was in Paris, then that would be something else again."

Bramson handed to Griesman the imported cigar which he had intended for Schevrien

"Griesman is right, Mr. Schevrien," he said. "The feller is right. Certainly I admit goods is got to be stylish, Mr Schevrien, but we must design 'em to suit the trade. Paris is one thing and Bridgetown is another, and you got to remember also, Mr. Schevrien, we are not Frenchers, Mr. Schevrien, we are Americans."

"Sure, sure," Buongiorno hastened to add. "Da's all right. Good 'Mericans, *senza dubino*."

Schevrien's face spread itself into an amiable smile.

"Well, boys," he said, "I guess you must be right. All I got to say is you should ship them skirts right away. And now, Bramson, it's my blow."

He turned to Buongiorno and Griesman.

"I am very funny that way," he said. "I'm never what you would call hungry exactly after a show. But what d'ye say if we would all go across the street to Glink's and have, maybe, each a cup cawfee and some griddle cakes on me?"

. . . . . .

Marcus and Bramson sat in their showroom the following morning while the strains of Griesman's throaty barytone came over the cutting-room partition in a loud résumé of the previous evening's performance.

"That feller Griesman's got a pretty good voice already," Marcus said.

Bramson nodded sagely.

"Take it from me, Marcus," he said, "there was a couple of Italieners hollering at that—now—opera, y'understand, which you couldn't tell the difference between them and Griesman, Marcus, and I bet yer they couldn't touch him as a skirt designer, even if they was Italieners."

"Italieners makes pretty good designers, Bramson," Marcus rejoined. "Take Bonjo here, and he ain't such a bad designer neither. The feller told me, six months ago already, women wouldn't be wearing no plain skirts much longer. He says that women don't know what they want when it comes to garments."

Bramson nodded, and, as if in corroboration, Giuseppe Buongiorno entered the showroom with an armful of skirts and lifted up his voice in song.

"*La donna è mobile*," he trolled forth, but when he caught sight of his employers the melody ceased.

"Bonjo," Marcus asked, "that song which you are singing it, what does it mean, anyway?"

Buongiorno smiled genially.

"Notta me, I cannot seeng. Is for beeg *tenore* like Caruso, y'know, in Rigoletto," he explained. "Is meaning: Women is changeable, just for same like-a moon."

"Women is changeable, hey?" Marcus commented. "Well, go ahead and sing it some more, Bonjo. That's the truest song which it was ever wrote. Women is changeable."

"Buyers, too," Bramson added, "and don't you forget it."

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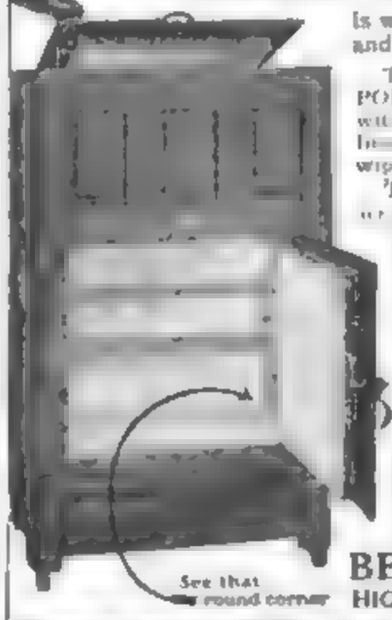

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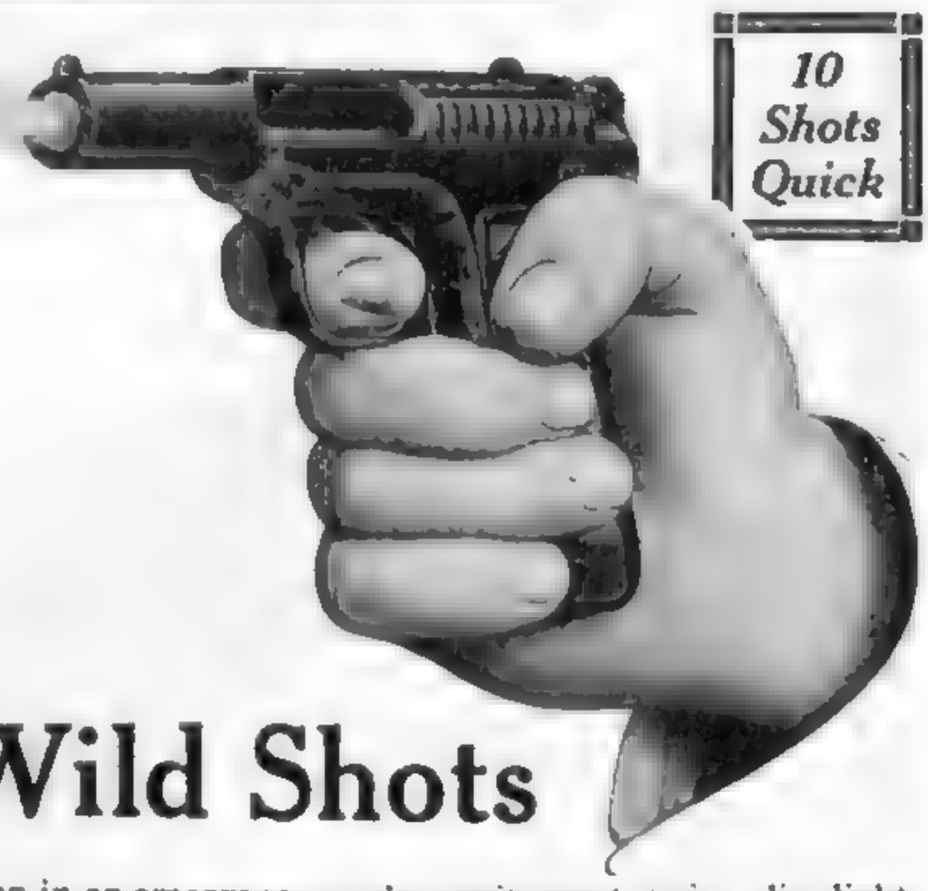

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THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

THE DESERTERS

(Continued from Page 7)

After a while we heard from Doc Ward that she was gettin' better. Not cured—but stronger an' able to sit up. "Why," says Ward, "it's a marvel what a lot of fight in the mind she has," he says, "an' what a lot of strength can be in a poor, thin, worn-out body," he says.

It was gettin' to be warm weather again an' the spring rains had started things growin' green an' soft once more when she come back to work, though I guess there weren't a half a dozen people in the whole factory paid any attention to it. I understood that Doc Ward an' old Joe Paul had done their best to stop her, but she was runnin' herself like some of them who've had enough of doin' things suggested by others. She was back punchin' the time-clock an' silent as ever

She was silent as ever an' as much to herself, but there seemed to be a change in her, somehow. Anyhow, Best told me he thought so. He said she didn't flare up the way she used ter do. "You've seen a horse, Jim," he says, "that, when you rattle the whip in the holder, wants to run away or kick out the dasher. That's the way she was," he says; "but now," he says, "she's like one of them hosses that's got over bein' ugly, an' stands the whip an' sticks his head an' ears down an' won't change his pace no matter what happens," he says. "There's somethin' that ain't quite so tough about her," says he.

Maybe it was so, fer I believe I seen her smile a couple of times myself. A look of it would come over her when she'd watch old Joe Paul go up the path toward the Canuck settlement after a workin'-day was over.

It's strange how things go out of yer mind. I hadn't thought of either of them two strange specimens fer a long time, till one Saturday noon, when the feller who used to be foreman of the basement room here seen me goin' out through the office with a handful of reports fer the Old Boss an' hollered out after me.

I stopped an' he says to me: "Say, Jim," he says, "you ain't seen old man Paul, have yer? He ain't been down today."

I shook my head. I was thinkin' of somethin' else, I guess, an' it went out of my mind, as I say. Of course, if I'd stopped to notice I'd have remembered. I'd have remembered he never lost an hour before since he come inter the factory. But I never thought.

The next day was Sunday an' I can draw a picture of it. I never seen such rain! When I woke up in the mornin' it was splashin' against my winder, an' by noon there was a big cut in the road in front of the house an' we had to put a dishpan under a place in little Mike's room where the water had come through the ceilin'. There was no use of me an' Annie tryin' to go to the church an' I wondered how Father Ryan would make up his mind to go himself. The water was just splashin' down an' goin' slantwise with the wind.

It had been a dull day without even a Sunday paper, which is no good, anyhow, except that ye're always hopin' to see somethin' in it the next time you look. It was dark early by the thick clouds an' the heavy weather, an' all of us was sleepy from doin' nothin' an' eatin' too much supper.

Maybe that was the reason it jumped me when there come them sharp raps on the front door. It was a wild night, with the howl an' yell of the wind, an' when I turned the knob a chunk of the wet come in to make me step back an' half filled my face with water. Whoever it was pushed their way in, an' then I seen it was Anne Villet. She was out of breath as though she'd been runnin', an' she had no hat, an' her umbrella had been blown inside out. Her face was white, too. I'll never forget it.

"Mercy on us," says Annie behind me, raisin' her hands. "How many of yer? What's the matter?" says she. "Have yer seen a ghost?" she says.

"No," says the girl, throwin' her umbrella into the corner an' walkin' with them quick steps into the parlor, where she squinted with the light. "No," she says, tryin' to get her breath an' coughin'. "Old Joe Paul is dyin'."

"What!" says I.

"You heard what I said," she says, stickin' her finger at me. "The doctor was there yesterday. I was up at the old man's shack all last night," she says. "He had a stroke of somethin'. The doctor said he'd cash in the next time he had one," she says, pantin'. "Do you understand that! It won't be a couple of hours more before it's all over, an' the doctor has gone over to Dayton's Mill," she says.

"How did you know this?" says I.

"How did I know?" says she. "Ye're wastin' talk," she says. "I sat up with him since four o'clock yesterday afternoon, that's how!"

"You poor girl! What can we do?" says Annie, fer speech was all knocked out of me. "What did yer come here for?"

"I come here," says the girl, leanin' up against the table with her yellow hair hangin' in wet strings, "because I thought that man," she says, pointin' to me, "was straight an' had some sense," she says.

"Jim!" says my Annie to me. "Can't you be alive?" she says. "What can we do?"

The girl straightened up an' her jaw kinder set, an' she says: "Listen to me," she says. "Get him a band—a brass band—a band with drums."

At that I guess the two of us looked at her as if she had been as crazy as a straw in a whirlwind.

"A band!" says my Annie, with her eyes as big as butter-plates.

"What's the matter with yer?" says the Villet girl, talkin' faster an' rougher. "Yes, a band!" she says. "You don't know about him. Well, there ain't much time to tell it. Now, listen! I know about this just the same as he knows about me, see?" she says.

"There was a war," she says, goin' on. "A war. Long before I was born, see? A war. An' this old man was young then," she says. "He was not much more than a boy. Oh, I ain't got time to tell it all."

"A band?" says my Annie, as if she didn't understand. That was enough to start the girl on her story again. "My God, yes!" she says. "There was bands playin' an' men marchin', an' he was full of it, see? He went with 'em. He had to go with 'em. He joined the army, see? He's told me about it in pieces. They went to Washington on the train, and marched through the mud, days an' days, with their guns an' bands an' all. I can see 'em just as if I'd been there. He didn't mind the bein' tired or hungry, or none of them things. He had that kind of grit, see? I understand him all right an' he knows it."

"The Civil War?" says I.

"Yes," she says, "that was it—the Civil War. An' he got a letter from home an' the next day they come to a place called the somethin' Forks, with pine trees, an' over the hill there was guns goin' off an' smoke. An ambulance wagon come by, an' there was fellers in it that had been torn up with fightin'. It made him sick. It weren't his fault. There was courage in his mind, see? But his legs wouldn't stand fer it. His body an' his stomach wouldn't, either."

She had a fit of coughin' then an' she stuffed her hand over her mouth.

"An' then," she says, "he sneaked into them pine woods an' he seen a flag wavin' over the ridge a second an' he sat behind a tree an' cried because he couldn't fight, see?—because his body wouldn't let him fight. An' he went back through the woods. He deserted, see? He ran away. He went back near his home once an' at night he looked at the house where his folks was. They'd found out he'd deserted. So he couldn't go in an' see any of 'em. I know how he felt. I've been in the same fix. He couldn't disgrace 'em. An' he never seen 'em again. It had bust his spirit," she says.

"He looks at the ground now," I says.

"Yes," says she, "an' you've seen dogs that will flinch an' duck like him. He ain't to blame. It happened in three minutes. He's been tryin' to repair it fer forty-five years. There's some things that ain't ever got rid of by men an' women," she says.

"Sit down," says Annie easy. "You're weak with climbin' the hill"

"No," says the girl, shakin' her head an' shuttin' her thin hands. "Nothin' seems to make up fer some things," she says, goin' on. "It don't seem to make any difference how honest or straight or kind he is, the duckin' an' flinchin' follers him just the same. An' now," she says, "it's the last chance to wipe it all away," says she, "an' I've got to have a band!"

"A band!" I says again.

"Yes!" she says. "Listen to me. I'd do anythin' fer a brass band—maybe two

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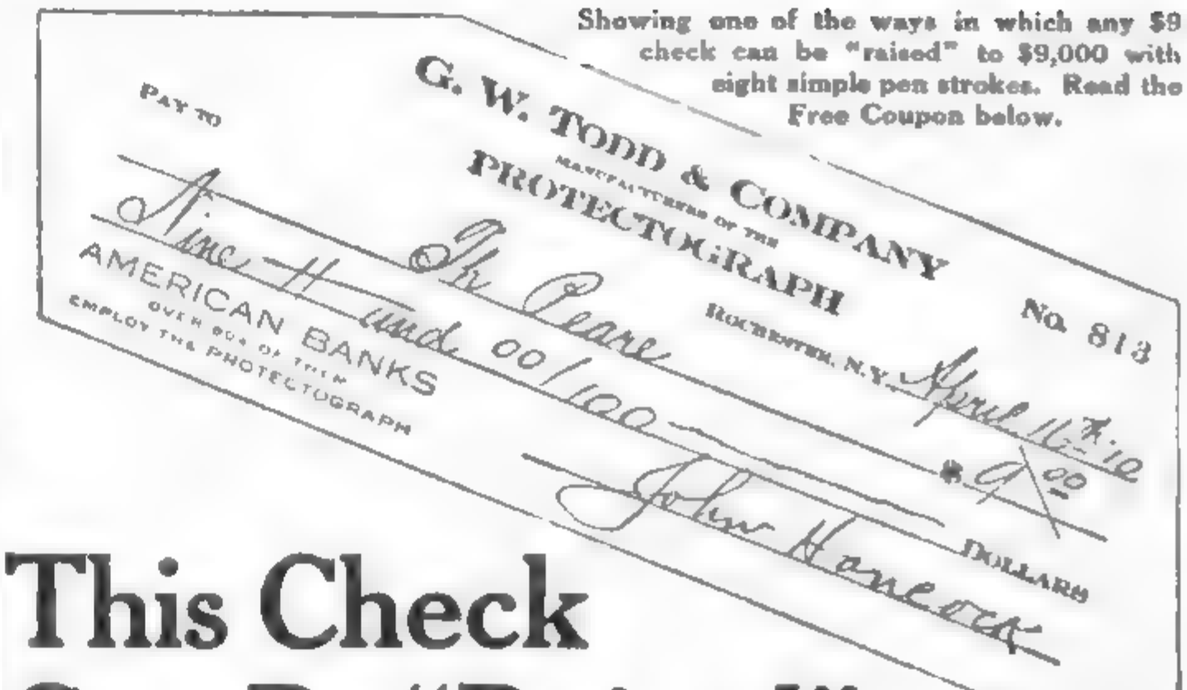

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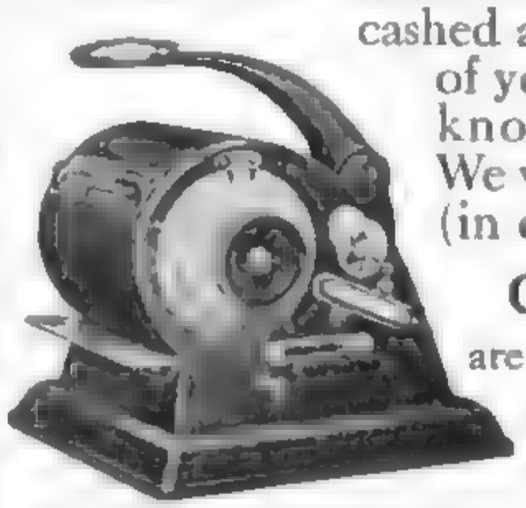

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or three instruments an' a drum. Why, look at me. It's a joke. I've prayed fer a band. Me!" she says. "Don't you see? He's a bit light in the head. An' he thinks the company of soldiers is comin' fer him. He thinks there is another war. He thinks they've got the same flag. He thinks they've got the same men. My God, he must have that satisfaction! He must hear a band outside! Don't yer understand? He thinks they're goin' to take him back—let him join again! An' he thinks that this time he won't duck or flinch, but just fight—fight—fight."

"Mercy on us," says Annie, "won't anythin' else do?"

"No," the girl says. "That's the one thing. Just a moment is enough. Don't I know? Don't I get to wishin' fer one thing I can't have? I don't want pity. It makes me tired. I can't stand it. I don't want people to be sorry fer what I ain't. I'd like to feel just once fer a moment that I was everythin' to somebody—I don't care who—because of what I am," she says. "Now do you see? Just fer one moment. An' so he must hear a band comin'," she says, breathin' hard.

"Yes," says I, speakin' half afraid of her. "We got to have a band," an' I started to think.

Then I seen Annie was pluckin' at her dress. "Jim," says she, "there is Fred who works at the barber shop. He plays with the Light Guards. He has a cornet," she says, "an' old Cady with the drum," she says, "they don't live far. It's a bad night," she says, "an' they'll be in. An' Moses Dayton plays the horn, don't he?" she says. "Jim!" she says, openin' the closet door an' pullin' down a raincoat, "it's got to be done. You go back with the girl to the old man's shack. 'Twould be a crime if anythin' happened to him while he was alone. Take the girl an' hurry," she says. "I'll do my best," she says.

With that she opened the door an' was lost in the black, as if she'd gone behind a curtain.

"Come—you!" says the Villet girl. An' so I never put out the lamp or nothin', but just grabbed my coat an' follered her.

I'll not forget the slap of the rain. There was times when I could scarce see the girl, who run along beside me. We went stumblin' down the hill to the old covered bridge, where the wind hollered, an' up the hill on the other side. An' up there where the road runs close to the edge of the river bank I seen the light from the winder in his little shack. It seemed to kinder flicker, there was that much rain. An' I thought of the old pipe with the big bowl he useter smoke after supper.

We pushed in the door, she in front, an' I seen over her shoulder that he was lyin' on the bed an' I thought maybe we was too late. But the rush of air made him move a little an' he opened his eyes once an' closed 'em. An' I heard her give a little cry as if she was satisfied.

There weren't much light—just a old kerosene lamp with a dirty chimney. It was enough fer me to look around. I'd never been in there before. His clothes was hangin' to nails on the wall, an' in one corner there was a cheap buntin' flag hangin' down from the ceilin'. There was a leak in the back room an' you could hear the drops slap on somethin', even an' slow an' kinder ugly.

"Is there anythin' to do?" I whispers.

"No," she says, "there ain't."

So I sat down.

By-an'-by she pointed at him with her finger, kinder bitin' her lip, an' she says: "It's funny, ain't it, how things happen? He's the only thing I cared anythin' for," she says.

An' from that on she never said nothin'. Once he moved an' she poured some water out of a pitcher into a white cup, but he only looked up at her an' nodded an' shut his eyes again. I could almost feel my ears stretchin' open fer the sound of somethin' beside the droppin' of that water in the back room, or maybe it was fer the sound of a drum.

Then all of a sudden the old man started up. I guess he fergot he was in bed.

"Listen!" he says. "Are they comin', Anne?" he says. "I've got good news fer you. The company is goin' to take me back. The old town will know there ain't anythin' the matter with me then," he says. "They'll know I was only a boy. They'll know when men is wanted I'll be ready. It's funny why they don't come," he says, with trouble in his face. "A whole regiment marched through this mornin'. They was covered with dust. They'd been goin' since daybreak to get to the main line," he says.

An' then fer a while he was quiet, as if he was listenin'. "They called us deserters, Anne," he says, beginning again. "You an' me, each in our way. Well, that's all gone by," he says. "Listen," he says, "did you hear music?" he says. "I don't see why they're late. This time I won't fail 'em. I expect they'll be here soon. An' then I can start," he says, pointin' with one of his bent hands. I remember how noisy the wind was.

Then, all of a sudden, I seen his eyes open wide an' a bit of blood come into his face, an' them droopy lines tightened up. "Listen!" he says. "They're comin'!"

At that the Villet girl stood up. An' in spite of the noise of the rain on the roof an' the wind we could hear a drum, an' then sometimes it seemed as if there was a cornet with it. An' then it stopped. It was just as if ghosts had been playin'.

The old man, though, was all alive. "They've halted," he says, "they've halted in front of the courthouse," he says. "They're comin'. I'm glad I got a pair of shoes that was easy. It makes a heap of difference," he says, an' blinks his watery old eyes.

An' then suddenly I heard them boys with a horn an' a drum an' a cornet—there was three of 'em! It weren't a hundred yards away an' comin' nearer through the rain. An' the old man commenced to beat time with his hands.

"They're here!" he says. "Now I can start. They're goin' to take me with 'em. The same old company—eighty-four men an' officers. Well," he says, "it's time to say good-by."

He looked at me with his head cocked on one side an' his gray hair all mussed up, but he didn't seem to see me at all. He looked around until he seen Anne Villet.

"Come here, girl," he says.

The music was nearer. It was a march an' didn't sound very good, but it was a march an' loud an' gingery. An' then Anne went over to him, an' he pulled her down toward him an' looked into her face.

"I've got to say good-by to you, girl," he says. "It's kinder hard, but then when it's all over an' we come marchin' back with flags wavin' an' everybody cheerin' you'll be glad then," he says. "Don't you mind, Anne," he says, "whatever they say to you. You know how I feel. You've got courage, Anne," he says. "You've got courage an' grit enough fer two," he says. "Why, I love you just as if you was my daughter. An' I'm so proud of you," he says, an' he tried to bend over toward her.

The music had come up to the shack an' only the drum was playin' then.

"Well," says he, "they've come," an' he give a sigh as if he was contented. "Come, Anne. Hand me my hat," he says, pointin' with his finger at a cushion on the chair.

I guess she never heard him. She'd kinder buried her face in the bedclothes. So he reached out an' caught the cushion in his old fingers an' he tried to put it on his head like a hat. It was stuffed with them pine needles. An' it kept fallin' off his head in spite of all he could do. I almost laughed.

But when I looked again I got up an' went to the door an' says out into the wind an' the rain: "That's enough," an' the drum stopped. An' then I looked back into the room an' seen Anne Villet fer the last time. She never come to the factory again an' she disappeared. Come from nowhere an' went back. But right then I seen by the light of that dirty kerosene lamp that she had got what she wanted, as well as him. She stood beside the bed there, starin' out at nothin' with a smile. You'd never known her.

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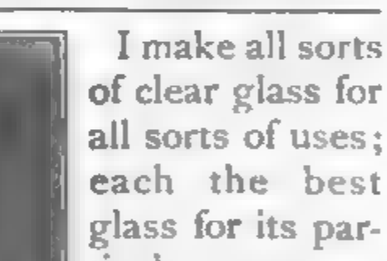

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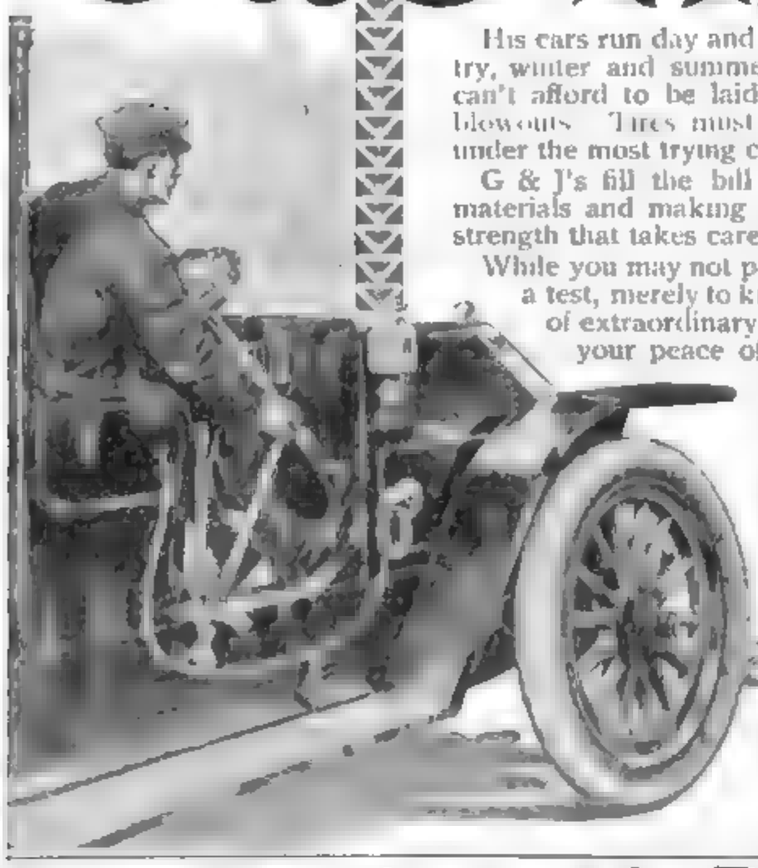

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The Price of Beefsteak

Will it Ever be Lower?

By WILL C. BARNES

INSPECTOR OF GRAZING, UNITED STATES FOREST SERVICE

THIRTY years ago almost all the country west of the Missouri River was an open grazing area used only by the stock raisers—mostly cattlemen. From Kansas to California, and from Medicine Hat to Brownsville, Texas, there was a virgin range covered with some of the best and most nutritious grass to be found anywhere in the world, only waiting for some hungry cows to come along and eat it.

At that time the population of the United States was about fifty million and, while there are no reliable statistics available to show the number of cattle we then had, a careful study of what data there are leads to the belief that in the entire United States there were in the neighborhood of fifty million head of cattle of all classes.

About that time began the expansion of the range-cattle business. Texas, with probably seven million cattle on her vast ranges, found herself with a surplus of that kind of livestock. Men down there were cattle poor. There were no railroads and their only outlet was by trail. Stock cattle were not worth much. Herds changed hands at from three to five dollars per head, counting steers, with the calves thrown in for good measure. The building of the railroad across the plains of Kansas opened up a new market for these overstocked Texans and they were quick to avail themselves of its possibilities.

Then followed the halcyon days of the Texas trails. Hundreds of thousands of cattle went north from these ranges to be shipped from the new railroad points at Dodge, Abilene and other noted shipping centers. The eastern country was deluged with cheap, "free grass" cattle, and the farmers of the states raised a great outcry against their coming, claiming it meant the ruin of their farming industry if allowed to continue

The extension of railroads into the West gradually stopped the trail work, but the cattle continued to go out over the rails in even greater numbers than ever. The Texans also spread out in their business to the extent of stocking up with cattle the open ranges to the north of them. Kansas and Nebraska at first, then the Dakotas, Montana, Colorado, Wyoming and other Northwestern states were filled with Southern cows. These enterprising trail men worked even into Utah, California and Oregon with their herds.

The Deadly Winter of Eighty-Six

Then came the winter of 1886, which put a crimp into the open-range business all over that region. Hundreds of prosperous cowmen found themselves ruined and with but a handful of their original stock left in the spring which followed that never-to-be-forgotten winter

For the ten years succeeding 1886 the cattle business above the northern line of Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma was almost entirely a steer-fattening one. The young steers were shipped north from the Southwestern ranges in the early spring, grazed for two years and then shipped to the Eastern markets. The cost of this method of steer handling was somewhat greater than under the old system of management

A statement of the cost of running one of the most successful steer-handling outfits in South Dakota during this period shows that, counting interest on the capital, freight, losses from winters and other causes, and all other items of expense, there was an average outlay of fifteen dollars per head on each steer from the day he left the Southern ranges until he was safely landed in the stockyards of Chicago or Kansas City. As the average price of a two-year-old steer at point of purchase was about fifteen dollars, the finished product cost the steer handler about thirty dollars

During this second period the steer raisers at both ends of the line made good money on their product, and the people of the United States were eating not only the best, but in all probability the cheapest, beef they will ever have placed before them.

During this period the cost of raising cattle on the Southwestern ranges, according to the books of one of the largest cattle companies of Arizona, was not over one dollar per head a year. That is, excluding losses and interest on capital invested, a two-year-old steer stood them in but two dollars for his raising.

If the ranges could have been kept at their maximum carrying capacity and the losses from dry years eliminated, the country would no doubt still be eating cheap beef. But the evils of overstocking, together with a succession of dry years, swept some of the ranges almost bare of cattle in the winter of 1892–3.

When Feed was Cheap

During this second period, between 1886 and 1896, all farm products were very low in price, with a general upward tendency toward the close of the period. Farmers with feed to sell, such as hay, corn or pastures, were offering all sorts of inducements to Western stockmen to bring their cattle to them for feed. Pastures could be rented in the prairie states like Kansas and Nebraska for twenty-five cents per head per month. Corn was to be had on every hand at not over twenty-five cents per bushel, and one remembers with amusement the row we raised one year in the early part of the period when, owing to a dry summer, we had to pay that price for corn in southern Kansas.

In the alfalfa-raising regions of the West the same conditions existed. Take the great Salt River Valley in Arizona as an example. In the year 1890 a herd of five hundred head of mixed cattle was being trailed from the northern end of the territory to be placed upon the alfalfa fields in that valley.

When within a few days' drive of the valley no less than four different men rode out to meet the herd to secure the cattle for their fields. They offered the very best of alfalfa hay at three dollars a ton in the stack, with the use of the fields about them for feeding during the two months when the alfalfa doesn't grow there. As for the green feed, they offered to enter into contracts for green alfalfa pasturage as soon as the weather permitted, at twenty-five cents per head per month, and not count calves, of which there would be many.

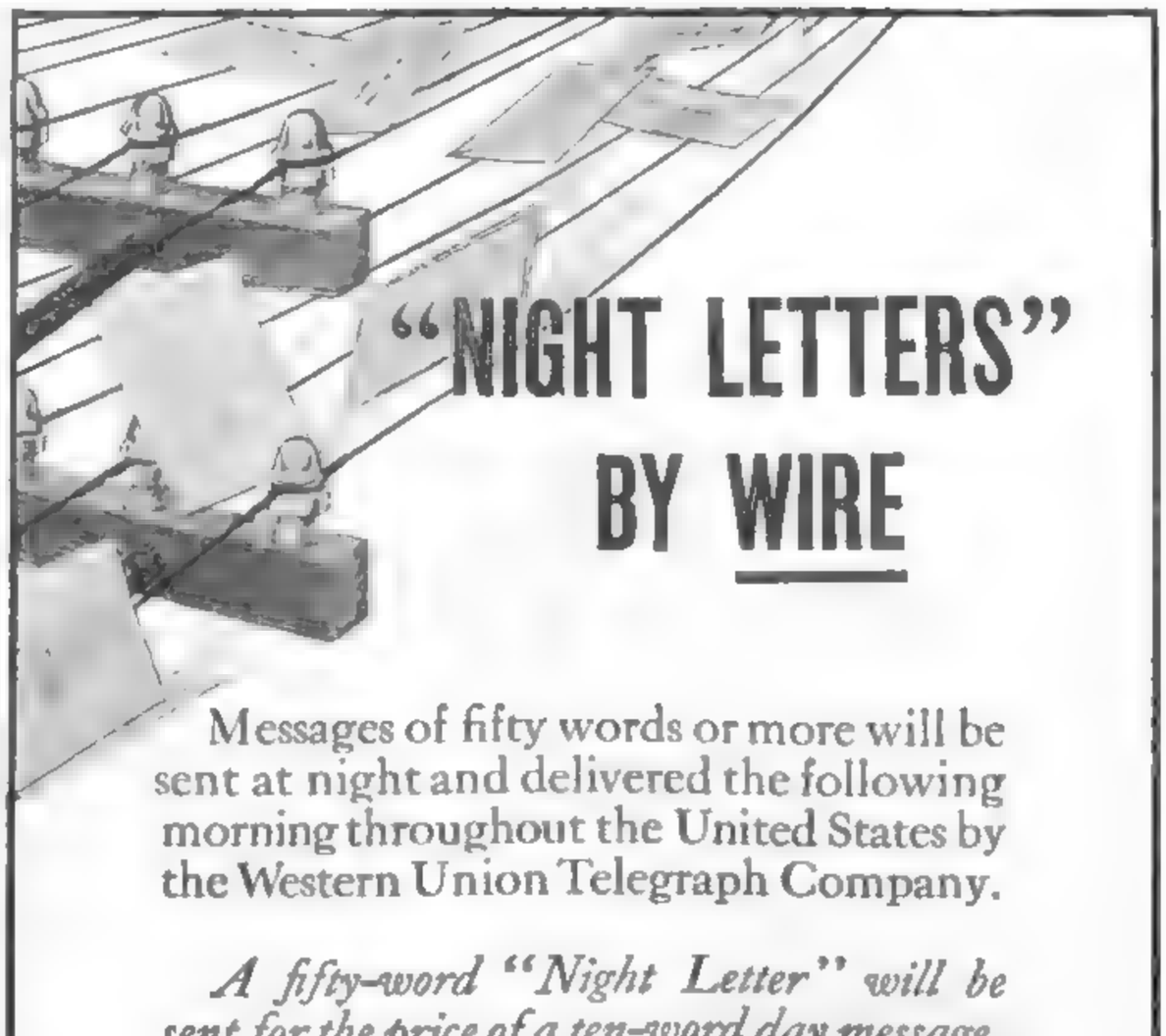
Today the stockman wishing to feed cattle or stock of any kind there must needs look up the alfalfa farmer and plead with him for the hay or pasturage. His hay is now worth from eight to ten dollars a ton in the stack, and pasturage has crawled up to two and three dollars a month per head.

Exactly the same conditions prevail in the great alfalfa-raising regions of Colorado and other Western states. When they discovered the great feeding value of cottonseed and its hulls, which previously had been treated as a waste and burned to get it out of the way, the stuff could be had for the hauling away. Then its value began to rise, until today it costs the stockmen at the cotton-gins somewhere around eighteen dollars per ton, and the price is still rising.

Corn, too, has steadily crept up the scale. Feeders are paying from fifty to sixty cents per bushel for corn this winter—that is, those who have the nerve to tackle steer-feeding with corn at those prices are doing so.

Meantime, well-meaning Government officials were straining every nerve to open up new avenues for our food products abroad Take corn, for instance. Foreigners knew almost nothing about the food values of corn, either for man or beast Well-posted agents were sent abroad to educate the foreigners to the use of our corn products. All over Europe they went, talking, advertising and showing with true American aggressiveness the great benefits of corn as a food. Their work was indeed well done.

Much the same conditions have assisted in the rise in values of cottonseed and hulls for stock-feeding purposes. When the Southern cotton-ginners found their once



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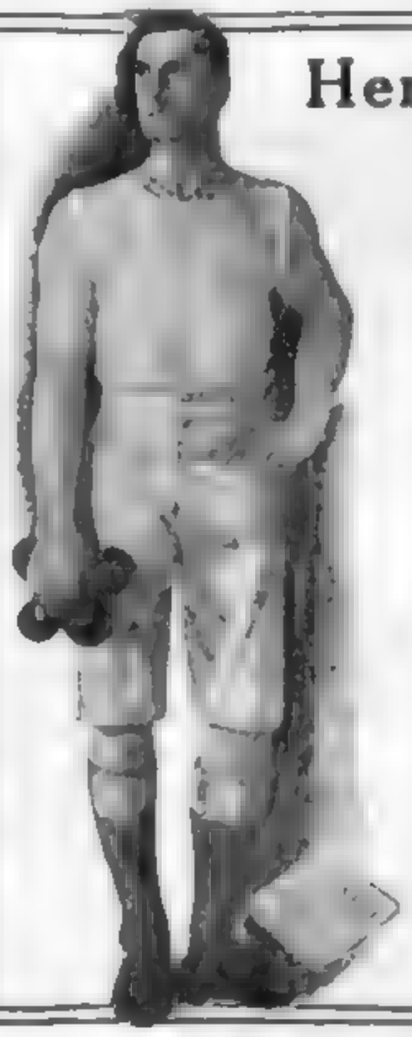

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despised waste was worth something, they were not content with the local demand, but set about finding new outlets for its sale. The supply was apparently unlimited and the demand at first very modest. So they sought a market abroad. A sort of educational campaign was begun, with most excellent results. The German farmers especially took kindly to the food. It furnished them in a highly concentrated form a fat-producing element for which their needs were very great. They knew a good thing when they saw it, and today the export demand for cottonseed and hulls is almost, if not quite, as large as the home consumption. Looking at the matter from one point of view we seem to have been hoist with our own petard, in that we now need the material, both corn and cottonseed, right here at home for our own uses.

One of the most potent factors entering into the cost of meat production in the United States is the tremendous rise in land values all over the West. With the coming of the "son-of-a-gun with the hoe" many of the rangemen were practically put out of business. In the two Dakotas, at one time doubtless the best open ranges for steer-raising we had, the inroads of the settlers early in the nineties forced out almost all the larger steer-handling outfits, and the business of moving great numbers of young Southern steers to the Northern ranges has since then rapidly dwindled.

The same conditions followed all over the range country. In eastern New Mexico, western Texas and southeastern Colorado the settlers, especially the "dry farmers," swept down upon the stockmen's ranges like an invading army. The prairies were dotted with their little shacks as far as the eye could see, while their wire fences cut up the range to such an extent that the herds could not be handled to reach many well-known shipping points.

The Handwriting on the Wall

Many of the great herds, both sheep and cattle, were gathered up and shipped away to be dumped upon the market for what they would bring, and their owners quit the business in disgust.

In Texas the big stockmen generally have recouped themselves for their losses in cattle by the rise in land values. Pasture lands there, especially on the "Stake Plains," which had gone begging for years at a dollar an acre, jumped rapidly to ten, twenty and as high as fifty dollars an acre under the impetus of this new farming system, plus one of the most gigantic colonization schemes the world has seen.

To raise cattle on land valued at such prices and make a profit was an impossibility. It took from fifteen to thirty acres to raise an animal when the grass alone was the feed, and the land was worth more for other purposes.

The natural supposition would be that land which had been used for raising cattle, allowing thirty acres to the animal, could, under intensive farming operations, produce more beef per acre than that. This is true, but it takes time to make the changes. Meantime, the number of cattle in the country stood still, in fact actually decreased, while the country was growing, population steadily increasing, and the demand for meats becoming greater daily.

When the Western stockmen saw the handwriting on the wall some of the long-headed ones began to provide for the future by obtaining possession of every acre of strictly pasture land they could. In this way millions of dollars have been laid out, which naturally adds very materially to the cost of production.

In 1890 some data were prepared by several large sheepmen, covering the cost of running sheep upon the ranges; and the average cost of running sheep at that time was between sixty and seventy-five cents per head a year.

The investment consisted of the sheep, very modest camp outfits, a few burros for packing and possibly a wagon for camping purposes. Very few of them had any money invested in lands or ranches beyond a home ranch for headquarters. Dipping plants, hay-feeding pens, power-shearing plants and all those necessities of the sheepman of today were unknown. They had the whole West for their range. They walked their wool to the shipping-places on the sheep's backs.

In the year 1908 a committee from one of the big Montana sheep associations prepared a set of figures showing the cost of handling sheep under present methods.

The data they took from the books of eleven sheep outfits representing a total of 182,000 sheep. By this report the average total cost of running one sheep by these eleven outfits for a year was placed at $1.40. The bulk of the increased cost is covered by investments in lands and improved ranches rendered absolutely necessary by the changed range conditions.

They estimated the gross investment in sheep, lands and other ranch property used in the business by these eleven outfits as being equal to $12 for each sheep. In the earlier days it would not have been over $2.50 at the outside. By the same report machine shearing at public plants costs fourteen cents a sheep, while hand shearing costs nine. In the olden times the average pay for hand shearing was about four cents for ordinary sheep.

Unfortunately, the cattlemen as a class have not been so progressive or long-headed as the sheep raisers and have invested much less in lands and improved ranches than the wool producers; nevertheless, the investments in these things by the cattle raisers have added to the cost of steer-raising in the same relative value.

Where the Fault Lies

Looking into the number of stock now in the United States the estimates published by the Government on the first of every year show very clearly why dear meats are here, and why they are due to logical and almost unavoidable conditions.

The following table, taken from the Government reports—excepting cattle for 1880, which is an estimate—shows the true condition of matters:

	Cattle	Sheep	Hogs
1880 . .	50 million	. . . . .	. . . . .
1890 . .	53 million	44 million	52 million
1900 . .	44 million	42 million	37 million
1910 . .	69 million	57 million	48 million

(The amounts are rounded off for convenience.)

Since 1906 the number of cattle has steadily decreased, the loss between January 1, 1909, and January 1, 1910, being over two million head. Meantime, the meat-eating population has grown from fifty million in 1880 to an estimated ninety million in 1910.

Study these figures and stop quarreling with the packers, the beef-barons—that word which rolls so glibly from the tongue of the man-who-doesn't-know—and the cold-storage warehouses. We are simply growing in population faster than we are in meat productiveness. If we will live all bunched up together in great cities, hundreds of miles from the points where our food is produced, we must pay the penalty. Cold-storage warehouses are the only things that stand between our cities and starvation. They are to the consumer what the transformers are to the electric current. They regulate the flow of foodstuffs, storing it up when there is plenty, and then allowing it to run out when the demand calls for it.

The packers may need regulating, and time limits for cold-storage may be demanded in the interests of health; but the bald fact remains that without some such system of marketing, where somebody stands ready to take everything offered, whether it be a trainload of old range "canner cows" from New Mexico or a thousand steers from the corn-belt feeders, the stock raiser and feeder would quickly be forced out of business.

The talk about the good old times when the little local butcher handled the business of your home town is as futile and irrelevant as it would be to hark back to the days when the horse-car lines handled all the business on Broadway. The times change, and we certainly have changed with the times. Besides, the meat that the American people are eating today is, in point of cleanliness, healthfulness and food fitness, as far ahead of what we used to get in those good old days as the latest trans-Atlantic liner is ahead of the old side-wheel boats of forty years ago.

When the meat production of the country catches up with the demands of the meat-eaters the price will naturally fall. A decade from now, when all this new land that is being placed under cultivation is doing its share to meet the matter, the natural rise in numbers of livestock may cause a surplus. But it is a debatable question whether the gap in the race between consumption and supply is going to be narrowed very materially for a good many years.

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How to Choose a Farm

By DAVID BUFFUM

AGRICULTURE is, primarily, a means of subsistence rather than a business. A business it may and, in an advanced civilization, always should become; but the primitive man plants his little patch of corn or yams simply that he and his family may have the fruits of the soil for their own consumption. It is as natural to him to till the soil as it is to hunt or fish.

This explains the yearning that, consciously or unconsciously, all men have for the soil. It is something implanted in their natures which it will take many more centuries of civilization and town-dwelling than we have yet had to eradicate. And it is just because this impulse is a natural and normal one that its proper gratification is so certain to yield pleasure; the city-bred man harks back to the days, even though they be pre-natal ones, when he was familiar with the smell of the earth, when the paths he trod were neither narrow nor circumscribed, and when with the skill and labor of his own hands he provided for the wants of himself and his family in "God's out-of-doors."

Unfortunately for the city man, however, the agricultural impulse does not carry with it a knowledge of soils and locations and farmsteadings; and experience, so often referred to as the best of teachers, comes too high in this matter to be depended upon, for buying the wrong kind of a farm is too costly a mistake—at least for most men—to be many times repeated. I shall, therefore, endeavor as best I can to point out to the city man the main points to be considered and judged of in buying a farm.

First, its size. There is a certain class, mostly among the very rich, whose first conception of a desirable country property is one of great size. Such men, as a rule, are seeking an estate rather than a farm as commonly understood, and probably desire no advice in the matter. But to all who really want to farm—to accomplish something in developing a high agriculture along sane and wholesome lines—I should say: "Do not have too large a territory." Not that I advise a really small one, but simply one within reasonable bounds. For beyond a certain limit it is not the size that counts. Not far from where I am now writing, for instance, is a farm of eight hundred and fifty acres, of which certainly seven hundred are arable land; and at about the same distance in another direction is one of only seventy acres that produces more than the big one. And think of the saving in time and labor when one cultivates only one-tenth of the first-named area to obtain a greater result!

Needless Pasture and Woodland

For the average city man who is not a millionaire a farm of from seventy-five to one hundred acres of good arable land is enough. This does not sound large, it is true, but there seems almost no limit to the stock that such an area will carry or the crops it will yield if worked to the top limit of its producing power. There is a limit, of course, but there is little danger that the owner will ever reach it; and usually the same capital expended on one hundred acres will turn a much higher percentage of profit than if expended on two hundred or four hundred.

In considering the size of a farm it should always be borne in mind that the amount of clear arable land—the land that can be plowed and cultivated and mowed without interruption from rocks or bushes or stumps—is what fixes the real or potential size; outlying tracts of rough pasture or even woods—unless the latter are of exceptional value—are rarely worth much consideration when it comes to paying money for them. I am aware that an open wood fire is one of the distinctive luxuries of country life; but in almost all localities where wood is plentiful there are steam saws and splitting machines, and wood can be bought, all ready for use, for less than it would cost to have it cut and prepared on one's own land.

The matter of size having been decided upon, the next question is that of soils. A much too prevalent idea, especially in the Eastern states, is that land is what we make it by fertilization and tillage, and that its quality in the first place is a secondary consideration. This is wrong. The land should be of naturally good quality to start with, and the distinction between a soil that is naturally poor and one that is merely exhausted by overcropping should be clearly understood. For the latter, when its fertility has been restored, can be easily kept fertile, while land that is naturally poor has a constant tendency to drop back to its original poverty-stricken condition.

Cold, wet soils, very light, sandy soils, and, worst of all, gravelly soils, are the kinds that, broadly speaking, can be classed as naturally poor. These should be avoided and the choice given to a moderately heavy loam having natural drainage. Such land is satisfactory because it is what Nature intended for tillage and bestowed upon us all ready for the purpose; it is easy to enrich and is retentive of fertility when once attained.

The intending purchaser of a farm, if he would save himself trouble and much future vexation and loss, should learn readily to distinguish the difference between all these different kinds of soil. Fortunately for him, this is by no means difficult, and a very little earnest study of the subject will give him the requisite knowledge.

How to Judge Soils

I fancy that I can already hear the criticism of some agricultural zealot—especially if he be young and fresh from his studies—on my classifying wet lands along with other undesirable soils. For wet lands, as is well known, can be underdrained and thus made into good lands, and there are many cases in which this underdraining pays. But there is always so much to be done on a newly-acquired farm, and so much expenditure that is unavoidable, that it is rarely wise for the purchaser to saddle himself with an additional burden; and the expense of reclaiming wild or half-wild land is almost always greater than is expected. Besides, the choice of such soils is needless, for there is enough and to spare of land that is already good.

Of course, the quality of land that can properly be classed as good varies; it is not all alike, and some is better than other. There are exceptional cases, too—as in the near neighborhood of large cities—where it pays to go to all the trouble and cost of enriching lands that are naturally poor. But for the seeker for a country home such considerations do not obtain, and he has little excuse for choosing a really poor soil.

One of the best illustrations that I ever saw of the folly of such a choice was furnished by a wealthy man who bought a farm in my native state. He said the soil was—I quote his own words—"a light loam mixed with sand." A better description would have been "a light sand mixed with gravel." He first built some rather costly barns and new fences, and then began the work of "getting up the soil." He had intentionally bought a poor farm, and his purpose, he said, was to show that he could take the poorest land he could find and make it the best.

A little experimenting soon showed him what manures had the most marked and beneficial effect. Among them was wood ashes, which was especially gratifying, as these ashes, wherever the soil requires them, are one of our most lasting manures; on retentive soils their effect is often noticeable for a dozen years, and sometimes even longer. He applied many carloads of ashes and also a great deal of stable manure and various commercial fertilizers. The work was costly, but he kept at it unremittingly. Soon he was growing very large crops, and in his mowing fields the herds-grass stood four feet high on the average, and sometimes nearly five. Then he lost interest in his costly undertaking, rented out his farm and moved back to the city.

Three years afterward I drove by the farm, not having seen it in the meantime. Its decline in productiveness was so great as to seem almost incredible; it seemed as if the very bottom had fallen out of it—and so, in a sense, it had. In one of the fields was some corn so stunted and feeble

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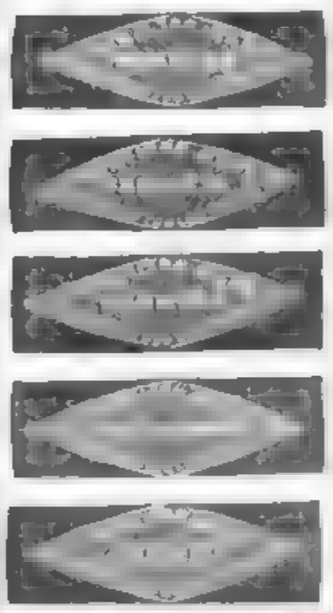

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as to form a very burlesque on farming, and in the mowing fields, which had been the owner's special pride and glory, the grass was so small that much of it was actually not worth the cutting.

And these were the same meadows upon which the high-priced wood ashes, the "lasting manure," had been spread, producing a temporary response of fence-high herds-grass! From start to finish the crops had never repaid the time and money expended to produce them.

Such striking object-lessons as this are not always at hand, but the rule they emphasize is always a safe one to follow: Buy good land, and then you can depend on its repaying you for all you do for it.

Secondary to the kind of soil, but still meriting consideration, are the buildings on a farm. The millionaire purchaser rarely takes them into account at all, but tears them down and builds entirely new ones. Most people are not millionaires, however, and to find a good farmstead already built is just so much expenditure saved. It is true that the dwelling-house and the farm buildings are hardly ever what the purchaser would have chosen had he built them himself, but if they are of sufficient size and in good repair or worth repairing it is seldom indeed that they cannot be satisfactorily used. An appropriate and artistic treatment of the grounds, and such changes in the buildings themselves as good taste and common-sense may suggest, are often all that is needed to transform inconvenient buildings into convenient ones and the most commonplace of farmhouses into an attractive country home.

The Basis of Farm Prices

From the economic side of the question a farmer should not build new buildings till he finds the existing ones insufficient for his needs. And so long as the old barns have been made tight and trim they present a far pleasanter agricultural picture, when flanked by stacks of hay that they are insufficient to hold, than costly new buildings that are manifestly out of proportion to the productive capacity of the land.

In the prices of farms there is so great a range that it is difficult to name any sum that may be taken as an average. In the Eastern states, for farms of the size I have advocated, desirably located and having fairly good buildings, the prices, perhaps, would generally range from thirty-five hundred to fifteen thousand dollars—although there are plenty for which more is asked and plenty—rarely desirable—that can be had for less. The difference is more often owing to location and its real or supposed advantages and disadvantages than to quality of soil. For farms having a water frontage, for instance, more is usually asked than for those not thus situated. And yet the land is not necessarily any better, nor does it necessarily follow that the site is more desirable. Nearness to towns and villages also makes the price higher—an advantage that I think most city men would be glad to forego.

Lowest of all in price are the so-called "abandoned farms" of New England. And although New England occupies only a small corner of our country, so much interest has been shown in these cheap lands by people many hundreds of miles from the regions where they lie that I think I should say a few words about them. I have never entered very fully into the more optimistic views I have heard expressed concerning them, but I have, nevertheless, given them some thought and made some personal investigations of what they have to offer.

The abandoned farms are mainly in the hilly, rocky and more out-of-the-way regions—regions that were settled after the naturally arable lands which are still agriculturally prosperous had all been taken up. Still, the soil itself in these rocky sections was not bad, and on every farm a certain area has been cleared of rocks—at what cost of time and muscle one does not like to think. The abandonment, of course, took place by degrees and is still only partial, and concerns, in many cases, the farming rather than the farm. There are still people living on many of them—but they have got through digging rocks!

An abandoned farm that was recently advertised for sale in a New England newspaper contained, according to the advertisement, "a good two-story house, with barn and other outbuildings and forty acres of land about evenly divided between woodland and grass. Price, three hundred dollars." Another was advertised with much the same character of buildings and "ninety acres of land, of which forty are in grass. Price, eight hundred dollars."

This certainly sounded cheap. When we get below one thousand dollars as the price of a farm even the most modest capitalist is not likely to be appalled. A city man, who had long wanted a little country place where he and his family could spend the summer, but who had never been able to afford it, went to see these properties, and he went with a rush lest some more fortunate man should get ahead of him.

On his return he showed an astonishing lack of enthusiasm, and yet he said the places were just as they were advertised. What was the matter with them? Nothing; they were all right—but, somehow, they were not quite what he wanted. A number of others visited them with the same result.

High at Any Price

A few years ago a mechanic who had grown weary of working at the bench bought a farm containing a cottage house and barn in fairly good repair and fifty acres of land, of which, perhaps, twenty were in grass, for two hundred dollars. He stocked it with poultry and lived on it for two years; then he, in turn, abandoned it and went back to town and his bench.

Now, what was the matter with these farms? With a view of ascertaining I visited the region where they lay, drove for many miles through it and examined it closely and critically. There is no question that the cleared land is much of it of good quality and that the farms, in other environment, would bring a far higher price.

But it is a region of unspeakable loneliness. And this loneliness is not the ordinary loneliness of forest or prairie or sea; nor is it at all like the loneliness of a new country that is full of promise for the future. It is the loneliness of a land forsaken; a land which for generations has been drained of the best of its people, who have migrated to the cities; a land where every cleared meadow and heavy stone wall is a monument of wasted labor, of lives spent in weary and monotonous toil to no good purpose. For Nature, as I have already tried to point out, has provided land enough that is adapted to agriculture, and these rough lands ought never to have gone into farms at all. They would have served their best and most fitting purpose in the growing of timber and the harboring of game; and, as a rule, the abandoned farm was abandoned none too soon.

The man or woman of any degree of culture sickens at the environment of one of these forsaken homesteads, and the very thought of establishing a home in such a place is depressing. It may be argued that sentimental reasons do not affect the strictly agricultural value of a tract of land, and that, if said tract can be had for less than its value for the growing of crops or the keeping of livestock, success can be attained as well upon it as elsewhere.

But this is not true. The sense of living in a region that has been sidetracked and left behind, the associations and constant reminders of a dreary past, to say nothing of the disheartening environment of the present, do have an influence that cannot be ignored, even from the most cold-blooded and practical point of view.

Varying in extent, but all through our country, are stretches of good land inhabited by decent people—for the two almost always go together. It is in these sections that the would-be farmer must seek land. It costs vastly more than the same thing in an out-of-the-way, back-country region, but it is worth the difference.

If the suggestions I have here pointed out are complied with, and if the purchaser is careful to select good soil of a sensible area, with good buildings and situated in a respectable neighborhood, he can hardly go amiss, so far as the practical side of farming is concerned. There remain, of course, other matters dependent upon individual tastes and preferences, for which directions cannot be given.

I may add, in conclusion, that the search for a farm nearly always takes longer than is expected. Many times a farm whose description makes it seem as if it exactly filled the requirements proves, when seen, to be anything but what is wanted. But this is a thing that need not discourage the seeker. There are hundreds of good farms to be had, right in size and attractive in location, and sooner or later the search is certain to be successful.

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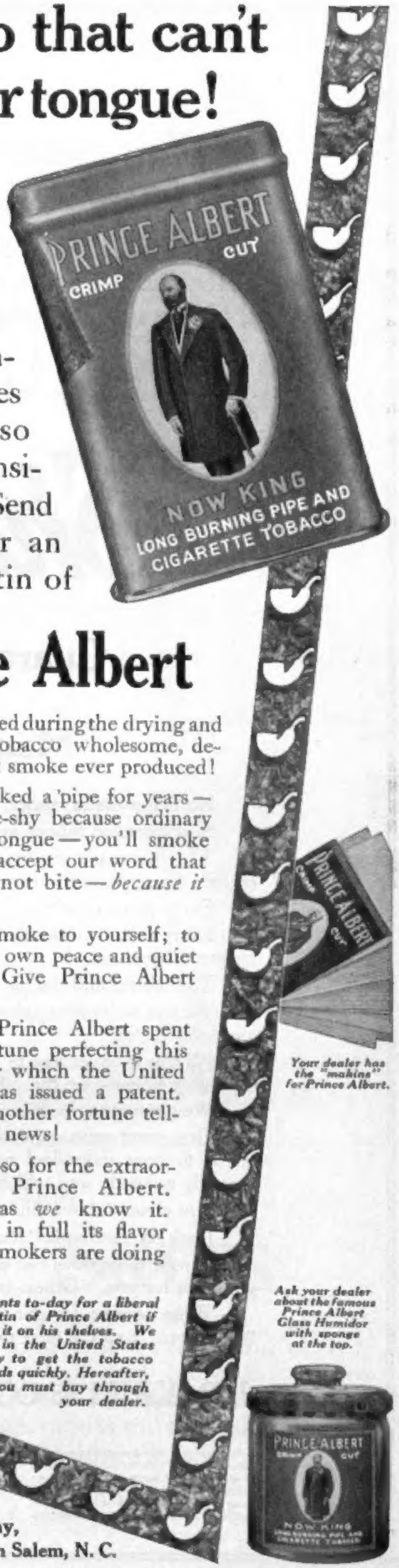

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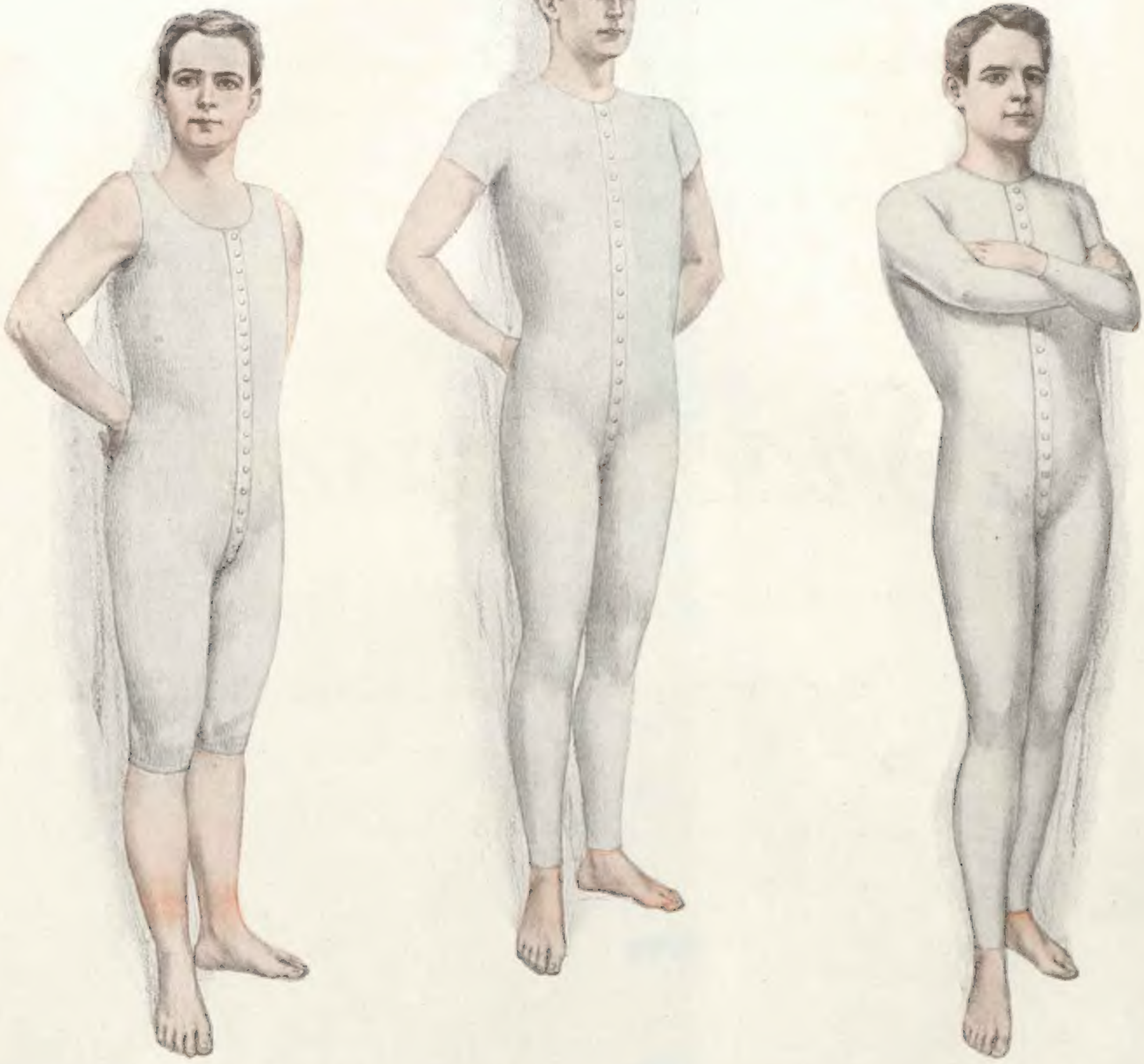

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